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MAGAZINE

JULY 1985

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# HARPERS



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## REFLECTIONS ON POWER

A Dissenting View

By Earl Shorris

## THE NUCLEAR DILEMMA (II)

Is Atomic Control Obsolete?

Jimmy Carter Henry Kissinger Gerald R. Ford  
Brent Scowcroft Anatoly Dobrynin Zbigniew Brzezinski  
McGeorge Bundy Albert Gore Jr. Cyrus R. Vance and others

## BANGKOK: THE RESIDUES OF WAR

By William Shawcross

## THE SOCIAL LIFE OF JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU

By Robert Darnton

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# Technology's Human Face

Young men and women now planning and starting careers are faced with an environment of unparalleled change. The tiny device we call the integrated circuit—or electronic microchip—is bringing explosive changes to business and industry.

The chip is at the heart of countless new products entering the marketplace. It is radically altering manufacturing. It is yielding new ways to manage and transmit information. It is transforming the way companies operate.

Computer-aided design and manufacture, robotics, and telecommunications innovations—all made possible by microelectronics—are bringing about a new industrial revolution that will be just as significant as the first industrial revolution of two centuries ago.

How will people and technology co-exist in this rapidly changing business environment? Will technology diminish the importance of human brains and talent in the workplace? Will computers and robots hurt the chances of finding work that's satisfying and rewarding? Such concerns are unfounded. Bright, enthusiastic, and well educated young people will be more valuable than ever

as technology grows in importance.

Technology sounds impersonal, but it really begins with people. Technology is an expression of human resources. It springs from people's creativity, originality, innovation, and vision. These are the same attributes that create the entrepreneurial spirit vital to business success.

Technology is created by talented, motivated people working under conditions that allow them to achieve their full potential. Technology is advanced by people with ideas—people who can nurture those ideas and take risks to put them into effect.

Technology requires people who can think and understand. Scientists are developing computers with "artificial intelligence." But that's really a contradiction in terms. Only human beings possess true intelligence. Only people can turn knowledge into thoughts, thoughts into actions, and actions into results.

Technology is generating change—but people are generating technology. The human attributes that have brought about all the great accomplishments of the past will remain essential to business as technology advances, enabling people to do more things in better ways.



**UNITED  
TECHNOLOGIES**



# HARPER'S

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JULY 1985

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# LETTERS

## The New (Public) Morality

Dr. Johnson's tart summary of the easy conscience of men of affairs in the London of his day led Lewis Lapham to ponder the dissolution of traditional morality in Mr. Reagan's Washington ["Supply-side ethics," *Harper's*, May]. Dr. Johnson noted the practice of tailoring one's expressed views to fit the milieu in which they were uttered. He implied that the social mores of the period permitted the shameless statement of completely inconsistent opinions—"boasting in one street of that which they would anxiously conceal in another," as he put it. Mr. Lapham, in his turn, implied that the mores of the Reagan Administration have removed any sense of shame in Washington about violation of most of the Ten Commandments.

I am moved by these observations regarding *personal* moral obliquity to deplore the decline in *public* morality in Reagan's Washington. I find in his capital no shame over the jettisoning of our concern for the large number of Americans who are ill-fed, ill-clad, and ill-housed. In number, these Americans must exceed those who aroused national compassion in the midst of the Great Depression. Then an impoverished nation felt great moral responsibility for the poor, much greater than the capital of the richest country the world has ever seen now does.

And political corruption was non-existent in the Washington of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt. I remember the seriousness with which young New Dealers at my agency, the Department of Agriculture, discussed what should be done with a single crate

of oranges sent to one of us (unrequested) by a grower whose industry was seeking governmental aid. The officials I worked with paid their own checks when lunching with those whose personal interests were before us or might come before us. Pride in incorruptibility went with pride in taking part in programs to succor those buffeted by the Depression.

Moreover, the New Deal also followed a moral foreign policy. It fashioned a Good Neighbor policy toward the countries to the south of us. Flouting the decent opinions of mankind, the Reagan Administration has reversed that policy. A jingoistic rhetoric that stands on its head an honored term like "freedom fighters" attempts to disguise the reality of aggression by proxy. The rest of the world has not needed Dr. Johnson's help to distinguish moralistic cant from morality.

Washington's sense of public morality has come unstuck. This, I submit, endangers both domestic and foreign peace.

Alger Hiss  
New York, N.Y.

## Democracy in Argentina

Few people can write about Argentina with the insight of Robert Cox; his courage and journalistic integrity, evinced during his editorship of the *Buenos Aires Herald*, are well known to observers of the Argentine scene. Nevertheless, in his report "The Souring of the Argentine Dream" [*Harper's*, May], Cox makes several assertions that are at best questionable.

He labels the coup of 1930 "military," implying that the armed forces were entirely responsible for the overthrow of President Yrigoyen and his party, the Radical Civic Union. In fact, dissident elements within the party convinced the military to enter

*Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*



the political arena, a startling development at that time. The army became increasingly enmeshed in politics in the years that followed, forging links with civilian politicians, many of them members of the Radical party. To understand that this relationship between officer and politician was forged long ago enables one to comprehend more readily the events of 1975 that brought the junta to power—not to mention the national silence in the face of the terror that followed. The 1930 coup didn't end "an orderly political development," as Cox writes; the coup signaled the army's entry into the political process.

Cox also writes that Juan Perón "imposed a dictatorship in the name of democracy." A salient fact is ignored here: Perón came to power in 1946 in an election thought by many to be the fairest in contemporary Argentine history. Running against a coalition that included virtually all of the nation's political parties—and had the blessing of the U.S. State Department—he won 56 percent of the vote.

Otherwise keen observers of Argentine politics continue to ignore Perón's enormous and genuine popularity. His standing among the people was not a result of the fact that he "wore a uniform" (he resigned from the army before his first election). Nor was it a result of his "experience as a military attaché in Mussolini's Italy" (upon returning from Italy, Perón, in response to a reporter's question, said that by watching Mussolini he had learned what *not* to do as a national leader).

Perón was a product, however deformed, of the democratic process; he was the choice of the majority of Argentines—not once, but three times! This indisputable fact—something most journalists and North American scholars have difficulty accepting—tells us much about the Argentine people.

Gary Frank  
Graduate School of Interamerican  
Studies  
University of Miami  
Coral Gables, Fla.

Continued on page 76

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# NOTEBOOK

## Moral dandyism By Lewis H. Lapham

*In case of rain the revolution will take place in the auditorium.*

—Karl Kraus

What impresses me about the people urging disinvestment in South Africa is the stinginess of their demand. Given the presumably boundless reserves of virtue held in escrow by the crowds that occasionally demonstrate at one or another of the nation's leading universities, I wonder why they limit their demands to only one country and only one proof of man's inhumanity to man. Surely they could ask for more. Why not also denounce any government or commercial enterprise that has anything to do with munitions, poisonous chemicals, tobacco, the Soviet Union, distilled spirits, Chile, gambling casinos, India, prisons, pornography, or George Steinbrenner?

My questions follow from my inability to grasp the necessary connection between capitalism and Christianity. For thirty years I've listened to sermons preached on this most holy of American texts, but as yet I cannot understand why money has anything to do with morality. The two stores of value seem to me as different as symphony orchestras and old tennis sneakers. Like the rain, money confers its blessings on the just and the unjust, on the criminal and the saint; it can commission Michelangelo's Sistine ceiling or underwrite the architecture of Auschwitz. The genius of capitalism consists precisely in its lack of morality. Unless he is rich enough to hire his own choir, a capitalist is a fellow who, by definition, can ill afford to believe in any-

thing other than the doctrine of the bottom line. Deprive a capitalist of his God-given right to lie and cheat and steal, and the poor sap stands a better than even chance of becoming one of the abominable wards of the state from whose grimy fingers the Reagan Administration hopes to snatch the ark of democracy.

The media bring almost hourly reports of capitalists who have become confused in their efforts to reconcile two sets of ethics. As of late April, forty-five of the nation's wealthiest military contractors were under some sort of criminal investigation. In May, General Electric pleaded guilty to charges of defrauding the Air Force and E.F. Hutton, a New York stock-jobbing outfit, pleaded guilty to 2,000 counts of wire and mail fraud in connection with an \$8 million check-kiting scheme.

Commerce isn't necessarily a synonym for crime, but both the merchant and the thief define their success in the language of the hunt: they speak of "targeting" the market or the mark, of "setting up the score" and "making a killing." Undoubtedly admirable sentiments, which I'm sure many of the better business schools preach to generations of apprentice profiteers, but they run counter to the spirit appropriate to a strict reading of the Christian revelation.

I know that a number of earnest stockbrokers have set themselves up as dealers in what they call socially responsible securities. I wish them well in their mission, but the search for the innocent investment seems to me comparable to the search for the Holy Grail. Conceivably they could find such a magical object if they

didn't ask too many questions or pursue their puritan program to its logical conclusion. But if they insist on their scruples, what can they buy?

Certainly not gold or diamonds or stock in any of the larger corporations. The bulk of the world's gold comes from South Africa or the Soviet Union, which, as at least a few of the protesters know, is another godless state that employs slave labor and subverts the hope of human freedom. Assuming that the advocates of South African disinvestment were serious in their objections, they would be obliged to sell their jewelry, dig the gold out of their teeth, and drink only the domestic brands of vodka.

Nor could they permit themselves the use of automobiles, elevators, electric light bulbs, jet aircraft, television sets, refrigerators, copying machines, or Hellmann's mayonnaise. Almost all the products found in the drugstore or the supermarket bear the mark of their satanic origin in the factories of companies that trade with Capetown and Johannesburg. During the spring *divertissement* at Columbia, the Coalition for a Free South Africa published a partial list of offending exports, naming, among other items, Anacin, Preparation H, Gulden's mustard, Woolite, Border dairy products, Cracker Jacks, Wise potato chips, Clairol hair products, Excedrin, Windex, Skippy peanut butter, Mighty Dog, Coca-Cola, Duracell batteries, Tretorn shoes, Gillette razor blades, Paper Mate pens, Kleenex, Beech-Nut gum, Thomas English muffins, Aziza eye makeup and Certs. The citizen who drives a Ford station wagon, even a second-hand Ford station wagon equipped



with a tape deck and a collection of baroque harpsichord music, joins hands with the enemies of liberty.

The blameless investor couldn't lend money to a bank, own a government bond, or send his petitions through the United States mails. As was demonstrated by the collapse of the Penn Square Bank in Oklahoma City, all the banks in the country mingle the pure streams of rural capital in the sewers of metropolitan finance. The miscegenetic character of money corrupts even the very small bank in the West Virginia mountains owned by an old and kindly gentleman who went blind before he had a chance to see Paris, a secular humanist, or network television.

Because the American government recognizes South Africa as both an ally and a business partner, any buying of Treasury notes can be defined by the scrupulous as an endorsement of apartheid. Similar charges of public indecency can be brought, again by the scrupulous, against any paying of taxes or buying of stamps.

As the editor of *Harper's* I occasionally receive letters from readers who impugn the magazine's character because it accepts advertisements encouraging travel to South Africa. At about the time of the Columbia demonstrations I received a letter from a woman who construed the printing of such an ad as an act of moral and political sloth. *Harper's* could have refused the ad, she said, and so proclaimed its sympathy for black people in South Africa. Instead, the magazine sold its conscience for money and tacitly approved the practice of apartheid. She ended her letter with a flourish of scorn:

"What other enemies of human liberty will buy their way into the pages of *Harper's*?"

The short answer to the question, of course, is "as many as stand willing to pay the going rates." But it is impossible these days to say things like that without being accused of cynicism. Nor is it wise to mock any impulse of compassion or generosity of spirit. But if I were to take seriously the woman's objection, *Harper's* could publish travel posters from relatively few of the world's nations. India tolerates a caste system in some

ways as cruel as the South African policy of apartheid. Variant forms of political or racial discrimination persist in, among other countries, Nigeria, Poland, the Soviet Union, Sri Lanka, Brazil, Iraq, Iran, Saudi Arabia, and the Sudan. Extending the principle of divestment to the representation of commercial objects (i.e., trafficking in profane images), *Harper's* obviously couldn't accept advertising from the manufacturers of cigarettes, French brandy, or cruise missiles. In its purified state the magazine could go virtuously into bankruptcy. Such an end might be desirable, even Christian, but it would impose on a good many decent voices a silence as certain as the silence in a South African jail.

For people unwilling to follow the proddings of their conscience all the way into the deserts of renunciation, the demands for divestment become gestures more or less exquisitely ren-

dered. On reading the declarations of the concerned clergymen who wish to launder the stains out of a university's stock portfolio, I think of Beau Brummell taking a pinch of perfumed snuff as a protest against the stench in the streets of nineteenth-century London. Their displays of sentiment might seem a trifle more convincing if South Africa weren't quite so far away, if they actually had seen any of the people whom they condemn, if they didn't leave the excitement of the afternoon's rally with the diamonds still in their watches and the gold still in their teeth. Having cast themselves in the role of moral dandies, and transformed their feeling into something noble and abstract, they can excuse themselves from addressing the tiresome and all too specific instances of injustice sitting on a Harlem stoop less than 3,000 yards from their parade of virtue. ■

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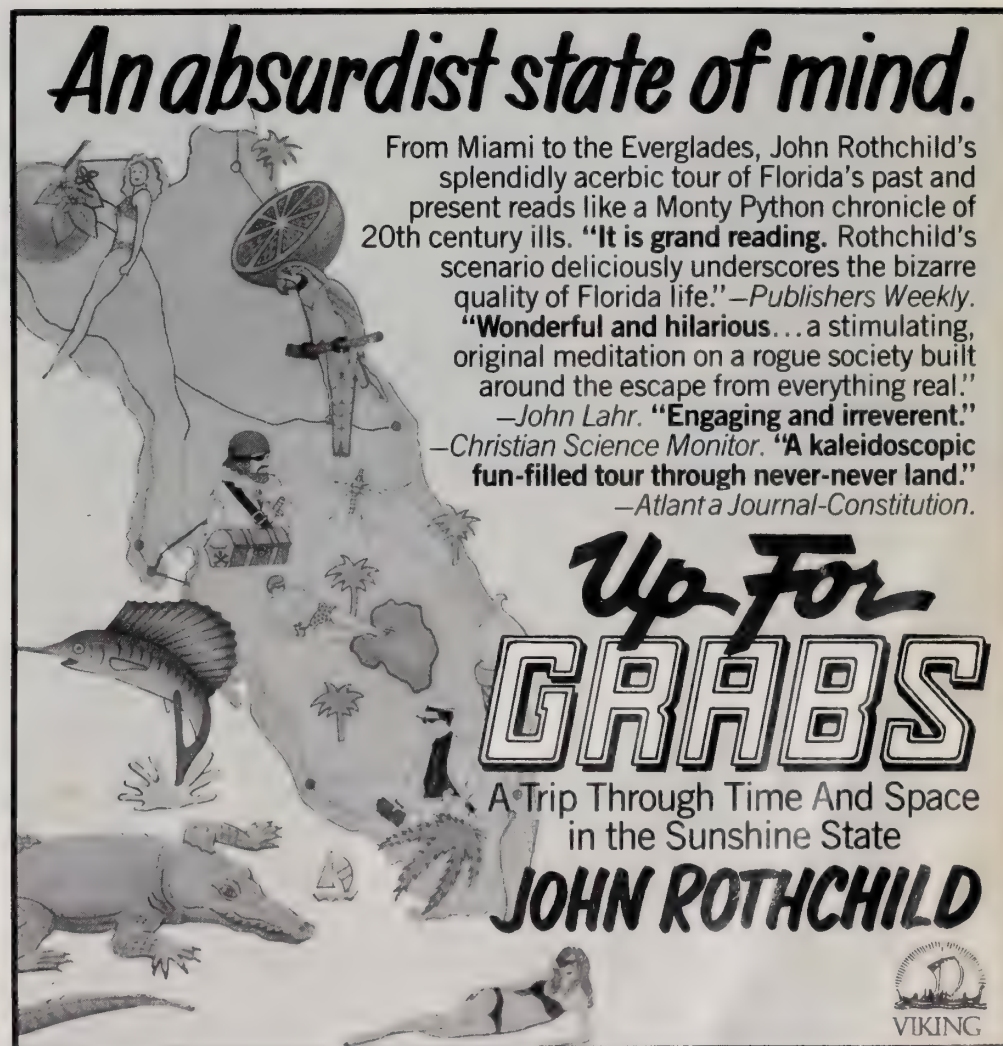
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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of Supreme Court cases in which civil liberties claims were made and upheld in 1963 : 86  
In 1983 : 19
- Percentage of high school students who believe the president can declare a law unconstitutional : 49  
Suicides per 100,000 Americans between the ages of 15 and 24 : 12.1  
Per 100,000 Americans between the ages of 75 and 84 : 20.3  
Percentage of Americans who die in health-care institutions : 80
- Percentage of teenagers who lose their virginity in their own or their partner's home : 54  
In a parked car : 12
- Percentage of land in the average American city taken up by roads and parking spaces : 40  
Rank of Main among the most common street names in America : 32  
Average number of homes a buyer looks at before making a purchase : 13.6
- Federal tax revenues lost as a result of homeowner deductions in 1984 : \$43,600,000,000  
Amount spent for federal housing programs in 1984 : \$11,300,000,000  
Foreign aid budget of the Soviet Union in 1978 : \$3,500,000,000  
In 1985 : \$2,500,000,000
- Percentage by which China plans to reduce the size of its army by 1987 : 25  
Chances that an American will be murdered : 1 in 133  
Chances that a black American male will be murdered : 1 in 21
- Percentage increase since 1980 in political contributions by the top 20 defense contractors : 100
- Number of U.S. military officers who have retired since 1980 and taken jobs with defense contractors : 1,900  
Average bank robbery take : \$3,000  
Number of the 10 largest international banks that are Japanese : 5  
Amount the average American spends annually on foreign goods : \$980  
Amount the average Japanese spends : \$328
- Percentage of the U.S. pencil market supplied by domestic manufacturers : 93  
Percentage of the workers laid off in the last recession who now have jobs : 55.8  
Percentage of those whose new job is lower paying or part-time : 45.7
- Percentage of all money spent by American tourists in Britain in 1984 that was spent at Harrods : 6
- Percentage of all snapshots taken in America in 1984 that were snapped at the three Disney theme parks : 3.6  
Mickey Mouse products sold every day : 5,000,000  
Number of children's TV shows based on toys in 1983 : 14  
Today : 40
- Cost of a week at summer camp in Maine for a Cabbage Patch doll : \$150  
Cost of first-class passage on a 14-day South Pacific cruise to see Halley's comet with Carl Sagan : \$10,220  
Chances that a Seattleite has had CPR training : 1 in 2.5
- Percentage of health articles in *Cosmopolitan* rated inaccurate by the American Council on Science and Health : 53  
Of health articles in *Prevention* : 69
- Percentage of Americans who say they don't know how they could get along without Scotch tape : 46 (see page 31)  
Percentage of Americans who don't recognize Mr. Clean : 7  
Who don't recognize George Bush : 44

*Figures cited are the latest available as of May 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.*





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# READINGS

[Speech]

## WORDS, FOR THE PRESIDENT, UPON LAYING A WREATH

*Peter Marin wrote the following speech and sent it to President Reagan in May. Marin is a contributing editor of Harper's. He is currently at work on a book entitled Conscience and the Common Good.*

**W**e have come here neither to condemn nor to forgive, but to mourn. And we have come here to mourn because our mourning about the war, and about its victims, its horrors, if it is to be fully complete, fully human, must somehow include not only the victims of the war but also their executioners.

This is not to confuse the executioners with the victims. It is not to pardon what was done or pretend to "understand" it. There are human deeds so terrible, so much at odds with everything we profess to believe and be, that they surpass all understanding. They call understanding itself into question.

Who among us can unravel the awful mysteries of obedience, belief, compliance, ignorance, hatred, and cruelty that led the dead among whom we stand to the acts that so horrify us?

Each of the men buried here has his own story. Each man, everywhere, who abnegates moral choice and responsibility, who lends himself, willingly or reluctantly or even unknowingly to evil, has his own story. And each story, if we could hear it, if we could unravel it, would tell us something not only about the man himself, but also about ourselves.

There is a sense, I know, in which such stories do not matter. The crimes committed by some of those buried here remain always the same, as if frozen, forever, in the moral realm.

It does not matter what lies behind them. The dead remain dead. Horror remains horror. Nothing changes it. Nothing erases it.

But in another sense the stories do matter. They matter a great deal. For they remind us not only that those buried here were men like ourselves, but also that *we may be men like them*.

As terrifying as it may be to realize it, just as the community of flesh links us to the victims, making each victim all men, so too the community of flesh links us to the executioners, making each of them all men.

Though we may feel, because of our abhorrence for their acts, that we do not share in their reality, they share in ours. They may be examples of human error, human immorality, human brutality; but they are *human* examples. What they became is, in a sense, what *we* became: as a species, as *Man*.

And that is one of the reasons we mourn. We mourn for what they became, for what we *can* become. We mourn because there died in them, in other men, everything we hold dear as human beings: the powers of conscience and moral choice, the capacity for sympathy and love, a sense of commonality binding together all human life.

The victims of those buried here lost everything. But those buried here also lost something. They lost their humanity, their place in the human community, in human memory.

And it is legitimate to mourn for that. It is legitimate to mourn for the absence of what they were never taught or never learned: the arts and obligation of moral resistance, the ability to locate within themselves either a depth of human solidarity or a power of moral conviction equal to the powers of the nation and the state. It is legitimate to mourn for what we, as humans, can make of one another, or become.

Notice that I said *we*. For we must remember that no man creates himself from air. The actions of those who lie here, like our own actions, had their beginnings in the schoolroom,



the household, the streets, the political and social life and myths of their nation.

Each man buried here was somebody's student, somebody's child. Each learned at someone's knee the raw attitudes and illusions that allowed him, later, to do what he did. Yes, each of us chooses; each of us is responsible for his acts. But we choose among the possibilities prepared for us, defined, by others: those who raise us, those who surround us, those who rule us.

I do not say this to exonerate anyone. I do not say it to place new blame. I say it because only by understanding this can we understand what is expected from us, and how we must live in the future.

These issues, as you know, are not foreign to my own nation. We too have had a war in which our children killed and died for aims and myths that many others found morally suspect or wanting. Our young men, at war, did many things for which they were later ashamed, things which we, as a people, in our blind zeal for victory, taught them to do, encouraged them to do.

We too, as a people, are tempted to teach our children blind obedience to authority. We too tend to perceive dissidence and independence of judgment as treachery. We too are often so convinced of our own virtue, our own superiority of purpose, our own innocence, that we feel justified, in advance, for whatever we do to others while pursuing our ends.

And this, you see, is what makes the men buried here important to us, significant to us: the fact that we may be more like some of them than we like to imagine.

Remember: what prevents the Holocaust from happening again is not only our willingness to identify with its victims. It is also our capacity to identify, in ourselves, whatever we may share with their executioners. It is our capacity to understand that we too—perhaps even without knowing it—might become executioners.

And for that reason we can do more here today than merely mourn and remember. We can, in the presence of those who broke their implicit vows of solidarity with others, make a new vow to the future, and to our children, and to ourselves.

We vow never again to teach our children to obey blindly, or to believe that those unlike themselves are of lesser value, or to remain oblivious to human suffering.

We vow never again to teach them that the love of nation or ideology, or the fear of punishment, should outweigh in their minds the value of the living others we are tempted to sacrifice to our ends.

We vow, too, to teach our young the virtues of resistance as well as those of allegiance. We

vow to teach them a love of conscience stronger than their love of the state, and to provide them with the courage, conviction, and strength required to resist authority—even our own—when it demands from them a complicity with evil.

We vow, in short, to teach them, and to respect, ourselves, not only the sanctity of life but also the sanctity of conscience.

And we make these vows not only to our children and to ourselves but also to the dead, to the victims and also to their executioners, in both of whom, God help us, we recognize, with pity and terror, a part of ourselves.

[Satire]

## ROOMMATE WATCH

*From "Reports," a group of satirical pieces by Slawomir Mrozek in the February issue of Index on Censorship. Mrozek, one of Poland's best-known playwrights, now lives in Paris. Translated by Andrew Short.*

**T**o the police,

I am sincerely reporting my roommate, who said that everything is fine.

Asked by me what he meant by that, he stated that he thinks things are O.K. generally.

To my question if he really thinks that, he answered that he does, and he did not even look at the floor.

That made me suspicious, and to test him I asked if he expects to continue thinking along those lines. To this he answered, "I do expect that. Things are O.K. and will get even better."

From that moment I did not let on, although I have had no training. I only pressed him even more about his statement. He did not realize what I was up to, and to my repeated question, does he think that "even better" will be a lot better, he answered, "Of course."

To my question what he means by "of course," he answered that of course it means better.

Although by then I was sure, just to act completely by the book, although I am under no obligation to do so, I ordered him to breathe. He took a deep breath but was out of breath.

That did it. There is no question about it—he is consciously pursuing an anti-state activity by means of satire and humor. By spreading treacherous allusions he is bringing about a satirical attitude toward our reality.

With official greetings,  
An amateur from Civvy Street





From *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, March 18. This U.S. Navy photograph shows an MX missile's reentry vehicles as they headed toward Earth over the Kwajalein Missile Range in the Pacific. The missile had been launched from Vandenberg Air Force Base, 4,000 miles away.

[Notes]

## A WARSAW DIARY

From "A Warsaw Diary," by Ryszard Kapuściński, in the English journal *Granta*, No. 15. Translated from the Polish by Adam Czerniawski. Kapuściński is the author of *Shah of Shahs* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich), the second volume of a trilogy about modern despots. The first volume chronicled the fall of Haile Selassie; the third will be about Idi Amin. Beginning this month, *Granta* will be published in the United States by Viking-Penguin.

**D**uring a period of crisis I experience more acutely the contradiction between subjective and objective time: between the time I experience, personally and privately, and the time witnessed by generations, epochs, and history. The more ruthless we perceive history to be in realizing its grand, long-range goals, the less chance we have of fulfilling our own individual lives in it. The more space history usurps for it-

self, the less there is for us. We feel redundant, that we always have to justify our existence (the very fact of which, the fact that I *am*, is sufficient reason for me to be accused and persecuted). Your plans, your ambitions, your dreams? All appear trivial, a stage set shredded by a bomb. Without meaning, a *raison d'être*, a purpose, to whom does one turn? What can one say?

In an epoch of lawlessness, the ordinances and decrees are so thick on the ground that, often without realizing it, you step into a trap every day. Every day you end up infringing some law. You are meant to live with a constant sense of guilt, and you grow weaker and weaker. To confront authority—or even to think of the authorities themselves—inspires fear, terror, and humility. And in you—deformed, humiliated—the half-formed thought occurs that perhaps you really are guilty, perhaps the authorities are, to an extent, actually in the right. We tolerate lawlessness among them far more than we ever would among private individuals.



Imagine: a man, completely innocent, is arrested. We know he is innocent, but at least once, even if only momentarily, we reflect: perhaps he really has done something wrong, broken some law. Official lawlessness feeds on our moments of imbalance and confusion.

In Poland we read every text as allusive; every situation described—even the most remote in time and space—is immediately applied to Poland. Every text is a double text. Between the lines we look for the message written in invisible ink, and the hidden message we find is treated as the only true one. This results, in part, from the difficulty of speaking openly; it also results from having suffered every possible experience, and still being exposed to so many varied and different trials. Each Pole naturally sees in other, alien histories allusions to his own.

While talking with a man from Switzerland I suddenly feel tempted to say: Dear friend, what do you know about life? You live like a lord, you have everything, you fear no one. . . . At a moment like this, my friend makes me jealous. But at other moments I believe that we compensate for this jealousy with the strange satisfaction that we—not they—have reached the truth about life by having tasted its bitter essence and penetrated its mystery. This belief presupposes that life is ultimately an inferno, and that calm, comfort, and contentment are, by nature, rare, accidental, and fragile. It presupposes that life is truly known only to those who suffer, lose,

endure adversity, and stumble from defeat to defeat.

Here everything is based on a certain principle of asymmetrical verification: the system promises to prove itself *later* (announcing a general happiness that exists only in the future), but it demands that you prove yourself now, *today*, by demonstrating your loyalty, consent, and diligence. You commit yourself to everything; the system to nothing.

This disorientation—this feeling of always being lost—derives in part from a distorted sense of time, finding it difficult to grasp. The past—all of it—is unclear: constantly recalled and dismissed, praised or condemned. There is no enduring support or guidance—no positive inspiration. The present too is deprived of certainty and of a spirit of encouragement: we feel we are its guests or even its victims, not its creators or rulers. And the future appears more like an ambush and a mystery than a crystal palace in which servants are about to switch on the lights and prepare for us a feast.

When man meets an obstacle he can't destroy, he destroys himself. This terrible encounter is the cause of breakdowns and depression, the source of alcoholism and drug dependence.

A man of compromise, an elastic man: the kind of man we don't like; we say he is ambiguous. In Poland a man must be one thing: white or black, here or there, with us or against us—clearly, openly, without hesitations. Our vision is Manichaean: we see from the front. We are anxious when the picture of contrasts is upset. We lack the liberal, democratic tradition, rich in all its gradations. We have instead the tradition of struggle: the extreme situation, the final gesture.

Some believe that by withdrawing from public activity—by simply diminishing their presence—they will increase the extent of the liberty they can privately enjoy. So they strive to shrink, to impoverish themselves, to turn into dust. They expect the authorities to lose interest: for them, only those who are visible exist, or those with something that can be taken away.

In times of calamity or tragedy, the colors and variations of the natural world seem to disappear. We perceive only humankind and its drama, and, self-absorbed, do not see the trees or the sky. What was autumn like in 1348 when the Black Death descended on Europe? What did Johann Wolfgang von Goethe see through the window as he lay dying on that day in March 1832? A pale, barely springlike sun? Rain falling since dawn?

[Poem]

## CASUAL WEAR

By James Merrill. From *Late Settings*, a new collection of his poems published by Atheneum.

Your average tourist: Fifty. 2.3  
Times married. Dressed, this year, in Ferdi Plinthbower  
Originals. Odds 1 to 9<sup>10</sup>  
Against her strolling past the Embassy

Today at noon. Your average terrorist:  
Twenty-five. Celibate. No use for trends,  
At least in clothing. Mark, though, where it ends.  
People have come forth made of colored mist

Unsmiling on one hundred million screens  
To tell of his prompt phone call to the station,  
"Claiming responsibility"—devastation  
Signed with a flourish, like the dead wife's jeans.



To subjugate a society is to reduce it to its most elementary level of subsistence. The decline in living standards, the limiting of comforts, the increased sense of threat—these are not inexplicable or absurd. They are a consequence not of wrong choices but of a policy—the policy of those wishing to consolidate their rule. A population weakened and exhausted by battling against so many obstacles—a population whose needs are never satisfied and whose desires are never fulfilled—is vulnerable to manipulation and regimentation. The struggle for survival is, above all, an exercise that is hugely time-consuming, absorbing, and debilitating. If you create these “anti-conditions,” your rule is guaranteed for a hundred years.

Evil acts swiftly, violently, and with a sudden crushing force. The good works more slowly, requiring time to reveal itself and bear witness. The good often arrives late. We are always on the lookout, always waiting for it.

The unceasing eruptions and tensions in the world result largely from three historically unprecedented phenomena that appeared simultaneously in the second half of the twentieth century.

1. The conflict between armed ideologies with huge destructive power, each drawing the whole of humanity into its fight for world domination.
2. The emergence of more than a hundred new states, each with its own philosophy or religion and its own mystique, decalogue, and priesthood, but each unable to satisfy the ever-growing requirements of existence because the earth lacks the material means.
3. Migrations, unprecedented in scale, from the country to the city, to a mirage of a better life, better job prospects, and greater opportunities of social advancement; these have resulted in a disillusionment so severe as to be the source of continual and widespread frustration and revolt.

The main objective of authoritarian systems: to arrest time, because time brings about change.

If from among the many truths you select one and follow it blindly, it will turn into a falsehood and you into a fanatic.

Fanaticism releases more energy in people than gentleness and goodness do: it is easy for a fanatic to impose his will and establish his rule.

Can you shape a face—its expression, features, gaze—to fit a hat? Put on the hat of a policeman or of a field marshal in the army: in time, the face will change.

In relations between people, the extent of one man's guilt may be defined by how much of it is experienced by the party he injured.

[Acknowledgments]

## THE COURTIER'S ART

*From the acknowledgments to Grave New World: The Superpower Crisis of the 1980s, by Michael Ledeen, published by Oxford University Press in New York.*

**I**t is always a pleasure to acknowledge one's indebtedness to friends and colleagues, for knowledge and understanding are best advanced by cooperation and dialogue. I have been unusually fortunate to be able to learn from some of the outstanding men and women of our time, and I wish to thank them here. I owe a particular debt of gratitude to two men: to General Alexander M. Haig Jr., for inviting me to work with him at the Department of State, and for having confidence in my abilities and respect for my ideas; and to the Honorable James Schlesinger, for taking the time to read part of this manuscript at an early stage, for pointing out many errors, for helping me think through some difficult problems, and for explaining several things I had not understood.

I am indebted to Walter Laqueur, who years ago gave me the opportunity to come to Washington, and who has patiently helped me learn the skills of which he is such a great master; to the Honorable David Abshire, currently American ambassador to NATO, who directed the Center for Strategic and International Studies so well and permitted me to work there; to Edward Luttwak, friend and colleague, constant source of creative thought and stimulating wit; to the Honorable Richard Perle, whose strength of character, quality of intellect, and moral tenacity have been so inspiring; to the Honorable Henry Kissinger, who has encouraged me in so many ways; to the Honorable Robert C. McFarlane, who through friendship and the force of his example showed me the meaning of intellectual courage and discipline; to General Vernon Walters, one of the great personages of our time, whose tireless service and remarkable personal qualities have done so much for our country; to the Honorable Jeane Kirkpatrick, whose clarity of thought and political courage are so well blended with her personal warmth and breadth of human understanding; to Norman Podhoretz, whose amazing intuitive understanding of American culture goes hand in hand with his exceptional stylistic and logical rigor; to Midge Decter, who has somehow combined the talents of an extraordinary leader with those of the selfless colleague; to Martin Peretz, who offered me the dream of my life—the chance to write for the *New Republic*; to



[List]

## FIGHTING WORDS

From Synopsis of the Law of Libel and the Right of Privacy, by Bruce W. Sanford, a pamphlet for journalists published by Scripps-Howard Newspapers. Sanford writes that the following "red flag" words and phrases "may lead to a libel lawsuit if not carefully handled in news stories." Sanford's Libel and Privacy was recently published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p><b>A</b> adultery<br/>alcoholic<br/>altered records<br/>ambulance chaser<br/>atheist<br/>attempted suicide</p> <p><b>B</b> bad moral character<br/>bankrupt<br/>bigamist<br/>blackguard<br/>blacklisted<br/>blackmail<br/>booze hound<br/>bribery<br/>brothel<br/>buys votes</p> <p><b>C</b> cheats<br/>child abuse<br/>communist (or Red)<br/>confidence man<br/>corruption<br/>coward<br/>crook</p> <p><b>D</b> deadbeat<br/>deadhead<br/>defaulter<br/>disorderly house<br/>divorced<br/>double-crosser<br/>drug addict<br/>drunkard</p> <p><b>F</b> false weights used<br/>fascist<br/>fawning sycophant<br/>fraud</p> <p><b>G</b> gambling house<br/>gangster<br/>gay<br/>grafter<br/>groveling office seeker</p> <p><b>H</b> herpes<br/>hit man<br/>hypocrite</p> <p><b>I</b> illegitimate<br/>illicit relations<br/>infidelity<br/>informer<br/>intemperate<br/>intimate<br/>intolerance</p> | <p><b>J</b> Jekyll-Hyde<br/>personality</p> <p><b>K</b> kept woman<br/>Ku Klux Klan</p> <p><b>L</b> liar</p> <p><b>M</b> Mafia<br/>mental illness<br/>mobster<br/>moral delinquency<br/>mouthpiece</p> <p><b>N</b> Nazi</p> <p><b>P</b> paramour<br/>Peeping Tom<br/>perjurer<br/>plagiarist<br/>pockets public<br/>funds<br/>price cutter<br/>profiteering<br/>prostitute</p> <p><b>R</b> rascal<br/>rogue</p> <p><b>S</b> scam<br/>scandalmonger<br/>scoundrel<br/>seducer<br/>sharp dealing<br/>short in accounts<br/>shyster<br/>slacker<br/>smooth and<br/>tricky<br/>sneak<br/>sold influence<br/>sold out<br/>spy<br/>stool pigeon<br/>stuffed the<br/>ballot box<br/>suicide<br/>swindle</p> <p><b>U</b> unethical<br/>unmarried mother<br/>unprofessional<br/>unsound mind<br/>unworthy of<br/>credit</p> <p><b>V</b> vice den<br/>villain</p> |
|--|---|

Rabbi Augusto Segre, whose life and thought represent a unique fulfillment of faith and action, and whose affection and wisdom guided me during a most difficult time; and to Renzo de Felice, who years ago gave me the opportunity to work with him on the study of fascism, who has constantly encouraged my intellectual peregrinations and remains a dear friend. Thank you all.

[Q & A]

## WHEN THE DOLLAR TUMBLES

Adapted from "America's Prosperity," an interview with Lester C. Thurow in *New Perspectives*, Vol. I, No. 4. *New Perspectives* is published quarterly by the Institute for National Strategy, a Los Angeles-based think tank. Thurow, a professor of economics at MIT, is also a member of the institute's board of advisers. Nathan Gardels is the editor of *New Perspectives*.

**NATHAN GARDELS:** During the 1984 presidential campaign, Senator Howard Baker asked, "Why does an America that works need Walter Mondale?" One might ask why a prosperous America needs an industrial strategy or any of the other economic policies you have promoted.

**LESTER C. THUROW:** At the moment, the United States is enjoying a classical Keynesian recovery. We had a severe recession in 1981 and 1982, and we are now in the midst of a demand-stimulated recovery. In this sense, Ronald Reagan is the great rehabilitator of Lord Keynes.

Now, the problem with Keynesianism is not that it doesn't cure recessions. The problem is, how do we move toward full employment without that inevitable inflationary shock? How can high employment be sustained in a modern industrial economy without politically intolerable levels of inflation? This fundamental question hasn't been answered. It wasn't an issue in 1984, and it may not be one in 1985. But at some point, it will become one.

There is a second problem that is even more troubling. We are currently going through a phase similar to the "fiesta" that bolstered Mexico's economy in 1981 and 1982, a fiesta fueled by borrowed money. Our balance-of-trade deficit last year was \$124 billion, which means we had to borrow approximately that much. That's fine as long as the rest of the world is willing to lend us that kind of money. In the case of Mexico, the rest of the world said, on August 18, 1982, "We won't lend you any



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more." And then the whole thing—the peso and prosperity—crashed.

The United States is much wealthier than Mexico, and can borrow much larger sums of money. But there is a limit. Sometime in March or April we moved from being a net creditor to a net debtor. In early 1986 we will pass Brazil and become the world's largest net debtor. Simple arithmetic shows that this situation is unsustainable. In 1983 the trade deficit was \$69 billion. In 1984 it was \$124 billion. Let us assume the figure increases by only \$30 billion a year. This year we borrow \$154 billion, but we also have to borrow an additional \$13 billion to pay the interest on last year's loan. Next year we've got a \$184 billion deficit, but we've got to borrow another \$15 billion to finance the previous year's borrowing, \$13 billion to finance the borrowing from the year before that, and \$1.3 billion to pay interest on the interest. In this sense, the current recovery is unsustainable because it relies too much on borrowed money.

Sooner or later, our international debt is going to reach a crisis point. The rest of the world will decide they've lent the United States too much money. Then the dollar will fall very, very rapidly, because the last person out the door loses the most money.

GARDELS: But where's the money going to go? To socialist France? To uncertain Argentina?

THUROW: We're not speaking about investors buying properties or factories. We're talking about buying government bonds. It's relatively difficult for foreigners to buy and sell bonds in Japan; the next best country is West Germany.

GARDELS: What kind of event is likely to set off the flight of foreign investors?

THUROW: More and more foreigners will flee dollars when they become convinced that America has borrowed too much money and is no longer credit-worthy. What triggers this can be a trivial event. The banking crisis in Ohio in late February was such a trigger. Technically, seventy-one small state savings-and-loans have nothing to do with international finance, but their near collapse called attention to the mounting U.S. debt, and some foreigners started to withdraw their funds. Perhaps it is not surprising that the withdrawals began at almost the same minute that the United States became a net debtor nation.

Although American industries and farms need a much cheaper dollar to be competitive in foreign markets, when the dollar starts to fall, it is apt to plunge to the point where American exports end up equaling American imports; the dollar will then become as grossly undervalued as it is now overvalued. Such a

plunge will create inflation. If the dollar falls 50 percent and Americans import 13 percent of the gross national product (the current figure), then one would expect 6.5 percentage points of inflation ( $.5 \times 13$ ) to be generated as the dollar falls. Then we will see whether the Reagan Administration can cope with inflation.

[Commission Report]

## NUNCA MAS

*From the introduction to Nunca Mas (Never Again), the report of Argentina's National Commission on the Disappearance of Persons. President Raúl Alfonsín created the commission in 1983, soon after he took office, to investigate the fate of the thousands of Argentines who disappeared in the armed forces' "dirty war." Now in its eighth printing, the 490-page report has sold nearly 200,000 copies since it was published last fall. The introduction was written by commission chairman Ernesto Sabato, one of Argentina's foremost novelists. In April, nine former members of the military junta went on trial for crimes documented by the commission. Translated by Virginia Cannon.*

**D**uring the 1970s, Argentina was convulsed by a terror emanating as much from the extreme right as from the extreme left. This phenomenon has occurred in many other countries. For several long years Italy was obliged to suffer the pitiless actions of both the Red Brigades and fascist organizations. That nation fought the terror with absolute efficacy, but it never abandoned the principles of law; it used the courts and offered the accused all the guarantees of a legal defense. A member of the security forces who suggested that they torture a prisoner who seemed to know more about the kidnapping of Aldo Moro than he would admit was answered with these memorable words: "Italy can allow itself to lose Aldo Moro, but it cannot allow the institution of torture."

It was not like that in our country. The armed forces responded to the terrorists' crimes with an infinitely worse form of terrorism. Worse because from March 24, 1976, the day they seized power, the armed forces relied on the power of the absolute state to kidnap, torture, and assassinate thousands of human beings with impunity.

Our commission was not established to judge—there are constitutional procedures for that—but to investigate the fate of the disappeared. However, after receiving several thousand declarations, after verifying the existence of hundreds of secret detention centers, and after accumulating more than 50,000 pages of





From *Space Shots*, by Timothy Ferris, published by Pantheon. This is a photograph of the Trifid Nebula, which, Ferris writes, "lies about fifteen hundred light years away in the direction of the center of our galaxy." The photograph was taken with the 158-inch Mayall telescope at Kitt Peak National Observatory.

documentation, we are certain that the military dictatorship was responsible for the greatest tragedy, the most savage tragedy, of our history.

It is evident from the volumes of documentation we have collected that human rights were violated by the armed forces' repressive measures. These violations were not sporadic, but systematic—the methods of abduction and torture were almost identical throughout the land. How can we not attribute these consistent attacks to a methodology of terror conceived by the military command? How could a few depraved souls, acting on their own, have committed those crimes under such a rigorous military regime? How can we speak of "individual excesses"?

The very means of abduction reflected the high level of organization involved. Sometimes a victim was taken at his place of work, sometimes in the middle of the street in broad daylight. When a victim was sought out at night in his home, armed commandos would surround the block and then force their way inside. They terrorized parents and children, often gagging

them and forcing them to watch. They seized the person they were after, beat him brutally, covered his face with a hood, and dragged him to a waiting car or truck. From there they took him to chambers whose doors might have borne the words Dante read on the gates of hell: *All hope abandon, ye who enter here*.

Thus, in the name of national security, thousands and thousands of human beings, usually young, even adolescent, entered that dark and ghostly category: *desaparecidos*—the disappeared. A word it is Argentina's bitter privilege to have given the international press.

Who exactly had kidnapped them? Why? Where were they? There were no answers. The authorities had not heard of the victims, the jails did not hold them, the courts disowned them, and writs of *habeas corpus* were answered only with silence. No kidnapper was ever arrested, no clandestine detention center ever found. There was never any word as to who had ordered the crimes. And that is how the days, weeks, months, years passed.

The rest of society got used to the idea that



there was no protection, got used to the dark fear that no matter how innocent a person was, he could fall in that endless witch hunt. Some were eventually overpowered by the fear; in others there was a tendency, whether conscious or subconscious, to justify the horror. "There must be a reason," they murmured, eyeing the children and parents of the disappeared as if they were victims of the plague. But these sentiments were expressed hesitantly, because everyone knew that many who had been swallowed by the bottomless pit were not guilty of anything, because the fight against "subversives" had become a demented and generalized repression, because the epithet "subversive" had come to encompass an unforeseen vastness.

As soon as he was kidnapped, the victim lost all rights, all communication with the outside world. He was confined in unknown places, subjected to infernal tortures, kept ignorant of his immediate and ultimate fate. Nevertheless, the victim held on to certain human attributes: a sensitivity to torment; the memory of a mother, wife, or child; the infinite shame of public violation. He possessed not only a sense of infinite agony but also an absurd notion of hope, hidden in some dark corner of his soul.

Of those abandoned by the world, many barely adolescents, we have verified almost 9,000 cases. But we believe the figure is much larger. Many families hesitated to report a disappearance for fear of reprisal. Some still hesitate, for fear of a resurgence of the evil forces.

In the course of our investigation we were insulted and threatened by those who had committed the crimes. Instead of repenting, they repeated the rationale of the "dirty war"; they spoke of the salvation of the country and its Western, Christian values—the same values they had razed within the bloodied walls of the chambers of repression. They accused us of impeding the national reconciliation, of stirring up old hatreds and resentments, of not letting people forget. But it is not like that. We are not moved by resentment or vengeance. We ask only for truth and justice, much as the churches have done, understanding that there can be no reconciliation until the guilty repent and until we have a justice based on truth.

Great tragedies are always instructive. The tragedy that began with the military dictatorship in March 1976—the most terrible tragedy our nation has endured—will undoubtedly serve to make us understand that only democracy can save a people from such horror, only democracy can preserve the sacred and essential rights of man. Only with democracy will we be certain that *never again* will these events, which have made us so grotesquely famous throughout the civilized world, be repeated in our nation.

[Guidelines]

## RISKY BUSINESS

*From "Surviving Dangerous Assignments," a list of guidelines for journalists working in Latin America issued by the Inter American Press Association. According to the IAPA, eleven journalists were killed in Latin America last year.*

**I**f authorities can't guarantee your safety, get out of the country.

Never carry a gun or other weapon.

Know all your journalistic colleagues in dangerous situations. Strangers may not be what they seem.

Outcries against abuse provide protection. Resist abuse by authorities and always protest such abuse of yourself or other professionals. But don't become abusive yourself.

Do not masquerade as other than what you are. It raises suspicion and creates risks for other professionals.

Under no circumstances accept compensation from or do work for a non-journalistic or government information-gathering agency.

Avoid reporting from both sides of a conflict. Crossing from one to the other is often dangerous.

Always carry a white flag.

Never point your finger; it may be mistaken for a gun.

Never wash your car. Tampering can be detected more easily on a dirty car.

If guerrillas at roadblocks ask you for a "war tax," give something.

[Essay]

## IN DEFENSE OF FASHION

*From Fashion and Eroticism, by Valerie Steele. Published by Oxford University Press in New York.*

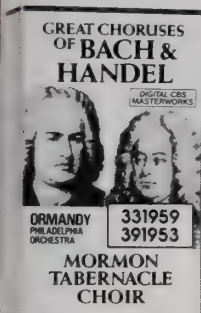
**I**s fashion intrinsically antifeminist? Certainly fashion is erotic and artificial, but are those necessarily negative features? It is apparently difficult for most people to accept that there is no "natural" way for men and women to look. But if you compare, say, a medieval Adam and Eve by Hugo van der Goes with a Renaissance example by Dürer, you see very different bodies—bodies stylized in part by the clothes they would have worn, which, in turn, reflect cultural conceptions of the ideal body type.



# CLASSICS CASSETTES

**6983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces**—Toccata & Fugue in D Minor, etc. Newman (Sine Qua Non) (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

**7081. Bach: Goldberg Variations**—Glenn Gould (Digital—CBS Masterworks)



**9434. Bach: Sonatas for Viola De Gamba & Harp**—Yo-Yo Ma, cello; en. Cooper, harpsichord (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

**29714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite**—Solti, Chicago Symh. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

**73409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas**—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathétique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

**21570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5: Schubert: Symphony No. 8** (Unfinished) Maazel, Vienna Philharmonic (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

**52874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9** (Choral) Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

**25654-395657. Beethoven: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5**—Brendel, piano (Counts as 2—Vox)

**32122. Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor** (Op. 132)—Fitzwilliam Quartet (Digital—London)

**24780. Bolling: Suite For Cello and Jazz Piano**—Yo-Yo Ma, Bolling (CBS)

**53293. Bolling: Suite For Cello and Jazz Piano**—Campbell, Bolling (Columbia)

**28039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations**—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

**334334. Brahms: Horn Trio** (Op. 40); Trio for Clarinet, Cello, Piano—Boston Symphony Chamber Players (Digital—Nonesuch)

**330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major**—Boston Sym. Chamber Players (Digital—Nonesuch)

**333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7**—Chailly, RSO Berlin (Digital—London)

**246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes**, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

**326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man**—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)

**322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes**—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

**333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances** (Op. 46, 72; American Salute)—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—Digital—London)

**325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9** (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symh. Orch. (Digital—London)

**321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue**—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

**319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer** (CBS)

**228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1, 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites**—Bernstein cond NY Phil. (Columbia)

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**257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101** (Clock) and No. 103 (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

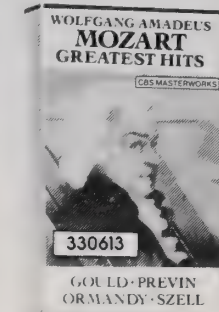
**332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94** (Surprise), No. 100 (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (Digital—London)

**326272. Holst: The Planets**—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

**330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfvén: Swedish Rhapsody; Enescu: Rumanian Rhapsody No. 2**—Comissiona, Baltimore Sym (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)

**321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2, 3, 5; Mephisto Waltz**—Willi Boskovsky, London Phil. (Angel)

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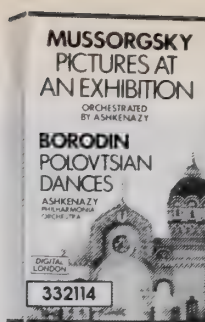
**305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4** (Italian), Overtures—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

**294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21** (Elvira Madigan) and No. 17—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Orch. (London)

**325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40**—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

**332551. Mozart: Exultate, jubilate; Regina coeli**, etc.—Emma Kirby, soprano; Christopher Hogwood, con (Digital—L'Oiseau-lyre)

**310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice**—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)



**316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites**—Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—MMG)

**318691. Prokofiev: Love for Three Oranges Suite; U. Kije Suite**—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

**245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2**—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

**318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe** (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

**324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains of Rome**—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (Digital—London)

**318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade**—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

**325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals**—also works by Debussy, Satie, Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (Digital—London)

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**326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird** (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic (Digital—London)

**281493. Stravinsky: Rite of Spring**, Zubin Mehta, NY Phil. (Columbia)

**326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; Romeo & Juliet**—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (CBS Great Performances)

**329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4**—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch (CBS Masterworks)

**231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

**326447. Verdi: Overtures**—La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliani, Nabucco, etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic (Digital—London)

**324525. An Isaac Stern Vivaldi Gala: Concertos for 2 and 3 Violins**, etc. Stern, Zukerman, Perlman, others (CBS Masterworks)

**323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"**—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. (Digital—London)

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From "Heads and Flowers," a portfolio of photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe, in the Spring issue of the *Paris Review*. Mapplethorpe is represented by the Robert Miller Gallery in New York City.

The "natural" human body does not exist.

The contemporary belief that athleticism equals femininity and is "healthy" is as culture-bound as the Edwardian doctor's endorsement of "healthy" fatness for both men and women, and as ideologically derived as the feminist hostility toward large breasts. The minimizing of gender distinctions and the emphasis on a mesomorphic body type is no more "natural" than fashion's various exaggerations or stylizations of the sexual body. Most people today exercise because they want to look good, not for the pleasure of doing sit-ups. It is absurd to blame fashion, as such, for turning women into sexual objects.

In practical terms, the alternative to fashion involves hiding the body—either completely, as with the Islamic *chador*, or in a sexual sense, as with the Mao uniform. The former is obviously unacceptable to the modern feminist, who tends to prefer unisex clothing. But the most celebrated experiment in the promotion of an anti-fashion uniform began to crumble after Mao died, as increasing numbers of men and women abandoned their identical blue cotton jackets and trousers—arguing that they wanted to look beautiful and individual.

Historically, attacks on the artificiality of fashion have been almost as common as attacks on its immorality. Yet why should the idea of artificiality arouse such deep hostility? According to the Balinese myth of the origin of cloth-

ing, the artificial creation of the self is human, whereas the natural and unmodified self is a throwback to an uncivilized, animal state. Or, as Nietzsche wrote, "We derive such dignity as we possess from our status as art works."

The denigration of the artificial is partly a product of the Calvinist work ethic and utilitarianism. Work is a moral imperative, and it is a sinful waste of time to shop and to adorn oneself. Obviously, a certain minimum attention must be paid to one's appearance, but beyond that, dressing up is dismissed as "playacting," with the implication that women have nothing more important to do. The traditional attacks on "feminine vanity" have been uncritically adopted by modern feminists. Few argue that both male and female attitudes toward adornment should change, but rather that women should adopt the "utilitarian" male standard. Homosexual men are also criticized for paying too much attention to their appearance; only lesbians and heterosexual men are free from the need to be sexually attractive to men. Clearly, practicality is not the real issue.

As for the idea that women should dress only for "comfort," this term has been interpreted differently at different times and by different people. Both men's and women's fashions have at times restricted free movement, but this has been more typical of women's fashions. Today, however, Western women have much greater leeway than men to choose clothing they feel



comfortable in. Comfort entails not only the negative freedom from constraint but also the positive feelings of physical and psychological pleasure. Today, despite some unhappiness with the state of fashion, no proposals to reform it are being advanced. Susan Brownmiller, a feminist who has been critical of fashion, admits that many feminists ultimately concluded that straight-legged pants were "boring"; they "returned to dresses because they felt that life was getting grey without some whimsical indulgence in the feminine esthetic" and "the frivolous gaiety of personal adornment."

It is absurd to blame *clothing* for limiting women, and pointless to blame men or society for *forcing* women to wear restrictive, or "feminine," dress. Historically, women have tended to perceive fashion in a positive light. And although many women today dismiss fashion as irrelevant, in practice, they follow it.

Nor is it the case that women have been brainwashed into regarding themselves as they are regarded by men. There may be an element of truth in John Berger's suggestion that

men act and women appear. Men look at women. Women watch themselves being looked at. . . . The surveyor of woman in herself is male; the surveyed female. Thus she turns herself into an object—and most particularly an object of vision: a sight.

But the libido for looking is more complex than this. For both men and women, whenever sex is an issue, so also are looking and being seen. Every woman who has been accosted on the street knows the desire to be invisible, just as every person of either sex has posed in public, hoping to be regarded as attractive by his or her peers.

In large part, changes in fashion occur because novelty arouses sexual curiosity and enables the individual to be *seen* more clearly. These changes do not *directly* reflect changes in society or in the position of women. People's behavior appears to change much more readily than their attitudes.

As women moved into the public world—shopping at department stores, lunching in town, participating in women's organizations, working—new styles evolved that were appropriate to these situations yet also reflected traditional ideals of femininity. Ideals of beauty changed as women changed—the Gibson Girl, who went to college and played golf with male friends, gave a new look to the young woman, so people began to think that this was how young women *should* look. Style, as much as or even more than ideology, causes changes in women's appearance and in their lives.

As the author of *La Mode et la coquetterie* said in 1912: "It is without doubt the desire to please which creates the mode, but it is the desire to please oneself that follows it."

[Fiction]

## FOR HER LOVE

From *Aracoeli*, a new novel by Elsa Morante, published by Random House. Morante is the author of *History: A Novel*. Translated from the Italian by William Weaver.

**E**very creature on earth offers himself. Pathetic, ingenuous, he offers himself: "I am born! Here I am! With this face, this body, and this smell. Do I appeal to you? Do you want me?" From Napoleon to Lenin and Stalin to the last streetwalker, from the mongoloid child to Greta Garbo and Picasso and the stray dog, this in reality is the one perpetual question of every living being to the other living beings: "Do I seem beautiful to you? I, who to *her* seemed the most beautiful?" And each one then takes to displaying his own beauties, whence our desperate vanities are explained: the publicity ravings of starlets, and the grimaces of generalissimos, and powers, and finance, and kamikazes and mountain climbers and tightrope walkers; and every achievement, every record ("For *her* I was the most beautiful of all"). Orphans, never weaned, all living creatures suggest themselves, like people of the street, at another's signal of love. A crown or a title or applause or a curse or alms or a piece of trade. You pay me, and so you accept my body. You kill me, and so you damn yourself for me.

Always for the same demand, or boast, or claim, we hand ourselves over to the slaughter and to the cross and to sadism and algolagnia, to looting and rubble. No one can elude the birth sentence, which tears you from the uterus and at the same time glues you to the nipple. And who, once housed in that nest and nourished by that free fruit, can adapt himself to the common territory, where you have to fight for any food and any shelter? Accustomed to an enchanting fusion, believing it eternal, and certain of a joyous gratitude for his own ingenuous offer, the beginner will blanch, amazed, at his encounter with alienness and terrestrial indifference; and then he will turn into brute or servant. Even stray animals seek, more than food, caresses; spoiled, even they, by the mother who licked them as cubs day and night, above and below. For her teat and her tongue, no merits were required. Nor was adornment needed to appeal to her.

"You will go in shame of your nakedness." And here the first big autocrat neglected to add: "And you will need caresses until your last day," whereas in reality, with this unspoken law, he was reaffirming his own established injustice.



Favored, in fact, among mortals are the beautiful and the young, who can offer without shame their own radiant flesh to caress. And also redeemed are those who can offer, at least, some other display to make themselves attractive: champions, for example, thaumaturges, poets. But I? I have nothing to offer. No decoration to unfurl over my shame, not even a championship of the lowest league, no cheap miracle, no song on the radio. I am a bourgeois puppet, disarmed and wrecked, a shadow target for a shooting gallery. We can laugh about it together, Aracoeli!

But you, Mamita, help me. As mother cats do with their ill-born kittens, eat me again. Receive my deformity in your pitying abyss.

[Autobiography]

## NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

*From Stubborn Child, an autobiography by Mark Devlin, published last month by Atheneum. Devlin spent much of his childhood in state institutions for delinquent youths. He was incarcerated for the first time at age seven, under a Massachusetts statute that called for the imprisonment of "stubborn children." In the passage below, Devlin, nineteen, describes his first days at the Petersburg Federal Reformatory, in Virginia.*

"Fuck, fight, or hit the fence," a stocky red-headed redneck inmate said to me as he stood with another inmate, who, in turn, stared coldly at me. At first I could not decipher his message, but I knew from their demeanor that they were riot from the local Welcome Wagon. It was about four-thirty: count time. Never had I been happier to hear the whistle that had always "made misery mark time." Before they left to return to their dorms, they told me they would come back after supper for my answer.

I went to sit on my bunk, and I wondered what I would do. It hadn't taken me long to figure out that I was being sex-pressured. Going to a guard was out of the question: to fink on another inmate was an automatic death sentence; it was an unwritten rule that one never went to a hack to work out one's problems. My choices were either to fight or, better still, to try to escape; I had no doubt that they would try to kill me. In the bed next to mine there had been a tall black kid in for dealing junk. One evening, a Southern white sliced his throat with a razor. I knew then that I was in with some pretty hardened criminals.

As usual, I seemed to be the youngest. Most of the guys had anywhere from five to ten years on me. In my eleven years of on and off incarceration I had never faced this kind of problem. Now I did, and when the whistle blew again, signifying that the count had checked, I knew what I had to do. I wondered if the rednecks would be armed with knives or razors, as most inmates were. All I could hope for was that the fight would be fair. They returned as they had promised. And when I told them of my decision, I was led to a place behind one of the dorms where we would not be seen by any of the guards in the four gun towers. The redhead put up his fists while his buddy looked on. I put up mine and threw the first blow; it was all I needed. It crunched into his face, and he dropped like a sack of flour. A surge of strength and anger welled up in me as I fell on top of him and began to hit his face with bone-jarring rights until it turned crimson and went limp. I turned to his friend, but he took off in a flash. When I calmed down, I returned to my dorm to read. I felt damn good but frightened about a reprisal.

The next morning I went to the chow hall for breakfast and took my place in one of the two lines. I kept my eyes averted but noticed that some of the inmates were looking at someone close to the head of the line I was standing in. There was a general hubbub, and I realized that I was getting some unfriendly stares. As the line moved around I saw the guy I had beaten. In my rage I had not known how badly I had hurt him, but his face was purple and blue and swollen, and he wore a bandage near his mouth. He looked as if he had been hit by a baseball bat. I imagined that everyone at Petersburg was his friend and that all of them were going to kill me. I thought about asking to go into lockup at the cell house, fabricating some excuse. But I knew if I did a wimpy thing like that, I would have even more trouble when I came back out to the compound. I determined I would stand my ground.

I ate quickly and went down to the basketball court to throw a few hoops and steady my nerves. Besides the two basketball courts there were two tennis courts and a dilapidated miniature golf course. Tired of basketball, I wanted to do something else, but I didn't know how to golf or play tennis. I was back to throwing hoops when a tall black approached me. I was already tense and thinking it was only a question of time before I was stabbed to death. He told me that his name was Pratt and that he was from Harlem. He told me that a bunch of dudes were at my dorm, waiting to kill me. He told me that I had better go with him. I refused, because I thought he was just using a ruse to set me up for the kill. I went back to playing basketball.



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Gabriel Cortez  
Colombia  
Age 4

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<input type="checkbox"/> Bolivia	<input type="checkbox"/> El Salvador	<input type="checkbox"/> India	<input type="checkbox"/> The Philippines
<input type="checkbox"/> Colombia	<input type="checkbox"/> Guatemala	<input type="checkbox"/> Indonesia	<input type="checkbox"/> Thailand

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As I played, I imagined myself flipping and flopping on the ground with blood spurting out of me in all directions. I ran after Pratt, hoping he was sincere.

When we arrived at the dorm, I saw that the guys had divided into two groups. One group was all white; these were the friends of the boy I had beaten. Actually, they weren't all his friends, but they were all Southerners, and they weren't going to let a Yankee beat one of theirs. I thought, this is crazy, in a place like this they're still fighting the Civil War. The other group was made up of Northern whites, blacks, and Hispanics. Pratt explained that they were there to make sure nobody bothered me. A smile so wide that it nearly ripped at the corners crossed my mouth. The guys from the Northeast all were smiling at me and patting my back because they were glad to have another good fighter from their section of the country.

[Poem]

## GENEALOGY

From *The Passion of the Right-Angled Man*, a book of poems by T. R. Hummer, published by the University of Illinois Press. Hummer teaches English at Kenyon College; his previous collection is titled *The Angelic Orders*.

3rd of July, Salt Lake City

Some poor son-of-a-bitch's poor son-of-a-bitch  
Of a son just took the last six-pack  
Down from the shelf, and every grocery store in town  
Closes in five minutes. His family tree  
Is at my mercy. He's a jack-Mormon, I can tell  
By my anger: I want him to be.  
I want his great-grandmother out on the desert half-dead  
Of supernatural thirst to see her seed  
Has come to this. I want those patient teetotaling souls  
In heaven to know who they're waiting for.  
I want his history to suffer.

Outside in the parking lot, I watch the store go dark  
A minute early by my watch, eleven fifty-nine,  
Not midnight by a long shot. With arc-lights gone,  
Stars come out sudden, and in sudden starlight this  
town,  
Stopped dead by a holiday, glitters. I think of water,  
Midnight by the pond, a flash of matchlight, my father  
Waving a cigarette, talking, the red arc  
Of the tossed match ending in a hiss. The story  
He told me is gone, but I know he sleeps  
Quieter in his far time zone for what he does not know  
Of me, what I thirst for, what I love, what I have done  
To what he would have sworn was only history.

[Research Note]

## THE EFFICACY OF COYOTE DROPPINGS

"Germination of *Washingtonia filifera* Seeds Eaten by Coyotes," by James W. Cornett, in the January issue of *Principes*, the journal of the International Palm Society. Cornett is the curator of natural science at the Palm Springs Desert Museum.

The coyote, *Canis latrans*, is considered to be the prime dispersal agent of the desert fan palm, *Washingtonia filifera* (Henderson 1974, Vogle and McHargue 1966). In the fall, the fruits are eaten and the seeds passed intact in coyote droppings. In regions where palm oases occur, coyote droppings are abundant and conspicuously laden with palm seeds. Bullock (1980) found that 87 percent of these seeds would germinate. However, no mention was made of sample size, and no control lot was established.

On March 5, 1982, 200 fan palm seeds were collected at the Simone grove in Thousand Palms Oasis, Riverside County, California. One hundred of these seeds were removed from coyote droppings. The second hundred were found on the ground in the same general area and were considered a control group. The pericarp was removed from all the seeds where it was still present (it had been digested away on ninety-four of the seeds consumed by coyotes). Removing the pericarp increases the probability of germination (Bullock 1980). On March 6 the seeds were planted in moist sand two centimeters deep. They were kept outside and were watered one hour every day by an automatic sprinkling system.

Seedlings were first observed on May 1, and the last seedlings emerged on June 16. Sixty-three of the seeds that had passed through coyote intestinal tracts germinated, as compared with just thirty-four of the controls. If it is assumed that all of the seeds had an equal probability of germinating prior to being eaten, then this experiment suggests that *W. filifera* seeds have a greater chance (85 percent) of germinating if they are consumed by coyotes.

The precise digestive action responsible for the increased germination success is not known.

This evidence further supports the assertion that the coyote is a capable disseminator of fan palm seeds.



[Transcript]

## THE STORM IN THE PLAZA

*From a hearing in New York City in March on the issue of whether to relocate Richard Serra's Tilted Arc, a sculpture commissioned by the federal government for the plaza of the Jacob Javits Federal Building in lower Manhattan. The hearing was convened by William Diamond, regional administrator of the General Services Administration, in response to the demand by many of the people who work in the building that the sculpture be removed. In April, Diamond recommended that Tilted Arc be relocated. A final decision by the GSA is pending. The testimony below has been edited for space.*

REPRESENTATIVE TED WEISS: Imagine, if you will, this curved slab of welded steel twelve feet high, 120 feet long, and weighing over seventy-three tons bisecting the street in front of your house, and you can imagine the reaction to *Tilted Arc* of those who live and work in the area.

Adding to the shock effect is the sculpture's natural oxide coating, which gives it the appearance of a rusted metal wall. Many who first viewed *Tilted Arc* regarded it as an abandoned piece of construction material, a relic perhaps too large and cumbersome to move.

The artist is said to have intended with this piece to "alter and dislocate the decorative function of the plaza." If that was the intent, one may conclude from the sculpture's harsh, disorienting effect that the artist has eloquently succeeded.

But what of those who live and work nearby? The sculpture cuts a huge swath across the center of the plaza, dividing it in two and acting as a barrier to the building's main doorways. Access to the building is awkward and confusing, and the normal walking patterns of those who enter and exit the building are disrupted.

The time has come to find a new location for *Tilted Arc*.

Mr. Serra argues that because his work is site specific, moving it to another location would destroy it. It has, he maintains, a proprietary claim upon the plaza just as real as that of a painting to its canvas. I suggest that there are other valid claims upon the plaza that conflict with Mr. Serra's, and that the scales tip in their favor. The community—those thousands of people who live and work in the area—has the right to reclaim this small oasis for the respite and relaxation for which it was intended.

Mr. Serra, I do not wish to see your work destroyed. I simply would like to see it in a more felicitous location.

RICHARD SERRA: My name is Richard Serra and I am an American sculptor.

I don't make portable objects. I don't make works that can be relocated or site adjusted. I make works that deal with the environmental components of given places. The scale, size, and location of my site-specific works are determined by the topography of the site, whether it be urban, landscape, or an architectural enclosure. My works become part of and are built into the structure of the site, and they often restructure, both conceptually and perceptually, the organization of the site.

My sculptures are not objects for the viewer to stop and stare at. The historical purpose of placing sculpture on a pedestal was to establish a separation between the sculpture and the viewer. I am interested in creating a behavioral space in which the viewer interacts with the sculpture in its context.

One's identity as a person is closely connected with one's experience of space and place. When a known space is changed through the inclusion of a site-specific sculpture, one is called upon to relate to the space differently. This is a condition that can be engendered only



by sculpture. This experience of space may startle some people.

When the government invited me to propose a sculpture for the plaza it asked for a permanent, site-specific sculpture. As the phrase implies, a site-specific sculpture is one that is conceived and created in relation to the particular conditions of a specific site, and only to those conditions.

To remove *Tilted Arc*, therefore, would be to destroy it.

The final decision to install *Tilted Arc* was based upon the GSA's full knowledge of the sculpture, and the agency made an explicit commitment that the work would not be removed or dismantled.

It has been suggested that the public did not choose to install the work in the first place. In



fact, the choice of the artist and the decision to install the sculpture permanently in the plaza were made by a public entity: the GSA. Its determination was made on the basis of national standards and carefully formulated procedures, and a jury system ensured impartiality and the selection of art of lasting value. The selection of this sculpture was, therefore, made by, and on behalf of, the public.

The agency made its commitments and signed a contract. If its decision is reversed in response to pressure from outside sources, the integrity of governmental programs related to the arts will be compromised, and artists of integrity will not participate. If the government can destroy works of art when confronted with such pressure, its capacity to foster artistic diversity and its power to safeguard freedom of creative expression will be in jeopardy.

JUDGE DOMINICK DICARLO: I had my first encounter with *Tilted Arc* after learning that I was being considered for appointment to the United States Court of International Trade. I was driving on Centre Street when I saw it. What is it? It's a 120-foot-by-twelve-foot rusted piece of iron. Having just returned from visiting our embassies in Rome, Islamabad, Rangoon, and Bangkok, I concluded that this rusted iron object was an anti-terrorist barricade, part of a crash program to protect United States government buildings against terrorist activities. But why such a huge barricade? Was this an overreaction? Why in cities where terrorist activity is much greater are comparatively attractive highway dividers and concrete pillars sufficient to do the job?

After my appointment to the court, I was told that this was art. Was it a thing of beauty? Could be, since beauty is in the eyes of the beholder. Could its maker be making a political statement? Perhaps it was a discarded and rusted piece of the iron curtain. Or perhaps its author was expressing his views on trade policy. This is the Court of International Trade. Was his iron barrier symbolic of a protectionist viewpoint?

We don't have to guess why the iron wall was placed in the plaza. Those responsible have told us. It was to alter and dislocate the decorative function of the plaza, to redefine the space, to change the viewers' experience of that plaza. Simply put, their intention was to destroy the plaza's original artistic concept, the concept of its architects.

To object to the removal of the iron wall on the basis of an honest, moral right to preserve the integrity of the work is astounding, since the sculptor's intent was to destroy another artistic creation.

This may top the usual example of *chutzpa*: the person who kills his mother and father and then asks for mercy on the grounds that he is an orphan.

PETER HIRSCH: I am the research director and legal counsel for the Association of Immigration Attorneys. We are constantly at 26 Federal Plaza, since that is where the Immigration Service is located.

My membership has authorized me to say that we are entirely opposed to *Tilted Arc*. My own personal view is that a good place to put *Tilted Arc* would be in the Hudson River. That is not a facetious comment. Westway is about to be built, and I am told that they are going to have to put artificial things in the river to provide shelter for the striped bass. I think *Tilted Arc* would make a very fine shelter.

FRED HOFFMAN: I am an art historian and curator of contemporary art associated with many of the leading cultural organizations in Los Angeles.

We can learn more about ourselves, about the nature of our social relations, and about the nature of the spaces we inhabit and depend upon by keeping *Tilted Arc* than we ever could by languishing in the alleged pleasures of a Serra-less plaza.

One of the fundamental realities about an important work of art such as *Tilted Arc* is that it does not simply sit down, roll over, and play dead. This work does not have as its intention pleasing, entertaining, or pacifying. By structuring an experience that is continually active, dynamic, and expansive, *Tilted Arc* makes sure that we do not fall asleep, mindless and indifferent to our destiny and to the increasing scarcity of freedom in an increasingly banal, undifferentiated, and style-oriented world.

VICKIE O'DOUGHERTY: I am a physical security specialist for the Federal Protection and Safety Division of the GSA.

My main purpose here is to present the security angle, which affects us in the execution of our duties. I consider *Tilted Arc* to be a security hazard, or disadvantage.

My main contention is that it presents a blast wall effect. It's 120 feet long, twelve feet high, and angled toward two federal buildings. The front curvature of the design is such that it could vent an explosion both upward and at an angle toward both buildings.

In the past, there have been several terrorist explosions on federal property. Many times a wall or something like it was used to vent the explosion against the building.

Another problem is graffiti. That wall—par-



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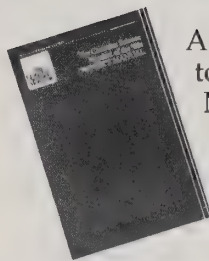
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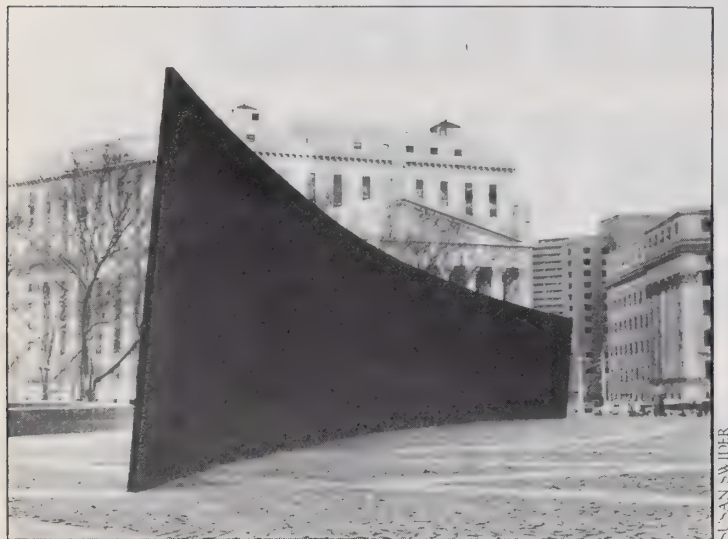
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don, *Tilted Arc*—is used more for graffiti purposes than any of the other walls. And most of the graffiti is on the far side, where we cannot see the graffiti artists at work.

Basically, we feel that if *Tilted Arc* stays, we can adapt. But if there was an explosion on our side of the sculpture, there would be a great deal of property damage in the form of shattering glass. If it happened during the day, this could mean loss of life.



WILLIAM RUBIN: I am director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture at the Museum of Modern Art.

Like many creations of modern art, *Tilted Arc* is a challenging work that obliges us to question received values in general and the nature of art and of art's relation to the public in particular.

About one hundred years ago the Impressionists and post-Impressionists (Monet, Gauguin, Cézanne, for example), artists whose works are today prized universally, were being reviled as ridiculous by the public and the established press. At about the same time, the Eiffel Tower was constructed, only to be greeted by much the same ridicule. Leading architects of the day as well as writers and philosophers, to say nothing of the man on the street, condemned the tower as a visual obscenity.

As these examples suggest, truly challenging works of art require a period of time before their artistic language can be understood by the broader public.

I must say that I have never heard of a decision to remove a public monument being settled by popular vote. If that is what is being contemplated here, it seems to me a most dangerous precedent. Moreover, the decision should, it seems to me, involve the sentiments of a much wider circle than simply those who work in the immediate neighborhood. For society as a whole has a stake in such works of art.

Certainly the consideration of any such move

should not be a response to pressure tactics and, above all, should not take place before the sculpture's artistic language can become familiar.

I therefore propose that consideration of this issue be deferred for at least ten years.

JOEL KOVEL: I am a writer and a professor at the New School for Social Research.

This very hearing proves the subversiveness, and hence the value, of *Tilted Arc*. Its very tilt and rust remind us that the gleaming and heartless steel and glass structures of the state apparatus can one day pass away. It therefore creates an unconscious sense of opposition and hope.

This opposition is itself a creative act, as, indeed, this hearing is a creative act. I would submit that the true measure of a free and democratic society is that it permits opposition of this sort. Therefore, it is essential that this hearing result in the preservation of Serra's work as a measure of the opposition this society can tolerate.

JOSEPH LIEBMAN: I am the attorney in charge of the International Trade Field Office, Civil Division, U.S. Department of Justice, with offices located at 26 Federal Plaza.

I have worked at 26 Federal Plaza since 1969. While the plaza never fulfilled all my expectations, until 1980 I regarded it as a relaxing space where I could walk, sit, and contemplate in an unhurried manner. Every now and then rays of sunshine bathed the plaza, creating new vistas and moods for its vibrant, unchallenged space.

I remember those moments. I remember the cool spray of the fountain misting the hot air. I remember the band concerts. I remember the musical sounds of neighborhood children playing on the plaza while their mothers rocked baby carriages. I remember walking freely in the plaza, contemplating the examination of a witness, undisturbed by the presence of other people engaged in conversation or young lovers holding hands. I also remember my dreams of additional seating areas, more cultural events, temporary outdoor exhibits of painting and sculpture, and ethnic dance festivals.

All of those things are just memories now.

Regardless of the thoughtfulness and artistic accomplishment of its creator, *Tilted Arc* fails to add significant value to the plaza. The arc has condemned us to lead emptier lives. The children, the bands, and I no longer visit the plaza. Instead, the arc divides space against itself. Whatever artistic value the arc may have does not justify the disruption of the plaza and our lives.

The arc, a creation of mortal hand, should yield. Relocate it in another land. Reprieve us from our desolate condemnation.



DOUGLAS CRIMP: I am a critic and the managing editor of the cultural journal *October*. I want to speak here not as a professional, however, but as a member of the public.

What makes me feel manipulated here today is that I am being forced to argue for art as against some other social function. I am asked to line up on the side of sculpture and against those who are on the side of, say, concerts, or maybe picnic tables. But of course all of these things have social functions. It is a measure of the meager nature of our public social life that we are asked, in a travesty of democratic procedure, to fight it out over the crumbs of social experience.

I believe that we have been polarized here so that we do not notice the real issue: the fact that our social experience is deliberately and drastically limited by our public officials.

The view that those who have convened this hearing hold of us, the public, can be discerned from a passage in a letter written by Chief Judge Edward Re, who has been leading the fight to remove *Tilted Arc* since the day it was erected. After a long list of complaints against *Tilted Arc* (including the absolutely surreal claim that it causes rat problems) Judge Re writes, and I quote, "Finally, but by no means of minor importance, is the loss of efficient security surveillance. The placement of this wall across the plaza obscures the view of security personnel, who have no way of knowing what is taking place on the other side of the wall."

Well, I would submit that it is we, the public, who are on the other side of this wall, and that it is *we* who Judge Re so fears and despises that he wants that wall torn down in order that we may be properly subjected to surveillance.

It is no small measure of the success of *Tilted Arc* that it has elicited this repugnant view of the public and brought it into the public realm.

I urge that this wall be kept in place and that we construct our social lives in relation to it: that is, out of sight of those who would conceive of social life as something to be feared, despised, and surveyed.

DONALD JUDD: We need to revive a secular version of sacrilege to categorize the attempt to destroy Richard Serra's work in Federal Plaza in Manhattan.

Art is not to be destroyed, either old or new. It is visible civilization. Those who want to ruin Serra's work are barbarians.

MICHAEL HALL: I am head of the sculpture department at the Cranbrook Academy of Art, Detroit.

Perhaps the public agencies that generate and institute public art projects have failed to

execute their mandate completely. In a simple analogy, I would expect a public health agency to undertake a broad educational program in any community where it expected to begin mass immunization programs. People rarely submit to injections of vaccine without some idea of why a needle is being pushed into their skin.

Evolving art, because it is witness to evolving thought, pricks our emotional and intellectual skin. The vaccine is not ineffective just because the injection is uncomfortable. This is not simply to assert that because it tastes bad, it's good for you. On the other hand, appetites *are* cultivated, and the arc is a part of a banquet that is being served up for our pleasure and our nutrition.

An agency and an idea may well have failed here, rather than an artist and a sculpture.

HOLLY SOLOMON: I had a gallery in SoHo and now I've moved to Fifty-seventh Street. I don't

[Survey]

## THE ESSENTIALS

*From the Roper Report, March 1985. Respondents were asked which of the following products they "don't know how they could get along without."*

Scotch tape	46%
No-iron cotton fabrics	38
Aluminum foil	38
Drip-dry fabrics	33
Panty hose	28
Plastic wrap	27
T-shirts	25
Instant coffee	19
Hand-held hair dryers	18
Pocket calculators	18
Photocopying machines	16
Disposable razors	14
Microwave ovens	13
Low calorie/"light" food and beverages	12
Cassette tape decks	10
Cake mix	9
Artificial sweeteners	9
Frozen dinners	7
Walkman cassette or radio players	6
Do-it-yourself hair color	4
Videocassette recorders	4
Home computers	2



feel qualified to discuss the law part of this and I don't feel I have time to discuss the taste or the art historical importance of this piece. I can only tell you, gentlemen, that this is business, and to take down the piece is bad business. Mr. Serra is one of the leading sculptors of our time. I sell many paintings. I try very hard to teach people about contemporary art, but the bottom line is that this has financial value, and you really have to understand that you have a responsibility to the financial community. You cannot destroy property.

PHIL LA BASI: I have been a federal employee for twenty-two years, about eleven years in this building.

First of all, I would like to say that I really resent the implication that those of us who oppose this structure are cretins or some sort of reactionaries.

It seems to be very typical of self-serving artists and so-called pseudointellectuals that when they disagree with something someone else has to say, they attack the person. So I am not going to attack the artist.

What I see there is something that looks like a tank trap to prevent an armed attack from Chinatown in case of a Soviet invasion. In my mind it probably wouldn't even do that well, because one good Russian tank could probably take it out.

To be very serious, I wouldn't call it *Tilted Arc*. To me it looks like crooked metal or bent metal. I think we can call anything art if we call that art. I think any one of these people here could come along with an old broken bicycle that perhaps got run over by a car, or some other piece of material, and pull it up and call it art and name it something. I think that was what was done here.

The poor federal employees, us cretins, us reactionaries, us poor slobs that work at 26 Federal Plaza, are given a bad name because we are not intellectual and we don't appreciate art. Well, many of us have art in our homes and many of us appreciate it, but that thing out there—by no stretch of the imagination, so help me God—I could not call that art if you paid me to call it art.

SHIRLEY PARIS: I am here as a private citizen, although I work in the area.

*Tilted Arc* is in my opinion the Berlin Wall of Foley Square, and like its prototype, it should have been knocked down during construction.

This gigantic strip of rust is an arrogant, nose-thumbing gesture at the government, at the civil servants who serve the government, and at those of us who make up much of the regular daytime population of Foley Square.

It is bad enough for the government and its civil servants to be the perennial targets of the public and the press alike, but for us to be denigrated by artists as well is, to say the least, to compound the insult.

It should be noted that many of the people who visit this building are going to the Immigration and Naturalization Service to apply for citizenship. They are eager to become citizens of our great nation and leave behind their original, and often oppressive, homelands. Yet as they enter the building from which they hope to emerge with the promise of a brighter future, they are compelled to circumvent this rusty reminder of totalitarianism.

FRANK STELLA: In the matter under discussion here the government and the artist, Richard Serra, have acted in good faith and have executed their responsibilities in exemplary fashion.

The objections to their efforts are without compelling merit. The objections are singular, peculiar, and idiosyncratic. The government and the artist have acted as the body of society attempting to meet civilized, one might almost say civilizing, goals—in this case, the extension of visual culture into public spaces.

The attempt to reverse their efforts serves no broad social purpose and is contrary to the honest, searching efforts that represent the larger and truer goals of society.

Satisfaction for the dissenters is not a necessity. The continued cultural aspirations of the society are a necessity, as is the protection of these aspirations.

The dissenters have accomplished enough by having their objections heard, discussed, and publicized. Whatever merit their case may have, it is now part of the public record and will have its proper influence in future decisions involving matters of this kind.

To destroy the work of art and simultaneously incur greater public expense in that effort would disturb the status quo for no gain. Furthermore, the precedent set can only have wasteful and unnecessary consequences.

There is no reason to encourage harassment of the government and the artist working toward a public good. There are no circumstances here to warrant further administrative or judicial action. If the matter stands as it is, no one will experience any serious harm or duress and one more work of art will be preserved.

This dispute should not be allowed to disrupt a successful working relationship between government agencies and citizen artists.

Finally, no public dispute should force the gratuitous destruction of any benign, civilizing effort.





The Hammock, by Joel Meyerowitz, in *A Summer's Day*, a collection of his photographs published last month by Times Books.

DANNY KATZ: My name is Danny Katz and I work in this building as a clerk. My friend Vito told me this morning that I am a philistine. Despite that, I am getting up to speak. Listen fast, because I hear seconds being counted and tempers are high.

The blame falls on everyone involved in this project from the beginning for forgetting the human element. I don't think this issue should be elevated into a dispute between the forces of ignorance and art, or art versus government. I really blame government less because it has long ago outgrown its human dimension. But from the artists I expected a lot more.

I didn't expect to hear them rely on the tired and dangerous reasoning that the government has made a deal, so let the rabble live with the steel because it's a deal. That kind of mentality leads to wars. We had a deal with Vietnam.

I didn't expect to hear the arrogant position that art justifies interference with the simple joys of human activity in a plaza. It's not a great plaza by international standards, but it is a small

refuge and place of revival for people who ride to work in steel containers, work in sealed rooms, and breathe recirculated air all day. Is the purpose of art in public places to seal off a route of escape, to stress the absence of joy and hope? I can't believe that this was the artistic intention, yet to my sadness this for me has been the dominant effect of the work, and it's all the fault of its position and location.

I can accept anything in art, but I can't accept physical assault and complete destruction of pathetic human activity.

No work of art created with a contempt for ordinary humanity and without respect for the common element of human experience can be great. It will always lack a dimension.

I don't believe the contempt is in the work. The work is strong enough to stand alone in a better place. I would suggest to Mr. Serra that he take advantage of this opportunity to walk away from this fiasco and demand that the work be moved to a place where it will better reveal its beauty. ■



Dwight Knott,  
Sun Company manager  
of the Big Horn Ranch  
and Reclamation  
Research Center.




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# IS ARMS CONTROL OBSOLETE?

**A**lmost since its beginning, the nuclear age has defined itself as a tug of war between technicians and diplomats, a match in which the diplomats seem forever doomed to finish in the mud. The advocates of arms control have won a few important battles—the Limited Test Ban Treaty in 1963, SALT I and the ABM treaty in 1972—but more often than not the excitement of newer, more exotic weapons, and the enduring suspicions of the United States and the Soviet Union, have together made building missiles a good deal easier than trading them away for pieces of paper.

Another and more ominous contest has now commenced. Once again the diplomatic teams have squared off in Geneva, pledging to reach a new, “comprehensive” agreement. Yet SALT II, the result of five years of laborious negotiations, remains unrati-  
fied; when the treaty expires in December there will be nothing to replace it. Meanwhile, the Administration’s Star Wars program threatens to transform the nuclear balance in ways impossible to predict.

What is the hope for concluding an agreement at Geneva? Has the arms control process really come to a dead end? A distinguished group of past and present government officials and a delegation of Soviet diplomats and scientists recently gathered at Emory University’s Carter Center to speculate on the chances of bargaining away the nuclear danger.



The following Forum is drawn from the Consultation on International Security and Arms Control, held at the Carter Center of Emory University. The remarks are excerpted from four public discussions; they are arranged thematically, and not necessarily in the order in which they were made. Jimmy Carter and Gerald R. Ford served as moderators.

JIMMY CARTER

was president of the United States from 1977 to 1981.

GERALD R. FORD

served as president of the United States from 1974 to 1977 and as vice president from 1973 to 1974.

HENRY KISSINGER

was secretary of state from 1973 to 1977 and national security adviser from 1969 to 1975.

HELMUT SONNENFELDT

was a member of the National Security Council from 1969 to 1974. He is now a visiting scholar at the Brookings Institution.

KENNETH ADELMAN

is director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

CYRUS R. VANCE

was secretary of state from 1977 to 1980 and deputy secretary of defense from 1964 to 1967.

WILLIAM G. HYLAND

was a member of the National Security Council from 1969 to 1973. He is currently the editor of Foreign Affairs.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI

was national security adviser from 1977 to 1981. He is currently a senior adviser at the Georgetown University Center for Strategic and International Studies.

BRENT SCOWCROFT

was chairman of President Reagan's Commission on Strategic Forces from 1982 to 1984. A retired Air Force lieutenant general, he served as national security adviser from 1975 to 1977.

ANATOLY DOBRYNIN

is the Soviet ambassador to the United States, a position he has held since 1961.

JOHN LEHMAN

is secretary of the Navy. He was deputy director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency from 1975 to 1977.

DAVID JONES

was chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff from 1978 to 1982 and Air Force chief of staff from 1974 to 1978.

SAM NUNN

is a Democratic senator from Georgia and the ranking minority member of the Senate Armed Services Committee.

HAROLD BROWN

was secretary of defense from 1977 to 1981. He is now chairman of Johns Hopkins University's Foreign Policy Institute.

WILLIAM PERRY

was undersecretary of defense for research and engineering from 1977 to 1981.

YEVGENEY VELIKHOV

is deputy director of the Kurchatov Institute of Nuclear Physics and vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences' General Assembly.

ALBERT GORE JR.

is a Democratic senator from Tennessee and a member of the Senate Observers' Group at the Geneva arms control talks.

TED STEVENS

is a Republican senator from Alaska and co-chairman of the Senate Observers' Group.

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER

served as secretary of defense from 1973 to 1975 and as secretary of energy from 1977 to 1979.

MCGEORGE BUNDY

was national security adviser from 1961 to 1966. He is now a professor of history at New York University.



IMY CARTER: During the past fifteen years at least, arms control has been an integral part of the relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. It was the policy of my administration—and those of Presidents Ford, Nixon, Johnson, and Kennedy before me—to attempt to conclude agreements that would have a stabilizing effect on relations between the two countries. We hope to discuss here the role of arms control in the present relationship between the superpowers; the impact that new weapons systems—such as President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative—will have on the arms control process; and, perhaps most important, the prospects for reaching a major arms control agreement in the near future.

RALD R. FORD: Beginning in the late 1960s and continuing for ten years or so, the United States and the Soviet Union made vigorous attempts to negotiate agreements limiting the competition in nuclear weapons. This process produced the SALT I agreement and the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty, signed together in 1972; the interim agreements my administration concluded at Vladivostok in 1974; and President Carter's SALT II treaty of 1979—which, though never ratified by the Senate, is being observed by both nations.

It is true these negotiations did not achieve what many hoped they would—a dramatic reduction in nuclear weapons, or even an end to the arms race. What they did accomplish, however, was extremely important: they helped the superpowers manage the problem of nuclear confrontation and ensure a degree of stability in the strategic balance. I have known a number of presidents, and I have also known one Soviet leader; in my opinion, none of these men ever wanted a nuclear confrontation. Arms control was important in avoiding one.

So if the scorecard on arms control during those ten or fifteen years is not perfect, it unquestionably shows some success. The political conflicts between the two countries were complicated, but the problems were squarely confronted—both in the negotiations themselves and in the political discussions that accompanied them. This was a sign of common sense and maturity. Of course some in this country were—and still are—critical of the whole approach. I'm not sure these people understood what was accomplished with arms control, or even what was sought. But the constant pressure from such critics clearly hindered the process itself.

CARTER: The connection between superpower conflict and regional disputes, on the one hand, and the continuation of the arms control pro-

cess, on the other, is one of the most controversial aspects of the subject. Dr. Kissinger, does arms control actually help mitigate superpower conflict?

HENRY KISSINGER: President Carter, President Ford, I strongly believe that easing the tension between the United States and the Soviet Union is crucial to world peace. But I do not believe that arms control negotiations by themselves can accomplish that. This is especially so now, since, quite frankly, both sides appear to be out of new ideas that might substantially increase international stability. It is true that we made significant progress in arms control during the 1970s, but throughout those years important political discussions were going on side by side with the military ones. Along with the agreements President Ford named, we should also remember the Berlin discussions in 1972 and the European Security Conference from 1973 to 1975, among others. The fate of the SALT II treaty showed only too well that when the political conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union becomes too intense and there is an explosion somewhere in the world—like Afghanistan—the arms control process cannot be sustained.

So arms control, while extremely important, must be complemented by agreements on mutual restraint in international behavior—the agreement on principles of international conduct, which was negotiated before the 1972 summit, is a good example. If the United States had not suffered a tragic loss of executive authority in the early 1970s, which, in creating the oddest coalition of liberals who disliked President Nixon and conservatives who disliked the Russians, destroyed the political basis for further negotiations, the superpowers would surely have completed agreements on mutual restraints—which might or might not have worked.

Such restraints must be part of any successful arms control agenda. That agenda should of course be accorded great importance; but it should not receive as much publicity as the current Geneva negotiations are receiving—such dramatic business is not conducive to reaching agreements. The Americans and the Russians must ask themselves, and each other, where they want the world to be ten years from now, and not simply repeat by rote all the slogans of the 1970s.

HELMUT SONNENFELDT: You mentioned regional disputes, Mr. President. It should be pointed out that the major political crises of the past forty years—the crises that brought the United States and the Soviet Union to the verge of

*Americans and Russians must ask themselves where they want the world to be in ten years, not simply repeat all the slogans of the 1970s*  
—Kissinger



*I realize sadly  
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arms control as  
an outdated  
political  
instrument  
—Vance*

open hostilities—arose from conflicts in regions where the superpowers' interests and ambitions clashed, and where, in most instances, other countries were involved. Yet during the past five years, despite the very bad tone in relations between the Soviet Union and the United States and the deadlock in and even disruption of arms control negotiations, the number of real crises in the Third World has dramatically decreased. Compare the last five years with any five-year period since 1945, and the difference is striking. The Korean War, Cuba, the Congo, Angola, the Vietnam War, the three wars in the Middle East, Afghanistan—there has been nothing comparable. For whatever reason, a certain caution seems to have entered into the calculations of those who make decisions about these matters. I hope that this attitude continues.

FORD: Hal, aren't you passing over the continuing problems in Central America and Cambodia?

SONNENFELDT: I was not ignoring them, Mr. President. There are continuing problems in the Middle East, Angola, Afghanistan, and other areas as well. But in all these conflicts, the superpowers have managed to avoid alerting their forces and coming to a head-to-head confrontation.

KENNETH ADELMAN: During the last five years there have been three major conflicts in the world: between Britain and Argentina over the Falklands, between Iran and Iraq, and between various forces in Lebanon. None of these has had any direct East-West rub to it. I think that is because, by and large, the United States and the Soviet Union now have a better understanding of what constitutes acceptable behavior.

### *Five lost years, and a radical new element in the game*

CYRUS R. VANCE: Mr. President, President Ford, I realize sadly that it has become quite popular to disparage arms control as an outdated political instrument. I don't agree with this view, nor in my opinion do the majority of the American people. All of us share one fundamental goal—avoiding war, especially nuclear war. To achieve this goal, the superpowers must negotiate agreements that will slow the arms competition and move both nations toward a more stable and less threatening military posture. Without negotiations, the arms competition will continue to spiral upward. Contrary to the assertions of some critics of arms control, neither superpower will allow the other to outspend it and thus gain a significant military advantage. Nor is either country able to maintain a decisive technological advantage; history shows that whenever one takes the lead in weapons technology, it is soon matched by the other.

The most effective way to moderate this competition is through fair and verifiable arms control agreements. I fully agree with Henry Kissinger that the dialogue between the two countries cannot be confined to arms control; it must be accompanied by wide-ranging political discussions at the highest level. But if arms control negotiations cannot be conducted in a vacuum, neither should they be held hostage to progress on other unrelated issues.

WILLIAM G. HYLAND: Perhaps it's worth examining the recent history of arms control. We have lost five valuable years. When President Carter met

with President Brezhnev in Vienna in 1979, he proposed that the two countries reduce their strategic forces by 5 percent each year for the next five years. Had Brezhnev accepted that, those forces would now be below the level President Reagan has proposed at Geneva.

Why wouldn't Brezhnev accept President Carter's fairly simple idea? Frankly, the Russians prefer to keep what they have; most of the proposals they have made would preserve their forces roughly intact. That was the case in SALT I, and it was also true, as President Ford will remember, at Vladivostok.

The United States' approach, on the other hand, has been erratic. Every time a new administration assumes power the inevitable questions are raised: Shouldn't there be a whole new policy? Wasn't the past approach flawed? So American negotiating tactics tend to be confusing, and to fluctuate according to the requirements of domestic politics.

The last ten years have not been terribly productive. President Ford and President Brezhnev set out the framework of the SALT II treaty in 1974; that treaty, which took five years to complete, was never ratified, and when it expires in December there will be no replacement.

Despite the idiosyncrasies of both sides, the greater burden of blame for this failure must rest squarely on the Soviet Union. However much quarreling there was in the Senate, SALT II probably would have been ratified if the Soviet Union hadn't invaded Afghanistan. And of course it was the Russians who walked out of the START talks on strategic weapons in 1983,



claiming that the theater missiles the Americans had begun to emplace in Europe were upsetting the strategic balance; because the Russians chose to link START with the negotiations on theater weapons, more than a year passed without any talks at all.

NCE: Today there is great concern, which I share, that the negotiations in Geneva may be headed for an early stalemate. The Russians appear unwilling to consider deep reductions in strategic offensive weapons so long as the possibility of new American defensive deployments is not definitely foreclosed. The Americans, meanwhile, want to negotiate precisely such deep reductions in offensive forces, while holding open the possibility of deploying defenses after the SDI research program shows results. Is there a way to solve this conundrum so that the Geneva talks do not become bogged down before they've had a chance to really begin?

One of the panels here has recommended that the two nations examine what sort of limits on offensive weapons would be sufficient to eliminate the incentive for either side to deploy extensive defenses. Two steps might be helpful. Both countries should clarify and define what research is permissible under the ABM treaty and the dividing line between prohibited testing and development and permitted research. And both sides should reaffirm their commitment to the ABM and Outer Space treaties and to the principle that no steps contrary to those treaties will be taken without prior negotiations.

LAND: It is true that the Geneva talks cannot simply pick up where we left off in 1979 or 1983. The Strategic Defense Initiative is a radical new element in the game. The offensive-defensive equation is now dominant, and neither side has a good idea how to deal with it. The United States' current position is that it must preserve a free hand to develop defenses under the rubric of research, which almost certainly will lead to some developmental testing and deployment. The Soviet Union is demanding a ban on development and testing, but that no longer seems feasible.

Under these circumstances, I'm not sure the status quo—extending SALT II, delaying major decisions on SDI, and so forth—is good enough. We have very little to show for almost twenty years of arms control. If the American public begins to suspect these negotiations are merely a diversion that allows both sides to continue building up their arsenals, we could find ourselves in the midst of a major political quarrel. As Cy said, there are already strong elements in the United States that believe arms control is a failure and should be discarded.

Perhaps we do need an entirely new approach. When both superpowers have 10,000 or so deliverable strategic warheads, a reduction of 20 percent would not mean much, except as a symbol. The root of the matter is the destabilizing character of certain weapons, particularly highly accurate land-based missiles. Perhaps the United States should think seriously about a freeze on ICBMs. The Soviet Union is now developing and producing two new missiles; our MX program is dwindling away—a freeze looks more appealing than it did a few years ago.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI: I think we have to face the likelihood that the United States and the Soviet Union will not be able to negotiate a comprehensive arms control agreement any time soon. There are good reasons for this. First, because of technical advances in weapons, the question of verification has become far more complicated than it used to be. Second, each side entertains serious doubts about the other's compliance with existing treaties. Finally, it will be difficult to reach an understanding at Geneva with three separate panels discussing three separate but interconnected subjects—strategic, theater, and space weapons—at the same time.

Moreover, there remain serious geopolitical disagreements between the United States and the Soviet Union. Any comprehensive agreement would require a level of mutual trust that seems unlikely so long as the tragic occupation of Afghanistan continues. American public opinion and attitudes in Congress can't help but be affected by that occupation. It is essential, therefore, that the United States and the Soviet Union begin a dialogue on Afghanistan.


Perhaps we should look to the example set by Presidents Ford and Brezhnev in Vladivostok, and attempt to reach a limited agreement. One interim arrangement might be to reduce the strategic numbers on both sides to, say, 1,800 launchers and 7,500 warheads. Such interim limits would go a long way toward altering the strategic equation, and could serve as a catalyst for a more ambitious agreement. A summit between President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev might provide an appropriate occasion for such an essentially political, and not overly complicated, agreement.

Finally, given the current situation, I believe it would be stabilizing to deploy strategic defenses—not to defend populations but to disrupt a first strike against our strategic forces. Weapons on both sides have become so accurate and so “time-urgent” that, of themselves, they have introduced greater instability into the strategic relationship. The Soviet position on SDI has been propagandistic and deceptive, given the reality of Soviet research. Limited de-

*The Soviet position on strategic defense has been propagandistic and deceptive —Brzezinski*



She likes  
English tea.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat and a white dress with a large floral pattern, is seated at a table. She is smiling broadly, looking towards the right. On the table in front of her is a silver teapot and a plate. The background is slightly blurred, showing a white wall and a yellow lampshade.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



A man with dark hair, wearing a white jacket over a patterned shirt, is shown in profile, drinking from a glass of Irish coffee. The glass has a decorative band. The background is a soft, out-of-focus interior.

He likes  
Irish coffee.

A glass of Irish coffee with a thick layer of foam and a decorative band. Next to it is a plate with various fruits, including an apple and a banana.

*B*ut there's  
one taste they  
agree on.

Benson & Hedges  
America's Favorite 100.





*The so-called rearming of America is nothing but a bid for strategic superiority; it will not increase U.S. security one iota*  
—Dobrynin

ployment of SDI—with or without amending the ABM treaty—combined with greater reliance on retaliatory forces and less on first-strike systems, would clearly be stabilizing.

CARTER: Perhaps it would be helpful at this point to call on Brent Scowcroft, chairman of our panel on "Weapons, Strategy, and Doctrine," to read part of his report, which suggests how we arrived at the current situation.

BRENT SCOWCROFT: Thank you, Mr. President. As we all know, after World War II the United States turned to nuclear weapons as a substitute for conventional forces in defending Europe—this policy was called extended deterrence. After the Soviet Union developed nuclear weapons, U.S. policy moved toward what came to be called assured destruction, according to which the United States had to maintain the ability to threaten massive destruction in order to deter attacks on this country and its allies.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, some critics began to question the validity of this version of deterrence; they raised doubts about a strategy that had no political or military rationale and that—they claimed—was based on revenge. Others suggested that for deterrence to be credible, the United States had to be able to respond to an attack in a more limited and flexible way.

During the 1970s, official U.S. policy gradually came to include not merely a threat to destroy a certain percentage of the Soviet population and Soviet industry; it now provided more limited options in responding to an attack, such as destroying only selected military targets. The key reasons for this shift were technological advances that made weapons much more accurate and reliable; the end of unquestioned U.S. nuclear superiority, which many believed would undermine the United States' ability to deter conventional attacks against its NATO allies; the Russians' development of highly accurate land-based missiles, which seemed to put U.S. ICBMs at risk; and, finally, the growing perception in the United States that the Russians do not share American views on deterrence—that, in effect, they believe nuclear weapons can be employed to achieve victory in wartime.

This shift in the U.S. approach to deterrence has continued into the 1980s. President Reagan has declared that the world would be safer if the United States moved from a policy of assured destruction, or mutual vulnerability, to one of assured survival. According to this policy, a nation's ability to *defend* itself against attack would remove any military incentive for its adversary to strike first. And that is the rationale—or one of them—for strategic defense, the feasibility of which remains an open question.

ANATOLY DOBRYNIN: The Soviet Union believes the development of these doctrines and weapons systems was designed to ensure U.S. strategic superiority, and to preserve the ability to launch a first strike. That remains the driving force of U.S. policy and the ultimate purpose of the Strategic Defense Initiative. The so-called rearming of America is nothing but a bid for strategic superiority. But the buildup will not increase the security of the United States or its NATO allies one iota. It will simply force the Soviet Union to match the additional deployments. Introducing space weapons will surely intensify the arms race. The Soviet Union does not seek superiority over the United States; we seek only to prevent you from gaining superiority over us. This is in no way a threat—it's a fact of modern life.

Today we hear the familiar warnings of the "Soviet advantage," which are meant to justify the U.S. buildup. Remember the "missile gap" of the early 1960s? It didn't exist; it served only to rally support for more weapons. Remember the "window of vulnerability"? It too was nonexistent, as was shown by General Scowcroft's commission. We should recall that before the Vienna summit of 1979, the U.S. president, the secretary of defense, and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, all of whom are here today, acknowledged there was rough parity between the two superpowers. Whom should we believe?

American politicians seem unable to understand that they cannot use force against the Soviet Union without inviting a catastrophe. Lately a very misguided and dangerous trend has emerged: the search for ways to make nuclear war "winnable." Counterforce, surgical strikes, limited war—all of these strategies are attempts to introduce rules that will make nuclear conflicts more thinkable. This trend is an example of the sort of thinking that is imposed by the balance of terror. On the one hand, war has become meaningless, unthinkable. On the other, both nations have to prepare for war and constantly emphasize their readiness to engage in it. Such logic inevitably leads to brinkmanship.

The experience of the 1970s proves that when the political will exists, the superpowers can work together to curb the arms race and reduce the risk of nuclear war by negotiating balanced and verifiable agreements. But the past five years have shown how stubborn the legacy of the cold war really is. The United States' determination to achieve military superiority has led to a steep rise in international tension and an increased danger of war. American leaders must outgrow the illusion that it is somehow possible to "deal with" the Soviet Union from a position of strength.



According to the agreement signed in January by Mr. Gromyko and Secretary Shultz, the two nations are negotiating at Geneva about strategic, medium-range, and space weapons. We hope the United States will fulfill that pledge by agreeing to discuss SDI. Meanwhile, we propose that the two nations freeze their deployments of strategic and medium-range weapons and declare a moratorium on the development, testing, and deployment of space weapons, at least for the duration of the talks. The two nations should also join in a pledge of

no-first-use of nuclear weapons. They should resume talks on a comprehensive test ban, which were broken off by the Reagan Administration. And the United States should move to ratify treaties that have already been concluded, such as the Threshold Test Ban Treaty and the Peaceful Nuclear Explosions Treaty.

This planet is our common house. We should proceed from a common interest in preserving it. We do not believe that differences in our political systems are a reason for intensifying the arms race—or starting a nuclear war.

*I reject the view  
that we are all  
poor, helpless  
souls struggling  
to survive in  
a universe  
dominated  
by weapons  
—Lehman*

### ***On the virtues of Ronald Reagan's 'new approach'***

IN LEHMAN: I reject the view that somehow we are all poor, helpless souls struggling to survive in a universe dominated by the weapons themselves. We have the nuclear weapons we have today because conscious, informed human beings over the past thirty years decided that they would best meet the military requirements of our countries.

The history of arms control is sad, all right, because it hasn't increased the security of either country in any measurable way. But the Reagan Administration has made a fundamental change in the American approach. We have a simple goal: to find common ground that pragmatic, intelligent decision-makers on both sides will agree on. Only when we have done that will major reductions in nuclear weapons be possible; we will agree to such reductions not because our arsenals were built up through some mindless process but because the advantages the weapons offered no longer exist.

During the 1960s and 1970s the Soviet Union not only deployed a great many weapons; it enjoyed the very real benefits of those deployments. The United States, hoping that the arms control process would eventually stop what was generally assumed to be an action-reaction cycle, allowed destabilizing disparities to develop between the forces of the two countries. The Russians were well aware of the growing perception that they were gaining strategic superiority—and that perception allowed them many opportunities for relatively risk-free intervention throughout the world.

I think this cycle has been broken. The rearming of America, which began at the end of the previous administration and which the Reagan Administration has vigorously pursued, has helped make it possible for the two countries to again pursue true reductions. Strategic programs now under way—the MX, the B-1 bomber, the Trident II missile, and others—are

essential to concluding meaningful arms control agreements.

Why will we achieve reductions? First, it's enormously difficult for both nations to pay for these huge numbers of strategic weapons. Of course, during the 1970s, the Soviet Union had a high marginal return on its investment; it derived clear benefits from maintaining its edge. Today, as it loses that edge, the marginal return is disappearing. Both countries now have a clear interest in reducing the expense of maintaining these weapons.

Second, this Administration has a realistic approach to verification. The greater the reductions and the lower the total number of systems, the more important verification becomes. To really make progress in arms control, we must move to intrusive, on-site inspection. Popular wisdom to the contrary, the Russians might be willing to carry verification along this path.

Finally, it is very much in our mutual interest to deploy strategic defenses, and I think the Soviet Union will come to see why. I reject the suggestion that the Russians will respond to SDI by building more and better offensive weapons. They won't do that because it doesn't make common sense, and whatever one might say about Soviet strategic policy during the last thirty years, it has made a great deal of common sense. Shifting our expenditures from deterrence to defenses can only be stabilizing in the long run. And SDI need not be 100 percent effective to play a stabilizing role. Every little bit of protection diminishes the temptation for one side to strike first in a crisis. For the last thirty years, our strategy has rested on a balance of terror; maintaining deterrence by protecting our populations, rather than by threatening to avenge them, is far more morally satisfying.

As for the suggestion that the United States should declare a policy of no-first-use of nuclear weapons in Europe, such a policy would obvi-



*That the United States can kill 100 million Russians with a small fraction of its forces does not mean the rest of its forces are unnecessary*  
—Jones

ously oblige NATO to match the Warsaw Pact in conventional forces. The Soviet Union currently has 178 active divisions; the United States hopes to reach eighteen by the end of the decade. Adopting a strategy of fighting a war of attrition against a totalitarian regime with so large a land force is not rational. Theater nuclear weapons are a necessary part of the balance of imbalances in Europe; attempting to convince the Europeans that the Battle of the Somme was a more acceptable form of warfare than nuclear deterrence will not make those weapons go away.

DAVID JONES: Things are a little more complicated than that. When my friend John Lehman talks about the eighteen divisions on our side he isn't including our reserve divisions here in the States, many of which are better than many of the Soviet 178. He also isn't taking into account all of our NATO forces, and he makes no allowance for the fact that the Russians have deployed a quarter of their divisions against China. In any case, the purpose of improving our conventional forces in Europe is not to prepare the alliance to fight a war of attrition; it is to raise the nuclear threshold. There is no intention of trying to match the Russians division for division.

As a military officer, I find there's a great tendency in all of these discussions to be too technical and too simple at the same time. Five years ago, everyone was talking about the "window of vulnerability." A period was supposedly beginning during which American strategic forces would be vulnerable to attack by those of the Soviet Union.

Today the general perception is that somehow this "window" has been closed, even though our current strategic forces are pretty much a result of planning and research that began many years ago. But there remain great asymmetries in the strategic balance; these asymmetries will probably always be there, simply because the two nations have very different force requirements. The United States is largely a maritime power, the Soviet Union a continental power. The Russians have advantages in certain areas; we've got advantages in other areas. It's pretty hard to say whether they're ahead or we're ahead.

What exactly does "being ahead" mean? I don't know any American officer, or any Soviet officer, who really believes either superpower can achieve a true first-strike capability, that one side could ever so disarm the other as to leave it without the ability to retaliate. After all, only 5 percent of the 10,000 or so strategic weapons on either side could kill roughly 100 million Americans, if aimed at our cities, and

close to that number of Russians, if aimed at theirs. The ability to kill 100 million people certainly seems a strong deterrent. On the other hand, the fact that the United States can kill almost 100 million Russians with a small fraction of its forces does not mean the rest of its forces are unnecessary. An overall balance is important; it is not good strategy to retain only the option to retaliate against Soviet cities. At present, American strategic forces are directed primarily against Soviet military targets, and only secondarily against what are referred to as urban industrial areas. But what is most important is this: in my experience, American military officers and Soviet military officers strongly agree that neither side can win a nuclear war in any meaningful sense.

FORD: John Lehman said that the development of many of these new weapons systems was begun under this Administration or the preceding one. That is not accurate. As he well knows, research and development on the MX was begun in 1975, under my administration. And development of the air-launched, sea-launched, and ground-launched cruise missiles was begun under President Nixon and in my administration as well.

SAM NUNN: President Ford has raised a larger question. If there is to be a truly bipartisan approach to arms control and national security, Administration officials must stop rewriting the history of U.S. weapons procurement and arms control to suit their own purposes. Last year, for example, Secretary Weinberger told the Armed Services Committee: "We should have modernized and strengthened the triad all through the preceding years, but we did not start on it until 1981." Secretary Weinberger's statement was truly bipartisan in that it recognized no progress in any administration, Democratic or Republican, for twelve years or more. He managed to ignore the cruise missile, the advanced technology bomber, the Trident submarine, and the MX, all of which were begun under Nixon, Ford, or Carter.

The Administration should also recognize that the United States must continue to rely for its defense on nuclear deterrence, no matter what happens in SDI research, "for at least the lifetime of our children, and perhaps our grandchildren," in Jim Schlesinger's words. When Administration officials criticize the United States' present deterrent strategy as "flawed," "simplistic," "disproven," "discredited," and "immoral," they make it difficult to maintain political support for deterrence; that the policy has been the target of attacks from the left in recent years just heightens the problem.



ROLD BROWN: Deterrence by threat of retaliation remains the U.S. and NATO strategy, not out of choice but because it's a fact of life. That fact of life deters nuclear attack; perhaps it deters a Soviet conventional attack on Europe as well, because of both superpowers' concern that such an attack might escalate into a nuclear exchange. That is why the alliance has rejected proposals to adopt a no-first-use policy.

What are the goals of nuclear planning and nuclear arms control? Reducing the chance of a nuclear war and limiting the damage caused by such a war should it occur. Unfortunately, these goals sometimes conflict. It seems to me that reducing the chance of nuclear war is the more important goal. Nuclear war would be so destructive that military policies designed to moderate its effects—countervailing strategy, graduated response, and so on—while necessary and laudable, are not reliable enough to make any accompanying increase in the likelihood of nuclear war an acceptable trade. By the same token, if we focus too much on abolishing nuclear weapons, laudable as *that* goal is, we may find that we have taken our eye off the ball: the need to avoid nuclear war by managing both deterrence and the political competition with the Soviet Union. If we fail in managing either, the world will become much more dangerous.

Arms control negotiations also have a sacramental purpose. By engaging in these negotiations Western leaders show that they worry about nuclear war and are trying to do something about it. This is an important function of these talks. And while I believe that failure in arms control negotiations hurts more than success helps, I oppose those who argue that it's therefore better not to attempt arms control at all, or that attempts should be delayed until the United States is negotiating from a predominant position. After all, if you don't negotiate, the failure to limit arms is automatic.

How would SDI affect stability? Suppose it provided perfect or near perfect defense. In that case, one could argue that SDI would be stabilizing, assuming both sides had it—and I assume that if one side had it, both sides would, not as a result of a charitable gift but as a result of competition. On the other hand, a perfect defense might encourage non-nuclear war. If there had been no threat of nuclear retaliation during the past thirty years, the chances are much greater that the superpowers would have fought a conventional war.

If the defense was imperfect—if it could not defend populations—it might still be destabilizing; that would depend on whether one side was able to preempt the defense of the other. And of course, phasing in the defenses could be destabilizing; the timing would be very delicate.

As you can see I have serious reservations, to put it mildly, about the Strategic Defense Initiative. But strategic defense in various forms—the robust air defense in the Soviet Union, research and development in both countries on conventional ballistic missile defense and so on—is a fact of life. So is research on space-based ballistic missile defense. We ought to ask ourselves and our allies what criteria should be used in deciding whether to deploy such a system, and we should explore with the Soviet Union what the guidelines should be for research and development under the ABM treaty.

CARTER: Bill Perry, perhaps you could comment on the feasibility of SDI.

WILLIAM PERRY: Mr. President, I believe the debate over the Strategic Defense Initiative has been characterized by confusion. SDI proponents have confused the issue by pretending that if *any* strategic defense is feasible, then assured survivability—protecting the population from attack—is feasible. This is not at all the case. The opponents of SDI, on the other hand, have questioned the President's sincerity, claiming that he really wants strategic superiority. They have argued that it is somehow morally wrong to conduct battles in space. And they have condemned the objective of strategic defense because of the difficulty and cost involved. I don't doubt that the President is sincere. I am skeptical of people who talk about the sanctity of the heavens—if a battle must be fought, I would rather it be fought in space than on Earth. And if assured survivability *were* feasible, I would not be discouraged by either the expense or the difficulty of achieving it.

It can be fairly said that I am a technological optimist, and the view I am expressing here today is based on a pretty optimistic assessment of the technology involved. It is quite correct that this technology can be used to develop strategic defenses; the problem is that it can equally well be used by the side trying to defeat or degrade those defenses. In a measure-countermeasure game, technology is a two-edged sword. For example, advances in laser technology could also enable an attacker to penetrate a defense. Developments in computers that could help manage defenses could just as easily manage effective countermeasures. And even if we were able to build defenses impermeable to ballistic missile attack, there are many other ways to deliver nuclear warheads: bombers, cruise missiles—even delivery trucks, Lebanese-style.

So technology could very well provide us with much more effective defenses than any we can envision today, and these could certainly enhance deterrence by protecting our offensive

*Deterrence by threat of retaliation remains U.S. strategy, not out of choice but because it's a fact of life*  
—Brown



*We can't wait  
five years to  
start taking  
countermeasures  
if you proceed  
with SDI  
—Velikhov*

forces. In my opinion, however, such a system could not guarantee the survival of a civilian population against an opponent determined to attack that population. From this I conclude that the United States should proceed with research and development on SDI. But before we deploy or even test such a system, we should consider what it can reasonably achieve.

FORD: Bill, would such research violate the ABM treaty?

PERRY: Only testing a system would; I therefore recommend not carrying it to that point.

FORD: But you feel the United States should proceed up to that point, and thus ensure that it has the option to deploy?

PERRY: It's a prudent hedge. The Russians have a vigorous ballistic missile defense R&D program. And they already have a major strategic defense system—their bomber defenses, to which they've devoted about \$100 billion. The United States should have a hedge against the expansion of that to a ballistic missile defense.

CARTER: I wonder if Academician Velikhov, who is a designated representative of General Secretary Gorbachev and a prominent physicist, would like to comment?

YEVGENEY VELIKHOV: I appreciate Secretary Lehman's comment about our common sense—but on SDI I don't think our sense is common. There is no question that the most effective, simplest, and cheapest way to combat strategic defenses is by means of countermeasures, active and passive. The obvious response to the research the Reagan Administration proposes would be to build however many weapons are needed to pose an effective retaliatory threat.

According to some reports, the American goal is to be able to test a defensive system in five years, and to be able to deploy it a short time later. It is true that research does not violate the ABM treaty; nonetheless, it poses a very serious threat to the Soviet Union. After all, Hitler didn't break any treaties by concentrating his army near our border in June 1941; but he broke them all in one night by invading our country. We can't wait five years to start taking countermeasures if you proceed with SDI.

SCOWCROFT: It's important to emphasize that the Soviet position on strategic defense is a political position, not a military one. As Bill Perry noted, the Russians have already spent \$100 billion on a massive air-defense system, and they have probably outspent the United States on ABM

research since the ABM treaty was signed. Moscow is now protected by an ABM system, which has recently been modernized. If we can get beyond the rhetoric, we may find some way to modify the ABM treaty that would enhance the stability of the strategic relationship—and strengthen security on both sides.

DOBRYNIN: But so far, the Americans have refused to say anything specific about SDI at Geneva. The U.S. negotiators say they will discuss it when the research period is over. How long will that be? Five, maybe ten years? Meanwhile, we should wait; but for what? Until a new administration comes, and that administration negotiates? But history shows that one president can sign an important agreement and the next might consider it a big "window of vulnerability."

Of course we won't reduce our offensive weapons while nothing is done about SDI. Mr. Shultz and Mr. Gromyko agreed on this last January in Geneva. I was there; so was Mr. Adelman. They established three panels to discuss strategic, European, and space weapons; the panels are to try to come to agreements more or less simultaneously. That doesn't mean all three agreements *must* be simultaneous. If we make progress on strategic weapons or on European missiles, it is possible we could come to a more limited agreement earlier. But we are not prepared to cut our offensive missiles drastically when we have no idea what you are going to do with SDI. The joint statement from the January meeting said specifically that the talks are aimed at preventing an arms race in space and terminating it on earth, and at limiting and reducing nuclear arms, strategic as well as intermediate. This is not just our position; it's your position as well.

ALBERT GORE JR.: It's important to realize that the political support in the United States for strategic defense derives mainly from the belief that a leakproof population defense is possible. But it is almost certainly not possible, and we should say so forthrightly. We must distinguish between realism and idealism. Deterrence is going to remain our mainstay as a policy throughout this century and well into the next. I believe there are some who know that a leakproof population defense is a fantasy, and yet have been reluctant to say so. They should say so, and those who are in a position to tell President Reagan should do so, if he doesn't know it already.

I have a feeling that, for some, this "perfect defense" fantasy is a stalking horse for the real SDI—which is simply ballistic missile defense. The real SDI is feasible, but it is not wise. There are two kinds of stability: crisis stability



and arms-race stability. Although it is theoretically possible to attain a kind of crisis stability with limited missile defenses on both sides, to do so would destabilize the arms race. That is

why the principles of the ABM treaty must be renewed. That's also why the apparent violations at Krasnoyarsk pose such a danger to the future of that treaty.

*The Soviet Union must understand how seriously members of Congress view these alleged treaty violations*  
—Nunn

### ***Cheating, fear, and the 'grand bargain' at Geneva***

D STEVENS: Mr. President, the Senate leadership has appointed the Senate Observers' Group to monitor the discussions in Geneva in order to learn in advance about stumbling blocks that might hinder Senate approval. The most significant one is the Krasnoyarsk phased-array radar, which, because it could serve as an important part of a ballistic missile defense system, seems to us a clear violation of the ABM treaty. The Russians have not offered any plausible explanation for this radar.

NN: Mr. President, I agree that the Soviet Union must understand how seriously members of Congress, and also those in the executive branch, view these alleged violations. Addressing this issue is a prerequisite for any kind of agreement in Geneva.

RE: Whether or not that radar is militarily significant, when the debate in the United States shifts to ballistic missile defense and whether to scrap the ABM treaty, those who support SDI will be strengthened enormously if they are able to argue that the Soviet Union does not feel strongly enough about the treaty's principles to refrain from violating them.

BRYNIN: The senators are careful enough, diplomatic enough. They say "alleged violations," "it seems to us," and so on. But that is just the point. When I go to the State Department to ask about specific violations, they always say, "Look, Mr. Ambassador, we don't have exactly proof, but we strongly suspect this is the case." It doesn't help the negotiations to politicize these suspicions. In 1972 the two nations established a Standing Consultative Commission to handle complaints like this. And there are always complaints, from your side and our side. The complaints are probably divided about fifty-fifty. But this Administration has a different approach. In the past few years you complain almost every day; one can hardly find time to read all the reports. If you have a complaint, bring it to the commission and we'll discuss it.

Now, when this Krasnoyarsk radar which you are so worried about is finished—it's still under construction—it will be used to track our sputniks. That's all. Maybe we'll invite some of you

skeptics to come and see how it works. It will be easy for you to determine from the lengths of the waves what the real purpose of this particular radar is.

You know, in our opinion you violate treaties yourself. SALT II says both sides are obligated not to alter the rough strategic parity that existed at the time of the negotiations. Now you're installing Pershing IIs and cruise missiles in Europe. To us these are strategic weapons—they can hit Moscow and Leningrad. To us these missiles are a violation of SALT II. Recently you tested an anti-missile missile, a modified Minuteman that intercepted an oncoming missile over the Pacific. That's a violation of the ABM treaty.

So there are charges and countercharges. Let's present these charges to the very knowledgeable people on the commission so they can try to resolve them in a peaceful, mutually satisfactory way.

CARTER: I think it's noteworthy that the senators here have made similar comments about the Krasnoyarsk radar. And I understood Ambassador Dobrynin to suggest that rather than risk a breakdown in the negotiations, the Soviet Union might offer an on-site inspection. That seems very significant. Perhaps Kenneth Adelman would like to comment on these points.

ADELMAN: Everyone agrees that to be serious about arms control is to be serious about compliance—otherwise, it's not arms control at all but unilateral disarmament. Ambassador Dobrynin was incorrect; the American reports during the last two years have not been about "alleged" violations. They have described in detail the Soviet Union's serious and definite violations of the ABM treaty, the Limited Test Ban Treaty, and political commitments made under the Threshold Test Ban Treaty. As for Krasnoyarsk, when the United States first detected that radar in the summer of 1983, we immediately approached Ambassador Dobrynin and requested a special session of the Standing Consultative Committee. The Russians refused. Ambassador Dobrynin now seems to offer the chance of an on-site inspection; that certainly holds some promise. We'll see.



When  
Americans  
were most  
inclined to  
accept the  
principle of  
peaceful  
coexistence,  
the Russians  
overplayed  
their hand  
—Schlesinger

When I testified before the Armed Services Committee earlier this year, none of the senators doubted the Russians were violating treaties. The question is, what do we do about it? And what do those violations say about the arms control process? The Krasnoyarsk radar, for example, must have been planned in 1970, at the very time when expectations were highest for détente and arms control.

The Administration and its critics obviously disagree over SDI. Why does the President believe it is worth a substantial research program? First, there is the danger of an accidental or unauthorized ballistic missile launch. At present, the President could respond to such a launch only by doing nothing or by retaliating in kind. Second, the idea of deterrence has always included both a component of protection and a component of punitive action; SDI promises to move us toward a deterrent posture that would emphasize protection. Today, the President must keep the peace by threatening mutual annihilation. That is an awesome responsibility, especially in view of recent research on "nuclear winter." Finally, as others have mentioned, SDI research is a prudent hedge against a Soviet program that has been going on for many years.

Contrary to what Ambassador Dobrynin said, the United States is discussing SDI at Geneva; we have a team there doing nothing but discussing it. And I should point out that in January the United States and the Soviet Union agreed that a ban on defense research could not be verified.

We in the Administration are very hopeful. We have a President who has just received a strong mandate from the people; the Russians have a new leader who may have a long tenure ahead of him. Both say they want radical reductions in nuclear weapons. Conditions may be far more favorable for achieving such reductions than they have been in the past.

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER: As has been observed, negotiations cannot proceed unless the interrelationship between offense and defense is grappled with. I myself am skeptical about SDI—its pace, its military utility, and its cost. Yet our Russian friends should remember that the United States has been forced to consider strategic defense primarily because the Soviet Union has pursued an enormous buildup of counterforce weapons, in violation of the spirit of the SALT and ABM agreements of 1972.

If the Russians are in fact now eager to negotiate a general agreement, this is but another illustration of the fascinating lack of simultaneity that has characterized postwar U.S.-Soviet relations. In 1945 the United States was not only prepared to discuss disarmament; it was pre-

pared to disarm without discussion. It disbanded its forces, abandoned the draft, brought the boys home. Perhaps the monumental achievement of Joseph Stalin was to coax the United States out of its semi-isolationist state through a series of incidents in the late 1940s that I hardly need recount. When Americans were most inclined to accept the principle of peaceful coexistence, the Russians overplayed their hand.

During the 1950s and 1960s, the massive Soviet conventional forces facing Western Europe were rationalized by many as a necessary means to neutralize the American advantage in strategic nuclear weapons. That advantage has disappeared; the Soviet armies have not. Indeed, they have been strengthened.

After 1972 the American attitude was one of peaceful coexistence, reflected in the emphasis on détente. An immense buildup of large Soviet land-based missiles ensued, a buildup which was clearly inconsistent with the spirit of the 1972 agreements and undermined one of the premises on which the ABM treaty rests.

Today, the Soviet Union demands that we proceed with a broader agreement, claiming—and there is some logical justification for it—that the deployment of strategic defenses would create a structural imbalance. If the Soviet Union feels strongly about this, it might offer to do something about one or both of the two imbalances that were created by prior Soviet policy: the massive conventional forces still threatening Western Europe and the monumental counterforce arsenal deployed against the United States since 1972. Is the Soviet Union prepared to reduce its own offensive forces drastically? If so, I believe a way can be found to deal with what Moscow regards as the threat of strategic defense.

Gore: But in that case the United States will find itself facing a moment of truth. How to give up SDI? And how to verify a pledge to do so? I think the criteria outlined by Paul Nitze—that any strategic defense system must itself be survivable, stabilizing, and cost-effective at the margin—might offer a graceful way to solve the first problem. And, as Cyrus Vance implied, amending the ABM treaty to distinguish between research and development, on the one hand, and deployment, on the other, might provide a way to reach a comprehensive agreement. I suggest three specific and verifiable provisions. One, no experiments with hypervelocity electromagnetic rail guns in space. Two, no experiments with high-energy or directed-energy systems in space. Three, no experiments with large-array mirrors operating in space cooperatively with energy sources on the ground. This cap on SDI research could be





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*We should take  
courage, and  
trade away our  
fears in a  
grand, historic  
bargain at  
Geneva  
—Bundy*

coupled with cuts in Soviet offensive missiles and bombers. Such a comprehensive tradeoff now seems to be the most positive outcome possible at Geneva—although the odds are against it.

JONES: Frankly, I think people at both ends of the political spectrum expect too much from arms control. They tend to think the negotiations will somehow make all our problems go away. But in my judgment, the arms control process itself is almost as important as any agreement. For even if both sides scrapped 5,000 nuclear weapons tomorrow, the world would be no safer if tensions between the two countries remained the same. What these negotiations do is establish some degree of mutual confidence.

There must be some way to break through the tremendous suspicions and fears that are to a large extent the driving forces in superpower relations. One way to begin would be to establish a regular dialogue between American and Soviet military leaders—who, from my experience, tend to be more moderate than many of the political people on either side. When SALT II was signed in 1979 I accompanied President Carter to Vienna and met with Marshal Ogarkov. It sounds incredible, but that was the first time the two most senior military officers of the two countries had conferred since General Marshall met with Marshal Zhukov after World War II. In that one meeting we were able to clear up some misrepresentations and suspicions. I think a regular dialogue would go a long way toward reducing the fear that drives both nations.

MCGEORGE BUNDY: The central problem is indeed fear: fear has driven both nations to adopt nuclear-war-fighting doctrines, and those doctrines in turn drive weapons procurement. War-fighting doctrines are not as new as some people claim they are, although in the last ten years several administrations have moved to an explicit policy of seeking to “prevail” in a nuclear war. This gives me some personal regret, because it was the Kennedy Administration that removed the word “prevail” from the doctrines of the United States government. We did so in the sound belief, so well expressed by President Reagan, that a nuclear war cannot be won and must never be fought. But military planners necessarily proceed on the traditional assumption that their mission in case of war is to achieve victory. They must measure their requirements according to what they believe the other side can do, even though, as General Jones wisely observed, senior military commanders are among the most prudent of men when it comes to risking nuclear war. So over the years both nations have proceeded—the Soviet Union steadily, the United States more

by fits and starts—to build up and modernize their forces; the situation is now becoming much graver because of the President’s Strategic Defense Initiative.

President Ford remarked earlier that he had known many presidents and one Soviet leader, and that none of these men had been unaware of his supreme responsibility—seeing to it that no act of his would bring his nation closer to the catastrophe of nuclear war. That deep understanding has been demonstrated at many moments, one of which—the Cuban missile crisis—I witnessed at close hand. It is not merely a moral or personal conviction, but a prudential one. As President Eisenhower said, there is nothing in the world the communists want badly enough to risk losing the Kremlin. Presidents feel the same way about the White House.

This leads me to suggest that we should take those widely touted warnings of “atomic blackmail,” which tend to fuel our procurement policies, with a very large grain of salt. History casts serious doubt on claims that more nuclear weapons will confer political advantage. Hal Sonnenfeldt reminded us that during the last five years there has been no crisis between the superpowers comparable to earlier conflicts such as those in Berlin or Cuba. As he spoke I found myself recalling the Senate hearings on SALT II in 1979, in which a battery of witnesses of great distinction—one now a very senior arms control adviser—warned that the United States was entering a period in which a “window of vulnerability” would be open and the risk of atomic blackmail high. Senators were told that the United States faced five years of “maximum danger.”

Well, it didn’t happen. The fear was unreal. The strategic balance was robust throughout that period; it is robust today. We are therefore entitled to approach these matters with a certain self-confidence, and to be cautious when asked to proceed on the basis of fear.

And what of SDI? How interesting that not one of the reasons Mr. Adelman offered for it was the one President Reagan gave the American people in March 1983. Compare the President’s dream of making nuclear weapons “impotent and obsolete” with the more limited goal of reinforcing deterrence, and it is clear that there is Star Wars and there is SDI, and they are not the same. The dream is not feasible; the reality is indeed destabilizing.

The path, then, is clear. Americans should recognize that the Soviet fear of strategic defense is genuine, and ask the Russians in return to recognize that our fear of their land-based missiles is equally so. And then we should take courage, and trade away those fears in a grand, historic bargain at Geneva. ■



# REFLECTIONS ON POWER

A dissenting view

By Earl Shorris

## 1

### I. Definitions

I reject power, but only philosophically, which is to say that I am a liar.

2

Power is the central position; it is not the center.

3

Power is the only pleasure of the day after day; all other pleasures belong to the moment or to the succession of nights.

4

The color of power is dark gray.

5

Although power shifts, it does not change by degree. Power is or is not; it does not dawn, nor does it leave in a twilight.

6

Power is not an ability.

7

There is no essential difference between great power and small power; expansion is only a matter of accessories.

8

In the city, power walks; taxis are for those who meet the schedules of others.

9

Emptiness is a sign of power.

10

The powerful speak slowly, as if time were plentiful.

11

There are no draws in the games of power.

12

The surface of power is polished stone.

13

Power always has something of greater importance.

14

When a powerful man asks for something, he is always brought something superior: an urn for a cup, a couch for a chair.

*Earl Shorris is a contributing editor of Harper's. He is the author of, among other books, Scenes From Corporate Life: The Politics of Middle Management (Penguin).*





15

The powerful know that complexity is the province of underlings.

16

Power is not in making; it is in having.

17

There is no power in a small room.

18

After he gained power, what had been seen as eccentricity appeared as wisdom.

19

A formula for power: Power equals the weakness of others times their number.

20

Power, like any other dream, is both the act and the end.

## II. Arrogations

1

Power is arrogated; it always truly belongs to someone else.

2

A man offers me a gift. I have power over him, unless I accept the gift. I point out that it is immoral in business to accept such a gift, and I do not accept it. Now I have power over him in two ways.

3

One loses the sense of power over others. To feel power it must be constantly increased.

4

Women covet power but do not appreciate it.

5

I don't want to be a boss, he said. The only thing worse than having a boss is being a boss.

He became a boss.

They made me a boss, he said.

6

Hell and children derive their power from the same kind of anxiety.

7

A vision is powerful, unless it is understood.

8

The most powerful names in intellectual argument are those that are recognized but not known.

9

Power is gained by withholding.

## III. Acts

1

Power articulates its desires.

2

Circuitousness is a better means for the powerful than confrontation, because it is more certain.



3  
The powerful punish by disinterest.

4  
Power enables one to break appointments.

5  
Underlings speculate about the powerful; the powerful discuss underlings  
in full knowledge of the situation.

6  
Power interrupts.

7  
There is no better way to flaunt one's power than to attempt to appear  
equal when dealing with the powerless.

8  
To recognize virtue in an underling is an act of power.

9  
The difference between a powerful man and a bully is the latter's penchant  
for telephoning underlings at 4:30 on Friday afternoon.

10  
The president of the company makes jokes about cheating on his expense  
account to an audience of men who fear they will be caught cheating on  
their expense accounts.

11  
Power sits at another table.

12  
A powerful person may choose to send another in his place. The accept-  
ability of the substitute depends upon the power of the one who sent him.

13  
Power shows intimacy as a reward.

14  
Power thanks; nothing more clearly separates the powerful from the power-  
less than that graciousness.

15  
Power does not kill; it permits suicide.

#### IV. Capitulations

1  
Power is conferred by association: the basking of underlings.

2  
A powerful man said nothing, and all those in attendance knew exactly  
what he meant. Later, they could not agree on what they had heard.

3  
People do things for the powerful; they do not wait to be asked.

4  
In fiction the recourse of the powerless is murder; in life the recourse of the  
powerless is petty theft.

5  
Those without power wait.

6  
The powerful are made uneasy by deference, but they accept nothing less.





7

Power may be amused, but to be amusing is an admission of weakness.

8

Power is embarrassed by unsubtle flattery.

9

Hurried speech is a form of deference.

10

Power's best decoration is a cultured assistant.

11

Death has no power; it is dying that we fear.

12

Envy is a form of obeisance.

13

The power of a man is determined by his ability to mask the power of those who dominate him.

14

Men abrogate their lives to their livelihoods.

## V. Morals

1

Power is the first compromise of society.

2

Evil is ascribed to the powerful because they are unknown; it is the weapon used against them.

3

Stylishness, being an acquiescence, mitigates power.

4

Mere wealth is gelded power. That is why debutantes are vulnerable and attendance at polo matches is poor.

5

Conspicuous power is vulnerable.

6

There is no power without arrogance, however subtle.

7

Clarity vitiates power.

8

To the powerful, art has no meaning, only uses.

9

The powerful man has no use for those immobilized by truth.

10

Ultimate power may be safely ignored.

11

Whenever it is universally known that power is the creation of its victims, the world trembles.

12

Love is not power; that may be as good a description of the human predicament as we are likely to get. ■





# RESIDUES OF WAR

In Bangkok, new wealth and old soldiers

By William Shawcross

**T**his particular weekend in Bangkok I was not going to the Cambodian border, where the latest rumors were of the size of the Vietnamese offensive and the renewed suffering of the refugees. Nor was I going to that part of the country I like best—an enchanted and peaceful watercourse far away in the northwest, where Thailand, Burma, and Laos all meet on a bend in the Mekong only sixty miles south of China. This bend in the river is known locally as the Golden Triangle, and it is situated within the much larger and much better known part of Thailand that is also called the Golden Triangle, where much of the world's opium is grown. The larger area is bandit country peopled with warlords and dope dealers. The turn on the river is very placid; I like to stay right near the border, with Burma just a few yards away across a small tributary of the Mekong, and Laos a mile away across its flood. There can be found a little series of bamboo shacks, which an enterprising young man named Amnat has made into a tiny inn called the Golden Hut. For a few cents a night you can lie on a bamboo bed and listen to the Mekong as it surges through the gorges of Laos and the plains of Cambodia to provide, finally, the current for courageous Vietnamese setting off from the delta in frail boats onto the dark South China Sea.

Although I've traveled quite regularly to Bangkok over the last ten years, I cannot pretend to know Thailand as well as I would like.

*William Shawcross is the author of Sideshow and, most recently, The Quality of Mercy.*

Indeed, I am rather ashamed to say that I have often been here because it was the closest I could get to where I wanted to be—in particular, to Cambodia. I visited Phnom Penh only once during the 1970–75 war that began the destruction of Cambodian society, but I found the city extraordinarily arresting and moving. Somerset Maugham went there in the early 1920s, and wrote of a statue in a museum what could be said of the city itself, of how it affects a visitor: “If, like me, he is a person of slow perceptions, it will not for some time occur to him that here, unexpectedly, he has come upon something that will for the rest of his life enrich his soul.” I think that is true of all Cambodia.

After the Khmer Rouge seized the country in 1975 they closed Cambodia's borders and embarked on the brutal repression so well portrayed in *The Killing Fields*. At the end of that year I was driven in an old Mercedes east out of Bangkok to the Cambodian border, and there, in a squalid camp, soggy with monsoon rains, I talked with some of the refugees who had managed to escape the wholesale murder committed in the name of revolutionary virtue. They told tales of appalling cruelty inflicted by the victors.

On that trip, I went to the little bridge that crosses a stream separating Thailand and Cambodia. It was closed and overgrown. On the other side, a young Khmer Rouge soldier stood stiffly in the wind that blew through deserted streets. He might as well have been standing on the far side of the river Lethe.

When I got into my car to return to the com-



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fort of Bangkok, my driver was disappointed. He told me that the last journalist he had brought here was a fine fellow. Why, he had paid for two Cambodian refugee girls to spend the night with them. What was wrong with me?

In the trips to Thailand that followed—trips made to gather material for my books on Cambodia—I always let Thailand remain on the edge of my consciousness. It is, of course, fashionable nowadays to hate Bangkok. The traffic is awful, and so is the commercial landscape impressed on the city in the aftermath of the Vietnam War. There are writers in both Europe and America who like to portray Bangkok as the bastion of capitalism in Southeast Asia, as a floating palace of consumption inhabited largely by generals, prostitutes, and profiteers. That's one cliché.

Although the military governments in Thailand have made a point of censoring newspapers and occasionally shutting them down, the Thai press nonetheless is the freest between Hong Kong and Calcutta. The one subject on which it is not allowed to speculate is the royal family. Its palaces are among the glories of Bangkok, but, as in all courts, there are tensions and rivalries that give rise to a great deal of gossip—particularly about the future of the crown prince, who is not so widely loved as his father. Seldom does any of the gossip find its way into print; such *lèse majesté* is a crime, one that can carry the death penalty.

Among the stereotyped images that the Thai tourist authority likes to promote, the preferred advertisement for reality is that of the Exotic Orient: temple bells, saffron-robed monks, a





well-loved and beautiful royal family, orchids and exquisitely gowned girls, a peaceful land of tradition and calm that is nonetheless part of the modern world. A typical advertisement shows two photographs taken at dawn. In one, a boy is washing his elephant in a quiet stream. In the other, an aircraft mechanic is sponging the nose of a Boeing 747 jumbo jet. The copy reads: "The customs and traditions that make Thai culture so unique date back over two thousand years. At Thai International we're pleased to say that nothing has changed."

There's another travel story of sorts that I prefer. Once when I was in Bangkok, the front page of the *Bangkok Post* was filled with a picture of a buffalo. The buffalo had been on a railway car on its way to the slaughterhouse. As the train passed the airport this clever animal jumped off. It charged into the airline terminal and crashed through a plate-glass window into the arrivals hall. A party of Japanese tourists, newly disembarked, went shrieking back down the walkway to their plane as the buffalo blundered around among the bags on the luggage carousel. Eventually it was subdued, tied up near a runway, and photographed for the *Post*.

The picture in the paper aroused the compassion of a devout Buddhist lady. She understood that the buffalo must possess exceptionally good karma, and rushed off to the airport to buy the animal from whoever was claiming responsibility for it. Instead of ending up at the slaughterhouse, the buffalo was taken to the lady's *wat*, or temple, where so far as I know it has lived happily ever since. This is a true and, I think, happy story about the Bangkok that I have learned, fitfully, to appreciate.

Alone in Southeast Asia, Thailand was never colonized. Saigon and Phnom Penh retain the pretty squares of French provincial towns. Malaysia and Singapore boast strong formal British architecture—cricket pavilions and the like. Indonesia had the Dutch. Despite commercial ties with the West, the Thais were left more or less to themselves—until after World War II, at least. Since then there has been massive Western and Japanese investment, which has contrived to disfigure Bangkok in a way in which no colonial power would ever have dreamed, filling in almost all the *klongs* to provide roads on which the traffic has become ever more densely jammed. Now, during monsoon season, half the town is flooded.

Unlike its neighbors, Thailand has experienced economic growth at a phenomenal rate—a rate that has benefited the urban Chinese and the rich Thais the most, but that has also had an impact in many (though not all) of the agricultural provinces, where most Thais still live and work. In relatively small provincial

capitals there are branches of the Central Department Store, which is a bit like Macy's. In the countryside, electrification is widespread, and so are Japanese trucks, motorbikes, and even videos. Thailand has done well as the West's principal ally in the area since the American defeat.

It has also done well out of the misery of Cambodia. After the Vietnamese overthrew the Khmer Rouge and installed their own client government in Phnom Penh in 1979, millions of dollars in humanitarian aid were pledged to Cambodia, and a very large number of those dollars passed through Thailand. Since then at least 250,000 Cambodian refugees have been camped along the border in a vicious no man's land between the Thai and Vietnamese armies—armies disputing, as they have done for centuries, the right to suzerainty over the Cambodians.

Toiling among the refugees have been nurses and doctors and Red Cross officials, who have done much good; and there have been a few people who like to be called "mufti-clad contractors," or "zone-of-silence types," or "wielders of the sword," or "close-in support types." These are almost all Americans; most are of at least middle age; nearly all are, or have been, or wish they were, connected with either the military or the CIA. As it happened, a good many more such gentlemen were in Bangkok during the weekend I was there. They were attending a reunion of a group called Generals Ward and Chennault, the Soldiers of Fortune, Post No. 1, Shanghai, China, Operating in Exile Since 1948.

**A**lmost every American town has an American Legion or VFW post, where local war veterans gather to sustain one another and sometimes to do good works. The Shanghai Post No. 1 in Exile is somewhat different. Its membership is worldwide, and its slogan is "Meetings held when two members get together." Those members are not only military men; they include spies and civilians, and even a few chosen foreigners who have helped various American war efforts. Many of them really do consider themselves to be soldiers of fortune. "You want to know the difference between this and other posts?" one of the members said one night in a bar on Patpong Road. "I'll tell you. In this post you've got a bunch of fucking hardcore killers. They make Mafia hit men look like a bunch of babies."

The post has its origins in Shanghai in the 1930s. It is named after Frederick Townshend Ward, a nineteenth-century American mercenary who fought in China, and General Claire Lee Chennault, Madam Chiang Kai-shek's fa-

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vorite airman. It was forced into exile by Mao Zedong's victory, and since 1949 it has been run by a bulky and aging patriot who was a construction worker in China in the 1940s. His name is C.A.S. Helseth, but he is known as Cash. The literature a new member receives bears on the front a photograph of Cash and his wife, Emmy, posed like the pretenders to a minor European principality.

Out of Cash's home in Scottsdale, Arizona, come—from his own hand—constant and conspiratorial “poop sheets” reminding the members who they are or (if they are not) who they should be. This hand seems to be ever shaking to a distant drum. Cash's history of the post records that in 1949, after drinks at the bar of the Peninsula Hotel in Hong Kong,

[Cash] became the commander of the Post that was to operate in exile until the return to China could be accomplished. [He] was given complete authority. . . . The Post was to be where he hung his hat. He traveled. He was in overseas construction. No one knew what the future held, or worried. It was the way of life. Somehow the Post would survive.

Wars enabled it to do so. Many of the post's original members flew against the Japanese with Chennault's Flying Tigers. Others flew with his Civil Air Transport airline, first in China, then in Korea, then in often clandestine support of the French in Indochina. Then came the 1960s, and, in Cash's words,

U.S. President Johnson and Congress authorized formal troops for Vietnam, but for Laos they wanted a different kind of action. So Air America was created. CAT [Civil Air Transport] mufti-clads were absorbed and expanded . . . the very nature of the operations required “zone of silence” controls. Highly compartmentalized actions and people. Not much else can be said. Some Judas Quisling types try.

Since everyone now knows that for more than ten years the CIA maintained a secret army of mercenaries in Laos and supported it with a huge fleet of airplanes and pilots flying for Air America, this concern for silence seems a little overdone. But it reflects Cash's disposition accurately enough.

He describes his work for the post as “a labor of love.” It has borne fruit; since the end of the Vietnam War, the membership has grown from fewer than 400 members to more than 2,000. But, he insists, “We are not interested in simple nose count for membership. We are primarily interested in the ‘weilders [sic] of the sword’ and the ‘close-in support’ types.” As a result, the post now includes “a central core of those in the zone of silence who must remain nameless, faceless, placeless, due to the nature of their calling. They are supported by mufti-clad mili-

tary and civilian special equipped operations groups and also contractors having every skill known to man for war, or training, or diplomacy, or emergency, or rebuilding ruins of conflict.”

The post also reflects, in a sense, American failure; its history is that of the collapse of American pretensions to empire. The post is in exile not only from Shanghai but also from Angola and Tehran, as well as, of course, from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. In Cash's words, some groups “flourished, but went into exile as the country was overrun. Some go down because of the ‘bad guys’ taking over the local governments. Our type of people need to move on.”

After the debacle in Indochina, hundreds of members of the post moved to the Middle East. There are now “divisions” in Dhahran, Jiddah, Riyadh, Oman, Taif, Egypt, Abu Dhabi, and North Yemen. No doubt many of these will soon be “in exile” as well.

**T**he 250 post members attending the reunion had arranged to forgather in a hideous concrete bunker known as the Bangkok Palace Hotel, which is set on what had been a piece of slum land. The view from many of the bedrooms and from the pool was of the new motorway. Downstairs there was no view at all.

My first thought was to try to see Cash himself. He had set up his headquarters in the only bar of the Bangkok Palace. There, a video recorder played endless reruns of a badly made film on Air America—scenes of interminable jungle, ever-spinning rotors, ceaseless takeoffs and landings, hundreds of jutting chins, and even greater numbers of golden sunsets.

Against the background of recorded gunfire, I asked Cash if he would talk about the post.

“No,” he said.

“Why?” I asked.

“Our reasons,” he said darkly. “You’re excused.” I paused, which he must have taken for insubordination. “Go,” he commanded, and pushed me from the bar as a helicopter gunship took off with a menacing roar on the screen behind me.

Soon after Cash ejected me, the roar of the choppers in the hotel bar was turned down, and the post held a business meeting. Later I was told by one of the zone-of-silence types, “Cash told us, ‘Comrades, this is a private reunion. There is a foreign reporter here. And he is to be avoided. I have had a communication from Washington.’ ”

Ah, now I understood! Not just a message, not just a phone call, but a *communication*. And from *Washington*, the seat of all decisions—good, bad, or meaningless. It was *communica-*



ons from Washington that had made and un-  
made the war in Vietnam. No wonder the Good  
Constructor Cash had thrown me out.

That evening I walked along Patpong Road  
to an awful place called Tiger's (after its own-  
er), which members of the post had established  
as the weekend's watering hole. I avoided the  
landishments of bikini-clad girls imploring me  
to spend time and money in such amusing bars  
as the Mississippi Queen or the Superstar Disco.  
There are also several massage parlors along  
Patpong. These are sometimes thought to be for  
tourists only. But every Thai town has a mas-  
sage parlor where local men can buy a straight  
bath and massage, or pay extra for what are  
known as "special services." It is all priced by  
the hour, and by the requirements of the particu-  
lar service requested of the girls, many of whom  
are the teenage children of peasants from the  
poorest part of Thailand's parched northeast.

In Bangkok, some massage parlors are dingy  
warrens in back streets, rooms that rattle with  
the roar of cheap air conditioners and the rush  
of bath water down the pipes. Others resemble  
gimcrack palaces, all glass and chromium and  
fountains. One of the largest and most magnifi-  
cent was recently built just next door to the  
Australian Embassy.

The sex trade was internationalized in the  
1960s, when Bangkok became one of the R&R  
centers for GIs from Vietnam. Today the GIs  
have been replaced by package tourists—from  
Japan, Scandinavia, Germany, and, more re-  
cently, the Arab countries. They descend by  
umbo jet. The Japanese tourists are often led  
around by men with small flags, like ducks in  
China. I have never seen a man with a flag con-  
ducting them into a massage parlor, but there  
have been several stories in the press of Japa-  
nese tourists going home in coffins.

Many of the bars along Patpong are fun, and  
there is an excellent disco attended by Thais of  
both sexes. But the main seaside resort, Pat-  
aya, outside Bangkok, looks at night like noth-  
ing so much as a Bosch painting. Hundreds of  
prostitutes—male, female, and transvestite—  
parade up and down in hotpants or miniskirts  
and high heels, while their "punters," over-  
weight Caucasians or Arabs, stare and lick their  
lips as they quaff vast quantities of beer in "au-  
thentic" German *Bierhäuser* or kebab-serving  
cafes.

At Tiger's, many of the women were of the  
same generation as the men—they all knew  
their heyday in the 1960s, at the zenith of the  
war. Sitting at the bar when I first arrived was a  
woman named Mimi. "Mimi would never sleep  
with anyone less than a colonel," someone said.  
"Have you a boyfriend here?" I asked her. "No,  
brandy is my boyfriend," she replied, fingering

her glass and giving rather a nice smile.

In a corner of the bar, with the arm of an ugly  
middle-aged prostitute draped across his groin,  
sat a Texan pawnbroker with a beard. He is the  
father of an insanely brave pilot who was shot  
down in Laos and now lives with crippling back  
pain.

The jukebox was playing the sort of self-pity-  
ing music you hear on a night drive between  
Phoenix and St. Paul—"Tie a Yellow Ribbon  
Round the Ole Oak Tree" and "Lucille." There  
was a tinsel Christmas tree, though Christ-  
mas was long since past, and a few dangling  
Valentine hearts. The walls of the bar were  
decorated by such slogans as "Bury me face  
down so the whole world can kiss my arse," and  
by hundreds of photographs of the bar's own-  
er—a geriatric former construction worker from  
Vietnam—his hard-looking Thai wife, and  
their mufti-clad friends.

Many of the men in the bar wore a heavy  
gold bracelet on one wrist and a gold Rolex on  
the other. These badges identified them as pi-  
lots who flew for Air America in Indochina.  
The purpose of the jewelry was more utilitarian  
than decorative—the gold could buy escape if  
the pilots were shot down. Many of them flew  
with courage and skill, as well as in secrecy.  
Like most other journalists in Indochina, I had  
reason to be grateful to such pilots, for flying me

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FRED WARD/BLACK STAR



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of an ear

out of places I was in a hurry to leave.

There were some former CIA men at Tiger's, including a bull-like figure called Tony Poe, who ran the secret ground war in Laos and who bears an uncanny resemblance to Marlon Brando in *Apocalypse Now*. Like the Brando character, Poe created an army of tribesmen that operated beyond the control of the CIA. I have been told that he kept pickled heads. There were also some relatively straightforward military men, helicopter mechanics, and hangers-on like Tiger himself—men who built latrines and airstrips, and attempt still to associate themselves with the exploits of those who used them.

A trim middle-aged man with close-cropped gray hair and a gray mustache stopped by. He said he had been a Navy pilot in Laos, and had flown everything that lifted off. He was very pleasant. "You know why we're here?" he asked. "This is all a cover. Shit, this is not a reunion. It's a coup. We're going to retake Laos this weekend. The choppers are coming up the river now."

Later in the evening he came by again. "We're going to take Burma as well as Laos. Just as a stepping stone." Later still, toward morning, he declared, with the unrequited passion of the vanquished, "I hate the Vietnamese. I hate their mothers, I hate their fathers, I hate their children, I hate their grandparents, I hate their ancestors. They're the worst thing that happened."

Soon after that I went off to my hotel, the Trocadero, a cheap and old-fashioned place. GIs on R&R used to stay there. When I arrived at the desk an Arab tourist was checking in with a girl he had brought back from Patpong Road. She did not look overjoyed.

**S**ome of the members of the post turned out to be happy to defy Cash and talk to the foreign reporter known to have been the subject of a communication from Washington. Among them, to my surprise, was Tony Poe. A Hungarian refugee, Poe had begun his CIA career training Khamba tribesmen to fight the Chinese in Tibet. The day after our night at Tiger's, he invited me to join his wife (a beautiful Yao princess) and daughter for lunch in the loathsome coffee shop of the Bangkok Palace. "We got the Dalai Lama out of Tibet," he said. "The Khambas were the best fighters I ever trained."

A heavy drinker, Poe was said to be as fearless as he was ruthless, an extraordinary leader who could inspire great devotion in his troops. He lost three fingers in an explosion, and brandishes his claw for effect. He used to reward his men for producing the ears of communists, but often it was hard to identify the politics of an ear. Eventually he became too much even for

the CIA, and after his cover was blown in the press he was removed from his territory. He is now retired, and lives with his family on a farm in northeast Thailand. Over his club sandwich, he complained about corrupt Thai generals who pocketed the pay of phantom soldiers they had supposedly sent to Laos, and about Thai-Chinese merchants who swindled peasants. "How could we have won the war?" he asked rhetorically. "We should have had more of me."

Later that same afternoon I met Rosie Rosenfeld, a courteous old Arizonan who began flying in the 1930s. He too had been an Air America pilot in the 1960s. At a height of 70,000 feet, where the sky turns black, Rosie Rosenfeld had flown U2 spy planes out of Thailand. Over the Soviet Union or China? I wondered. Gently, and with great politeness, he made it clear that this is something he does not much care to reveal.

That evening, members of the post held a banquet in the deepest recesses of the hotel. I was not allowed to attend, but toward midnight, my own zone-of-silence people stopped by the Grand Prix bar on Patpong Road to divert me from the dancing girls by filling me in on the festivities.

"The meal was disgusting—tuna salad, garbage soup, pork chops, and cream cake—and the beer cost \$2.50 a bottle," one of them complained. "No one had a good time." Before eating, the diners paid tribute to two CIA officials, members of the post who had been killed by the bomb explosion at the U.S. Embassy in Beirut in 1983. One of my "agents" gave me the text of the standard eulogy written by Cash:

Sadly we have assembled to honor one of our own, who has been called to destiny. Our comrade was one of us. Due to the nature of his calling, his efforts to preserve our way of life were known but to few. Only they knew what he volunteered for. That he contributed his share. . . . Our comrade was not only in the regular publicized wars, but also in the Cold Wars still ongoing. Today we will disclose that much only. For years he lived in the shadows and served in various areas under different names and in different capacities. He was dedicated to the security of our nation. Few people knew of him and what he did. Even today, as we meet here to honor him as one of our own, we can only say that he was a true American and worked a lifetime for the preservation of our way of life. . . .

These fighters are not alone. As these war-weary wanderers of the world are themselves called to destiny, they know, like those who have gone before also knew. This strange breed of men and women, springing from the loins of the American heritage, will always come forward. Stand up to be counted. To go where the next need arises. To do what is necessary. They too will search for their own grail. Each rising sun will bring a new day, . . .



new hope, a new challenge, a promise of a well-earned rest.

Toward the end of the banquet, according to my sources, American flags were awarded to some members. A Marine who was given an award was described as "a former Marine." "There's no such thing as a former Marine," he cried. Much cheering. Another Marine refused the microphone. "Real Marines don't need mikes," he shouted. Cheers all around.

A Thai friend of mine, a pilot for Air America in Cambodia, was pleased to be given a flag. "It's something, after all, I did for them," he told me.

Several ex-CIA men were given awards, including Pat Landry—who oversaw the war in Laos from Thailand and still lives in Thailand—and Tony Poe. Poe was also honored as "best conversationalist." His award was a carved man standing in a barrel: lift him out and his penis leaps up. The banquet ended with Poe making a rousing speech about fighting "the goddamn Russians." One of the members said afterward, "If he had handed out M16s and loaded us into buses to take Laos back from the communists, we all would have gone."

The next morning Fred Platt, the pilot who had brought his daddy with him from Houston, was brave enough to invite me into the hotel bar. Cash was absent. Fred had been a member of an elite corps of Air America pilots in Laos known as the Ravens. Their motif was a raven sitting atop a skull. They flew light planes on reconnaissance missions, swooping low through the mists a few feet above the contours of the mountains, right up to the Chinese border and probably beyond. At least a third of them died.

As he spoke, Fred grimaced. He loved flying so much that he refused to stop until he had been shot down eleven times. The last time, his harness had broken and his back had been mashed to pieces. Now he wears on his waist a little box the size of a cigarette case, which is wired into his spine. "It's a sort of spinal pace-maker," he said. When the pain gets too terri-

ble he gives himself an electric charge.

At one point in our conversation, Fred said: "One of the things my daddy taught me was 'Never trust a man who doesn't know which business card to give you.'" But Fred has at least two kinds himself. One is just a name card. On the back of the other is inscribed a piece of philosophy:

The greatest happiness is to scatter your enemy and drive him before you, to see his cities reduced to ashes, to see those who love him shrouded in tears, and to gather to your bosom his wives and daughters.

Genghis Khan 1226

Fred Platt 1969

Fred Platt gave me both of his cards and a copy of the Raven song book, which is published by the Edgar Allan Poe Literary Society of Texas Inc. "Make sure you concentrate on our favorite," he said. "Page twenty-one." The song is titled "Fuck You, Jane Fonda," and here is how it begins:

For years and years 'round the country,  
Everybody thought that girl was swell,  
After saying what she said, we wish that she  
were dead,

Jane Fonda, you should go straight to hell.

And so on.

At the other side of the bar was a small thick-set man who looked like Al Pacino playing Hercule Poirot. His name, I was reliably told, is "Jimmy the Belgian," and he is an unemployed mercenary who lives in up-country Thailand with his friends from the CIA. It is said that he used to be Jacqueline Bisset's bodyguard, and that he crushes golf balls in his fist to keep in shape. Jimmy was wearing a dung-colored T-shirt; it had on it a skull in a red beret with a dagger between its teeth. The legend read, "Old mercenaries never die. They go to hell and regroup."

Or maybe, I thought, if they are very lucky, they are discovered by the devout Buddhist lady and led, like the buffalo, to her wat. ■

*The legend on the T-shirt read: 'Old mercenaries never die. They go to hell and regroup'*



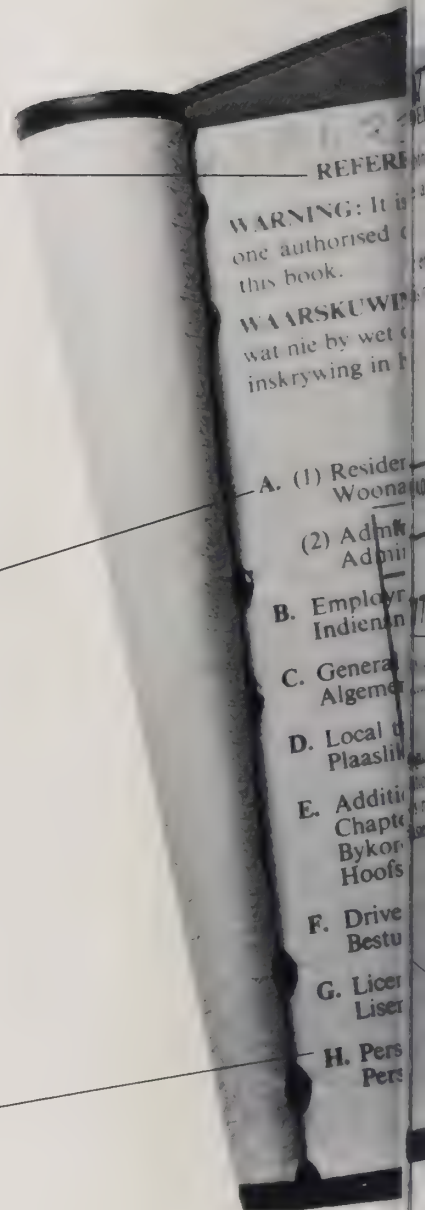
# THE BOOK

The 'pass' and the power

This is the reference book, or pass, carried by Temba, as I shall call him. All Africans in South Africa must register for a pass at sixteen. When Temba was issued his (he is now thirty-eight), he was ordered to carry it with him twenty-four hours a day and to produce it whenever a police officer demanded. To do otherwise could mean a fine or even jail. Police "pass raids" are frequent; every two minutes an African is arrested on a pass-related offense. Current laws requiring Africans to carry passes—whites do not carry them, nor do the country's 3.6 million mixed-descent "Coloureds" and Asians—date from the 1950s. They underpin apartheid. In South Africa, the government of a white minority (4.7 million people) controls an African majority (22.7 million). The pass is an instrument of that control.

Temba's residential address is listed in Section A as Evaton—an African township south of Johannesburg. Johannesburg and its environs are part of the 87 percent of South Africa officially designated "white." Here, only whites may buy land or establish permanent residence. An African can qualify for quasi-residential status in a white area if he was born in such an area and has lived there continuously, or if he has worked in a white area for the same employer for ten years continuously (or for more than one employer for fifteen years continuously). All other Africans are allowed into white areas only to work, and may live there in the segregated townships only as long as they have a proper work permit in their passes.

In Section H, Temba is classified as "Zulu"; the space for citizenship is left blank. The government considers Temba not a citizen of South Africa but rather a citizen of KwaZulu, one of the ten "homelands" established for Africans by the government; since 1976, it has been pressuring the "homelands" to become "independent." KwaZulu is not a single, contiguous area but an archipelago of territories in the Natal province. Zulus oppose its "independence," demanding South African citizenship instead. KwaZulu has little arable land. There is no gold, no diamonds. Here, Temba has been told, he can exercise the political rights denied him in the land of his birth.

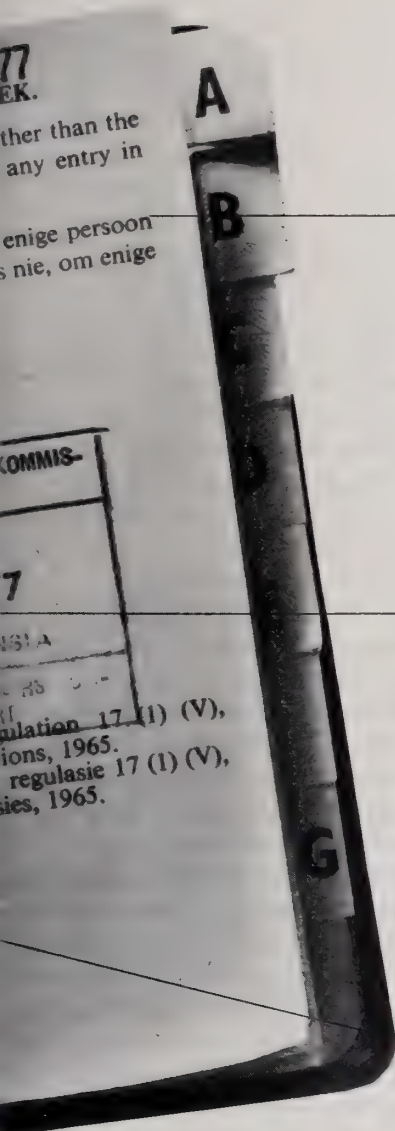


Stephanie Urdang works for the American Committee on Africa. She has written on South Africa for the Village Voice.



# PARTHEID

t, by Stephanie Urdang



Afrikaans is one of two official languages in South Africa (English is the other); no African language is so recognized. The country's 2.7 million Afrikaners are descendants of seventeenth-century Dutch, German, and Huguenot settlers. In 1948, the Afrikaner-dominated National Party came to power, ending years of rule by the pro-British United Party. (South Africa withdrew from the Commonwealth in 1961.) National Party rule brought about an intensification of discriminatory and repressive legislation: the Population Registration Act and the Group Areas Act, both passed in 1950; the Reservation of Separate Amenities Act, passed in 1953.

Temba's tax payments are recorded in the pages of Section C (and Section D). The average white makes four and a half times as much as the average black. And yet the rare African family of four earning R6,000 a year (about \$3,000) will pay twice as much tax as a four-member white family earning the same amount. And what can an African expect for his tax rand? *Education*: the government spends R192 each year for an African student (R1,385 for a white). *Pensions*: the government spends R65 a month for an African (R166 a month for a white). *Health Care*: 30 to 50 percent of African children die before their fifth birthday.

Few Africans are granted licenses to carry arms. In 1983, 1,794,289 licenses were issued, 4.7 percent to Africans. Half of all white South Africans own small arms, according to a poll conducted last year by the *Rand Daily Mail*, a Johannesburg newspaper that recently folded. This figure does not include the police, who are heavily armed. In June 1976 protests by students in the Soweto township over Afrikaner language requirements sparked widespread uprisings. By the time all was quiet, 700 people had been killed—according to official records—most shot dead by police. Fearing arrest in connection with the demonstrations, Temba fled the country.



# OUR SAVAGE SPECTACLES

New performers in the theater of cruelty

By John P. Sisk

Among the works discussed in this essay:

*Scarface*. Directed by Brian De Palma (1983).

*The Revolutionary Ascetic*, by Bruce Mazlish. 261 pages. Basic Books. \$11.95.

*The Hedgehog and the Fox*, by Isaiah Berlin. 96 pages. Touchstone Books. \$3.95.

*Liberty Leading the People* (1803), by Eugène Delacroix.

*Laocoön*, by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. 245 pages. Longwood Press. (Out of print.)

*Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*. Directed by Steven Spielberg (1984).

*The Fate of the Earth*, by Jonathan Schell. 244 pages. Alfred A. Knopf. \$11.95.

*The Opium of the Intellectuals*, by Raymond Aron. 344 pages. Greenwood Press. \$45.

It may be that all times are as violent as they can be, given the amount of power available to them, and that the noble primitive imagined by many eighteenth-century intellectuals was just as likely to bash in a fellow primitive's head in order to confiscate his woman or his food as twentieth-century man is to assassinate a political figure of whom he disapproves. To most of us this is an unacceptable thought; if we cannot believe that the human condition is ineluctably improving, we prefer to believe that it is just as ineluctably getting worse. Our entertainments offer supporting evidence for the latter belief. Films like *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, *Apocalypse Now*, *Taxi Driver*, *Dirty Harry*, *The Deer Hunter*, and *The Wild Bunch*, no less than videos like Michael Jackson's "Beat It" and "Thriller," seem to prove that West German television correspondent Peter Merseburger was right in saying that "America has a permanent taste for violence."

Brian De Palma's *Scarface* supports Merseburger's thesis at least as well as does the Superbowl. The word about the film is that its rating was changed from an "X" to an "R" after certain

scenes (one of them a mutilation by chain saw) had been eliminated or toned down. Whatever the chain saw scene was to begin with, it remains a startling *trompe l'oeil*, and the numerous on-camera killings are all satisfactorily bloody. One man is murdered during a riot in a detention compound; another man is hung out the door of a low-flying helicopter; the central figure is incestuously attached to his sister and kills his best friend when he suspects that the latter has seduced her; the final shoot-out suggests the goings-on in a slaughterhouse. If Merseburger saw the film, he must have thought it as American as cherry pie.

Savagery is familiar enough in drama of a much higher order than *Scarface*, a fact often used to justify violence on the stage, screen, or printed page. Shocking violence abounds in Shakespeare, perhaps nowhere more memorably than in the assassination scene of *Julius Caesar*. Shocking violence, however, is not what the high-minded Brutus intends; therefore he counters Cassius's determination to kill Antony as well as Caesar with the objection that this would make the deed "too bloody." Above all, they must be "sacrificers, but not butchers." Caesar must be killed "boldly, but not wrathfully"; he must be carved "as a dish fit for the

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gods." As Brutus tells Antony after the assassination, the killers' cause would be invalidated if the act were seen as nothing more than "a savage spectacle."

The belief that tragedy is a narrow escape from savage spectacle is secondary to the belief, implicit in the play, that civilization itself is a narrow escape from savage spectacle and that the effort to keep the latter from overwhelming the former is unqualifiedly good. Since Rousseau it has been possible for one reason or another to doubt the validity of that effort. Given the lessons of the past two centuries about the tenuousness of our control over our lives and the dirty truths we have learned about some of our motivations, it is not hard to understand the attraction this doubt has for playwrights, novelists, and poets—to say nothing of nightclub comics and what Winston Churchill once called "bloody-minded professors."

Cassius, however, is not bothered by such thoughts. He belongs in that category of single-minded malcontents about whom political scientist Bruce Mazlish writes in *The Revolutionary Ascetic*. Shakespeare knew the type well: lean and hungry looking, inclined to read and think too much, not drawn to plays or music. Cassius has not the slightest doubt that killing Caesar is the right thing to do and that the consequences will be good. His is the ethic of intention, pure and simple, as was Trotsky's when he ordered the ruthless putting down of the Kronstadt mutiny; any undesirable consequences will be the fault of his evil opposition, and he expects to be able to dispose of that.

For Brutus, a savage spectacle is a display of force so irrationally in excess of need that it threatens the energy-harnessing structures upon which civilization depends. He has something like Henry James's imagination of disaster. But it does not occur to men like Cassius that they might lose control of the energies they unleash; their fierce concentration on their objective has the effect of censoring out of consciousness any morale-lowering information, including information about the possible validity of other perspectives. Such men resemble the hedgehogs one meets in Isaiah Berlin's great essay *The Hedgehog and the Fox*. Unlike the versatile foxes, Berlin's hedgehogs pursue "one unchanging, all-embracing, sometimes self-contradictory and incomplete, at times fanatical, unitary inner vision." When the hedgehog is a political revolutionary, he is apt to sound like Sergey Nechaev in his 1869 essay "Catechism of the Revolutionary" (whose "sole and constant object is the immediate destruction of this vile order") or like the Weather Underground in its 1974 *Prairie Fire* manifesto ("We live in a whirlwind; nonetheless, time is on the side of

the guerrillas"). When he is on the side of a threatened establishment, he sounds and acts like Clint Eastwood in the "Dirty Harry" movies. In any event he is, at least as he sees it, against savage spectacles—so much so that, like the categorical idealists in Hawthorne's "Earth's Holocaust," he would prefer to end them violently, once and for all.

**I**n the meantime, we continue to live in a violent world, and so it is important to be reminded, as we are by our artists and writers if not by our politicians, that the worst of things can happen for the best of reasons, that the most savage of spectacles can be rendered so as to make it bearable, beautiful, or even a subject of celebration.

Who, for instance, sees Delacroix's painting *Liberty Leading the People*, that celebration of the July 1830 revolution, as an image of the horrors of war? The horrors are there in plain sight, but the symbolism of the bare-breasted beauty brandishing aloft the tricolor makes the horrors triumphant—and effectively as nonexistent as they are in what is left of the painting (mainly the bust of the lady) on the French hundred-franc note. Picasso's *Guernica*, the artist's reaction to the bombing of a village during the Spanish Civil War, has been called by Lael Wertenbaker "perhaps the greatest antiwar statement in art." Picasso's stylized treatment of his subject distances the viewer from the horrors much as the musical setting of Julia Ward Howe's "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" distances the listener from the vision of apocalyptic violence the lyrics describe.

More than 200 years ago the German dramatist and critic Gotthold Lessing, in his essay *Laocoön*, made an important point about the significance of this aesthetic distance. In the famous sculpture of the Laocoön group, the Trojan priest of Apollo and his two sons are being attacked by sea serpents. Laocoön's bodily contortions and facial expression have been modified, Lessing writes, because in the plastic arts the Greeks expected all details to serve the law of beauty. As the group is shown, it allows free play to the imagination. "Thus," says Lessing, "if Laocoön sighs, the imagination can hear him shriek." But if he shrieks, the imagination apprehends him in a less interesting condition: "hears him merely moaning or sees him already dead."

Now, this may in its Greek way sound very civilized, and we may allow Lessing his point as long as he sticks to classical statues. We, however, expect our Laocoöns to shriek, and if they are being devoured by serpents we expect to see a little bloody evidence. If there is a rape, as in the movies *The Hotel New Hampshire* or *Once*

*It is important to be reminded that the most savage of spectacles can be rendered so as to make it bearable, even beautiful*



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Upon a Time in America, or if the heart is torn out of a still-living man, as in *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*, we expect to see the act, not get it by report, the way we get Ophelia's drowning in *Hamlet*. We want our artists to be truth tellers before they are beauty revealers, and are easily persuaded that the artist who sacrifices truth in the interest of beauty is a cheat or a coward.

What we see as cheating used to be a matter of decorum. The convention assumed that culture and civilization were worth keeping up, even fighting for, and that the imagination must not be overwhelmed by the sight of savage spectacles. Our bias today is toward the authentic, and we have learned to live with, if not revel in, the obscenities in our drama and fiction that are the inevitable result. They have become all the more inevitable as authenticity is understood to be a resolute hostility toward middle-class cultural norms.

What we hear in *Scarface* and *Once Upon a Time in America*, for instance, is the familiar language of desecration and denigration, a kind of linguistic puritanism used to attack the idolatrous, the clichéd, the fraudulent, and the hypocritical. Most of the time, of course, obscenities do nothing so grand. Prompted by envy, frustration, vengefulness, or even physical indisposition, they express the nihilism that we learn to tolerate in one another, often because there is no alternative.

Obscenities on the page or screen, or even on New York City subway cars, are readily enough identified as triumphs over that enemy of human freedom, the censor. But these alleged triumphs over the censor can become, paradoxically, another form of censorship. In *Scarface*, for instance, the foul language stifles the action the way clichés stifle a poem. Obscenities, much like on-camera rapes and mutilations, enable the artist to achieve dramatic impact by way of a literalness that would once have been forbidden. In his *Laocoön* essay, Lessing points out that nothing is easier for an artist to represent than a human face in the highest state of passion, since the expression leaves nothing to conjecture. Perhaps this is why Anthony Burgess has taken the startling position that while, as a writer, he feels obliged to oppose censorship, he nevertheless believes that censorship is good for the writer, since it presents him with one of those difficulties on which his thriving depends.

Yet no matter how hard and how honestly we attempt to express the savage spectacles that some of us believe are the bottom-line truths about the human condition, the artistic forms we employ conspire against us. There are those who think that Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strange-*

love is just as devastating a statement against war as Picasso's *Guernica*. But *Strangelove* is a very amusing satiric comedy. In effect, it encourages us to live with the threat of nuclear annihilation, just as Chaplin's *The Great Dictator* encouraged its audience to live with the threat of Nazism and *The Hotel New Hampshire* encourages us to live with such threats to humane domestic life as fornication, rape, and incest. The very effort to give intelligible shape to savage experience defeats the effort to know reality in all its savagery, however much one might wish it otherwise.

Communication always involves an act of salvage, though what is salvaged may serve only perverse or sentimental needs. ABC's *The Day After* may have been intended to convey full-flavor one of the most savage spectacles imaginable, but the effort was undercut by the viewer's knowledge that it was only one violent television program among many seen under circumstances comfortably domestic. Lessing believed that Roman tragedy was an inferior art because the staged deaths in the gladiatorial amphitheater taught spectators "to misconceive all that is natural." The amphitheater thus helped make death commonplace, just as television and movies now make violence commonplace. This is no doubt part of the reason for the unremitting, at times even farcical, piling up of violent scenes in movies like *Streets of Fire*, *Indiana Jones*, and *Conan the Barbarian*—as if sheer quantity could break through the wall of the commonplace.

It is not easy for television to be as subversive as some of its more intransigent critics are convinced it would like to be. *Dynasty* and *Dallas* may seem to dramatize the assumption that life in America, at least for the rich and beautiful, takes place in a moral wilderness. But television has taught us to discount melodrama just as we discount the commercials.

Of course, there are those who, in the tradition of the Marquis de Sade and Antonin Artaud, keep reminding us that our forms of moral, political, erotic, psychological, and philosophical discourse are less the means by which we narrowly escape into civilization than the products of our egotism, cowardice, and self-deception. Such uncompromising scolds bring to mind those seventeenth-century Puritan extremists who could tolerate no mediating institutions between themselves and the experience of God.

Maximilien Robespierre, "the Incorruptible," was one of those Puritan extremists; he combined in his own person the high rectitude of Brutus and the passionate and ascetic single-mindedness of Cassius. Robespierre never



doubted the compatibility of a reign of terror with a loving Republic of Virtue. Thus the thousands he directly or indirectly sent to the guillotine can be seen as edifying offerings to the deity later celebrated in Delacroix's painting, and when Robespierre himself ended up on that guillotine there were some for whom the savage spectacle of his last hours was a Christ-like redemptive sacrifice.

In his speech "On Revolutionary Government," delivered before the National Convention on Christmas Day, 1793, Robespierre began by quoting Caesar's maxim: "Nothing has been done as long as anything remains to be done." In the Incorruptible's context, this was a formula for a hedgehog who aspires to create a society with a single will—a society which in time, *mutatis mutandis*, will be known as totalitarianism. As for the government of such a society, beleaguered as it is by its malevolent enemies, "The greater its terrors for the wicked, the greater must be its favors for the good." That the Christmas Day speech is hedgehog theology as well as hedgehog politics is clear if one puts alongside it Jonathan Edwards's sermon "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," a classic picture of reality as God's theater of cruelty. But this is no less true of the fierce theologies implied by Nechaev's "Catechism," Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, or the Weather Underground's Prairie Fire manifesto—to say nothing of the theaters of cruelty currently being produced and directed by those revolutionary ascetics, the Ayatollah Khomeini and Muammar el-Qaddafi. Theological tyrants always propose themselves as alchemists and never doubt their ability to transmute savage spectacles, by way of jihads if necessary, into reigns of virtue. The Czech novelist Milan Kundera has said of this paradox: "In politics, you see people doing unspeakable things, and they are usually people driven by very pure feelings, by very pure enthusiasms for ideas that are truly monstrous."

"Immorality is the basis of despotism, as virtue is the essence of the Republic," the Incorruptible said a few months later in his "On the Cult of the Supreme Being" speech. Lovers of democracy have good reason to be concerned with virtue; nevertheless, ever since the French Revolution, democracy and virtue have often been uneasy bedfellows—as if democracy were threatened as much by the corruptions of a Watergate as by the determination to make a repetition of it impossible. One suspects that the survival of democracy—that "oddity of history," as Raymond Aron called it—depends on its ability to recognize the connection between such a determination and the temptation to use the enabling means of gulag and guillotine.

As virtue-intoxicated people sense that they are living on borrowed time and that too much remains to be done, gulag and guillotine become attractive means of salvage: they are seen as ways of redeeming time, which, if allowed to run an uninterrupted course, would result in utter disaster. Of course catastrophes, natural or man-made, actual or anticipated, always remind us that we live on borrowed time. That is the compelling theme as Jonathan Schell, in *The Fate of the Earth* and its sequel, *The Abolition*, contemplates, but with no thought of gulag or guillotine, the possibility of nuclear holocaust. In the first of these books he decries "the apparently indissoluble connection between sovereignty and war," a connection which makes impossible life without anxiety. The only way to break the connection is to sacrifice national sovereignty to a one-world government. In his second book Schell finds this vision of international harmony unworkably utopian; nevertheless, his alternate proposal for abolishing nuclear arms while keeping deterrence in force would seem to assume a utopian willingness on the part of all nations to give up their sovereignty.

**M**arx was a true hedgehog, and Marxism is a morale-raising hedgehog program, which means that it is a prescription for avoiding the sense of living on borrowed time. Its verbs are therefore indicative rather than subjunctive; there is no place in it for the contingencies of "might" or "may be." A Marxist reads the savage spectacles of history as optimistically as did the nineteenth-century American millennialists: they are the necessary preliminaries to the fulfillment of time. Marx does for his faithful what all the great hedgehogs have done: he puts them in the spectator's seat so that they can see as a significant melodrama what to the actors is only a random or violent collision of wills. Like Jonathan Edwards's melodrama, Marxism reeks of morality, for though the oppressors of the proletariat may have been predestined to their evil ways, they nevertheless deserve to be cast into hell. Thus Marxism in action not only turns savage spectacles into meaningful sacrifices but provides a Great Awakening. A Marxist may not want a nuclear holocaust, but if one happened and he survived, he would be a faint-hearted Marxist indeed if he did not see it as an opportunity rather than a catastrophe.

Indeed, when one observes those revolutionaries who claim a Marxist sanction for their conduct one cannot help being impressed with the number of savage spectacles human beings will perpetrate or tolerate if they are convinced that the payoff, whether in the short run or the long run, will be the achievement of their

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heart's desire as well as their peace of mind. In fact, they are never more Marxist than when they act as if the distinction between short run and long run were a bourgeois irrelevancy. Marx, writes the Polish scholar of Marxism Andrzej Walicki, "was always ready to sacrifice the present generation for the sake of the future." Human beings in the here and now were of little interest to him, nor was individual freedom. "He saw no positive value in privacy," says Walicki; Marx's ideal, like that of most long-term visionaries, was "the total subordination of the private sphere." This, according to Polish philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, a former Marxist, is exactly what one would expect, given Marxism's "assumption that violence is the midwife of progress."

Disillusioned Marxists like Kundera, Kolakowski, and Czeslaw Milosz make it clear that to give up on Marxism is to give up on utopian expectations. They suggest that the repeated failures of Marxist attempts to create a New Man and a new order completely discredit Marxism as a way of being meaningfully alive in the world. Such thinking overlooks something else about the history of revolutionary violence: a totally committed pursuit of utopian ends is itself a way—perhaps the only way—of experiencing those ends. Utopia in this sense is not a static condition but a living out of William Blake's formula: "Energy is Eternal Delight." George Woodcock, in *Anarchism*, says of the nineteenth-century anarchist Michael Bakunin that revolutionary actions "inspired him with an almost mystical exaltation," and "seem to have been sought not only as means to ends, but also as experiences in themselves, capable of raising him from everyday life." For Bakunin, revolutionary action "was a personal liberation, and even a kind of catharsis, a moral purging." The life of Bakunin, not a Marxist, has much to tell us about the bewitching appeal of Marxism: it represents the possibility of a life lived intensely in the expectation of a utopia in which, the burden of distinguishing between the right and wrong use of power having been removed, all savage spectacles have been redeemed and become dishes carved for the gods.

**R**aymond Aron seems to have had this possibility in mind when he wrote, in *The Opium of the Intellectuals*: "There are times when one wonders whether the myth of the Revolution is not indistinguishable from the Fascist cult of violence." It may be a mistake, in other words, to judge terrorist groups like the Weather Underground, the Baader-Meinhof Gang, or the Symbionese Liberation Army purely in terms of their political naiveté and the violent,

if sometimes farcical, collapse of their enterprises. The adolescent, out-of-this-world exuberance of Nechaev's "Catechism" and the Prairie Fire manifesto may suggest the nihilism of the Marx Brothers, but these documents are nevertheless programs for being intensely alive in the world. Peter Collier and David Horowitz's account of the rise and fall of the Weather Underground in a 1982 *Rolling Stone* article points up the extent to which the members of that group were experiencing, as if with Robespierre's single will, Bakunin's mystical exaltation in revolutionary violence—an exaltation that had the effect of locking them away from political realities as effectively as if they were in Max Weber's iron cage, or in an MTV video.

The appeal of movies like *The Cotton Club*, *Body Double*, *Conan the Barbarian*, and *Tightrope* stems from the fact that, whatever else they may be, they suggest relatively controlled ways of being intensely alive. Steven Spielberg is too modest when he says his "Raiders" films "are pure escapism and have nothing to do with the real world." Means of escape, even when they are drug-induced, are more or less successful attempts to salvage something from the real world. *Indiana Jones* and *Once Upon a Time in America* may suffer aesthetically from their excesses, but both films assume and transform our apprehension about uncontrollable force and sublimate our sense of living on borrowed time. Perhaps it would be as hard to live without such films as to live without the tabloids and televised football.

At the same time, many of the most profitable movies are rousing episodes in a continuing theater of cruelty in whose savage spectacles the susceptible among us can indulge our gut feeling that civilization, far from being a narrow escape from something worse, is at best a sad state of affairs that cheats us of our utopian birthright. That these episodes can produce an exhilarating, even cathartic, experience, one which helps us live more comfortably in a nuclear-haunted world, is testimony enough to the salvaging capacity of human nature.

How well that experience prepares us to think seriously about the world, let alone do something about it, is another matter. Perhaps in being induced, like Lessing's Romans, to misconceive all that is natural we are also learning how to see the world as though it were a Peckinpah, Spielberg, or De Palma movie, or as another of Norman Mailer's ancient evenings. It is always possible that a new hedgehog visionary will have an easy time inducing us to accept his movie version of reality—and bewitch us into tolerating, if not exuberantly perpetrating, what we fondly believe will be savage spectacles so final that nothing will remain to be done. ■



# THE SOCIAL LIFE OF ROUSSEAU

Anthropology and the loss of innocence

By Robert Darnton

When Claude Lévi-Strauss trailed the Tupi-Kawahib deep into the Amazon jungle in 1938, he confronted a problem that still stands at the heart of what the French call the "human sciences": how to make sense of the Other? No European had ever laid eyes on this segment of humanity, a last lost tribe still untouched by a Ph.D. dissertation. But when he finally tracked the Tupi-Kawahib down, Lévi-Strauss found it impossible to make contact. Their language was impenetrable, their mental world beyond his reach. So he folded up his tent and started on the long trek back to civilization, clinging to the one item in his cultural baggage that seemed to offer a way out of the jungle: the writings of Rousseau.

To reflect on Rousseau was a way of beating back the bush, and the reflections fit nicely into the philosophical account of his experience Lévi-Strauss was to publish in 1955 as *Tristes Tropiques*. Yet Lévi-Strauss did not invoke the trite idea of Rousseau as a philosopher of primitivism. Leaving the reader in deepest Amazonia, he interrupted his narrative with an analysis of Rousseau's *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences*, *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality*, and *The Social Contract*. Why this long detour through French literature? one wonders. My answer would be that in Rousseau Lévi-Strauss recognized a tribal ancestor.

Every age creates its own Rousseau. We have had Rousseau the Robespierist, the romantic, the progressive, the totalitarian, and the neurotic. I would like to propose Rousseau the anthropologist. He invented anthropology as Freud invented psychoanalysis, by doing it to himself. Nothing that he wrote would meet the professional standards of the *American Anthro-*

*pologist*. But if we reread his writings with a fresh eye, we might learn what it is to live the contradictions of a cultural system and to overcome them by understanding culture itself.

Of course anthropology has other founding fathers. But its genealogy looks different now that the academic disciplines are grouping into new configurations. In place of the old tripartite division—natural sciences, social sciences, humanities—a new coalition of the human sciences is beginning to emerge. It brings together disciplines concerned with the interpretation of culture—certain varieties of anthropology, sociology, history, literary criticism, and philosophy—as against those devoted to the uncovering of behavioral laws. Instead of searching for the causes of events, the new humanists attempt to understand the workings of symbolic systems. They try to think themselves into alien ways of thought and to see how ways of thinking shape patterns of behavior. They study culture as an activity rather than as an inert body of ideas—as something closer to the stuff of politics than to the stock of museums. And so they should be ready to reconsider Rousseau.

Rousseau first collided with the central problems of the human sciences on a hot afternoon in the summer of 1749. He was hiking from Paris to Vincennes, where he planned to visit his friend Denis Diderot. The five-mile route led past the Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés, where Rousseau had abandoned his illegitimate children, to the medieval fortress where Diderot was then imprisoned for publishing his impious *Letters on the Blind*. As the sun beat down on him, Rousseau skimmed a copy of a literary journal that he had brought to read along the way. His eye stopped at the announcement of a question proposed by the Academy of Dijon for an essay contest: "Has the revival of the arts

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and sciences contributed to the purification of morals?"

As soon as I read it, I saw another universe and I became another man. . . . Unable while walking to breathe any more, I let myself fall beneath one of the trees along the avenue; and I spent a half-hour there in such a state of agitation that when I got up I noticed the front of my coat was completely soaked with my tears although I hadn't known I was weeping. . . . If I could have written but a fraction of what I saw and felt under that tree, how clearly would I have exposed the contradictions of the social system.

History has been stingy with eureka moments. We think of Archimedes in his bath, Paul en route to Damascus, Newton underneath the apple tree; but even if such scenes actually occurred, they come down to us surrounded by so much mythology that we tend to discount them. Rousseau certainly made a myth of his life. Yet we cannot slice through the *Confessions* separating rhetoric from reality, because Rousseau fashioned his self with his fiction. Better to take him at his word and with his words and to ask why the question posed on the road to Vincennes seemed so significant to him. For Rousseau translated it into personal terms: What is the sense of my life? What has gone wrong with it? The search for an answer would lead from his obscure origins to "the contradictions of the social system"—ultimately, that is, to anthropology.

**R**ousseau's itinerary through eighteenth-century society is astounding, even if one makes allowances for the mythical element in his account of it. The son of a watchmaker in the tiny republic of Geneva, he began life at a modest position in the social hierarchy and soon sank to the bottom. His mother died; his father disappeared; his relatives arranged apprenticeships with a lawyer and an engraver, but the boy would not be disciplined. One Sunday evening, when he was playing with some friends outside the city walls, he heard the call for curfew. They raced for the gate. Too late: it had slammed shut. They would have to spend the night outdoors and take a beating for their negligence the next morning. Having been caned twice for that offense, fifteen-year-old Jean Jacques turned his back on Geneva and took to the open road.

He lived off and on it for the next thirteen years. As a paid convert to Catholicism, in Turin, he learned the price of his soul: twenty francs (about three weeks' wages for an unskilled laborer). As a lackey in a noble household, he measured the distance between the extremes of gentility and villainy, and saw where he belonged. Tramping back over the

Alps, he concocted a plan to bamboozle meals from peasants by exhibiting a "fontaine de Héron," which seemed to turn water into wine. Back in Annecy, he moved in with Mme. de Warens without becoming either a hired man, as he did nothing to earn his bread, or a kept man, as he called her "Maman" between the sheets.

On a jaunt through Switzerland he took a room at an inn, filled his belly, and announced the next morning that he could not pay his bill. Farther down the road he supported himself by giving music lessons, though he could barely read a score. He actually staged a concert in Lausanne, using a false name, but the musicians laughed him off the podium. Eventually he found a better source of cash: a self-proclaimed archimandrite of the Greek Orthodox Church who was collecting funds to restore the holy sepulcher in Jerusalem.

Serving as an interpreter and advance man, Rousseau led the Greek on a merry tour through Fribourg, Bern, and Solothurn. At the last stop the French ambassador, who had served in Constantinople, saw through the archimandrite's disguise and sent him packing. But Rousseau managed to turn this setback to his profit. By a well-timed confession he won the protection of the ambassador, and left Solothurn with a hundred francs and letters of recommendation for a job as a tutor in Paris.

Up to this point the story might seem to fit the pattern of many picaresque narratives. If Mark Twain had told it, it would have come out sounding like the adventures of the Duke and the King in *Huckleberry Finn*. If it had come from the pen of Voltaire, it would have turned into a series of insults—apostate, lackey, thief, gigolo, confidence man—strung out in rhyming couplets, as in *The Poor Devil*. But in Rousseau's version the story has a strange, poetic quality. It is an idyll of lost innocence. And it has a social dimension that has escaped the attention of most commentators.

The first half of the *Confessions* takes us through all the strata of a highly stratified society, from the world of handworkers and servants to that of aristocrats and ambassadors. It also carries us outside the hierarchy of well-defined social "estates" and into the floating population of the Old Regime. Itinerant craftsmen, migrant laborers, beggars, deserters, actors, mountebanks, thieves: these drifters flooded the social landscape. They included a peculiar subspecies, the intellectual tramp, who lived by his wits, amusing, seducing, peddling, tutoring, and capturing confidence wherever there was a protector to be wooed or a penny to be made.

Intellectual tramps swarm through the early chapters of the *Confessions*, especially in Rous-



au's account of the household of Mme. de Warens, which he remembered as a Garden of Eden that was continually being invaded by serpents: Bagueret, a confidence man who batted on to her purse after having failed to make his fortune at the court of Peter the Great; Mintzenried, an itinerant coiffeur who had learned to talk like a Parisian *bel-esprit* by seducing a string of marquises; and, above all, Venture de Villeneuve, a wandering musician whose knock at the door one wintry evening in 1730 echoed in Rousseau's memory as the fatal summons to Paris.

According to Rousseau's reconstruction of him, Venture was pure Parisian—badly tattered but well tailored and full of talk about actresses, operas, and boulevards. He set Jean Jacques's head spinning: To cut a figure in the capital of the Republic of Letters—what glory could be greater? Young Rousseau tried to refresh himself on the Parisian model. With help from Maman, he sought the correct costume, learned to wear a sword, took dancing lessons, and studied music. For a while Rousseau dined with Venture, and even adopted part of Venture's name as an

alias—Vaussore de Villeneuve—when he left on his flimflamming tour as a music teacher in Switzerland. That road led inevitably to Paris—not the gilded Paris of the salons, however, but the Paris of Grub Street.

Armed with his letters of recommendation, Rousseau made a few attempts to break into the salons. But when he reported to Mme. Bezenval, her first thought was to send him to eat in the servants' quarters. Mme. de Boze admitted him to her table. But when she passed him some food, he appeared a morsel with his fork instead of first taking the plate and then serving himself—a gaffe that she registered by a snicker at her servants behind his back. Of such small wounds is class consciousness created. Despite his tutelage with Maman, Rousseau felt them every day. He retained too much dirt under his fingernails to master the code of high society (*le monde*). So he retreated to neutral territory like the Café Mau-

gis, where he became a regular at the chessboards, and the cabaret of Mme. La Selle, where he listened to young men of quality boast about their adventures with dancers from the opera. The adventures often ended with the dumping of a baby at the Enfants Trouvés. So Rousseau had an example to follow when his own mistress became pregnant.

Thérèse Le Vasseur did not dance in the opera. She did the laundry in Rousseau's boarding-

house, and she failed to understand when he explained how the "honnêtes gens" disposed of their offspring. Her mother finally brought her around. The old woman recognized that Rousseau was a "Monsieur" who, if firmly attached, might pull the whole family out of indigence. Not that Jean Jacques had accumulated any money. He had failed to flog his system of musical annotation, failed to find a patron for an opera, and failed to get his play *Narcissus* performed at the Comédie Italienne. But after abandoning hope of making a splash in *le monde* as a literary figure, he landed a secretarial job in the wealthy household of Mme. Dupin. It brought in 900 francs a year, enough to

keep Thérèse and to feed most of her family.

Such was Rousseau's situation in October 1749 when he set out to visit Diderot in Vincennes. Diderot's circumstances hardly looked better. Like Rousseau, he came from a family of artisans. He had failed to rise very high in the Republic of Letters and had cast his lot with a woman from a very low point in the social order—the daughter of a laundress—whom he not only loved but actually married. The two men struggled against the same odds in the same milieu. As he sweated along the road to Vincennes, Rousseau saw his friend as a victim of despotism. Years later, when he looked back on their life together in Grub Street, Diderot saw Rousseau as a nephew of Rameau.

That last point may be impossible to prove, at least to the satisfaction of the army of Diderot experts. But I see some striking similarities between the antihero of *Rameau's Nephew* and the

*To cut a figure in the capital of the Republic of Letters—what glory could be greater?*





By civilizing  
himself, he  
had come  
to recognize  
civilization for  
what it was: a  
process of  
corruption

hero of Rousseau's *Confessions*. Both were musicians. Both were addicted to chess. Both were half-mad geniuses and spectacular eccentrics. Both lived on the fringes of polite society, subsisting on scraps cast off by the rich and powerful. And both undermined conventional morality, first by confessing their own degradation, then by exposing the hypocrisy of the code by which they stood condemned. Whether Rousseau actually served as a model for Diderot's masterpiece remains an "academic" question. But by imagining Rousseau as Rameau's nephew, one can form some idea of his state of mind as he walked toward Vincennes. He was wandering in a moral wilderness, and he arrived, as he put it, "in a ferment bordering on delirium."

**H**ad the progress of the arts and sciences corrupted or purified morals? The question posed by the Academy of Dijon cut to the heart of Rousseau's existence. But he did not put his answer in personal terms; not yet. Nor did he adopt the simple position sometimes attributed to him: man is naturally good, society bad. The *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences* advanced a subtler argument, which would run through all of Rousseau's subsequent writing: culture corrupts, and absolutist culture corrupts absolutely.

Instead of romanticizing about a primitive state of nature, Rousseau saw that morality was a cultural code, the unwritten rules of conduct, knowledge, and taste that held society together. Man could not do without it, for man stripped of culture was a Hobbesian brute, lacking an ethical existence. But super-civilized man, the *homme du monde* who divided his time between the opera and the Cabaret La Selle, was still worse. Rousseau knew. He had tried to become that man. By civilizing himself, he had come to recognize civilization for what it was: a process of corruption. That recognition hit him all at once on the route to Vincennes. When he staggered off the road, he stepped outside the dominant culture of his time and made himself into the first anthropologist.

Of course Rousseau did not express his insight in the language of Lévi-Strauss. Although he drew on the anthropological strain in French literature, especially on the ideas of Montaigne and Montesquieu, he wrote a jeremiad, a work of pure rhetoric and of such poetic power that it overwhelmed his readers. To the conventional images of his time—Oriental sages and Roman sophisticates—he opposed pictures of simple, vigorous folk—Frankish warriors, American Indians, republican Swiss and Dutch. Sparta vanquished Athens, and Rousseau rejoiced: "Oh Sparta, eternal opprobrium of a vain doctrine!" "Oh virtue, sublime science of simple souls . . ."

The declamations may sound hollow today, but two and a half centuries ago they rang out as bold challenge to the prevailing cultural tone—the *bon ton* of the salons. Rousseau attacked openly. He excoriated "taste," "politeness," "urbanity," and the "*beaux esprits*," who "smiled disdainfully at those old words, fatherland and religion." The arts and sciences were at bottom political institutions. The sophistication of the salons reinforced the despotism of Versailles. And all the men of letters who performed in the salons stood condemned as agents of corruption—all "except for one," namely, Diderot.

Rousseau's outburst can be read as an indictment of the *Encyclopédie* of Diderot and d'Alembert, which bore the subtitle "Reasoned Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences." But the Encyclopedists held together and even prospered for a few years after the publication of the *Discourse on the Arts and Sciences*. Diderot, released from prison, saw the first volumes of the *Encyclopédie* into print and through increasing storms of controversy. Rousseau continued to contribute articles. And in the "Preliminary Discourse" to the *Encyclopédie*, d'Alembert dismissed Rousseau's essay as an eloquent paradox which Rousseau had renounced by collaborating with the Encyclopedists.

Literary notoriety now made Rousseau into a collaborator of salon society as well. Great ladies snapped him up. Patrons opened their purses. The king's mistress herself intervened to have his opera *Le Devin du village* performed before the court. Soon Rousseau found himself about to be presented to the king and supported by a royal pension. The success of his attack on *le monde* had made him a captive of it, and so he faced a second crisis, one that led to his final break with the cultural system of the Old Regime.

Rousseau's success only confirmed his diagnosis of his failure. When he returned from his forays into the salons, he brooded on what was happening to him, and to Thérèse. She became pregnant for the third time while he was working on his second discourse, the *Discourse on the Origins of Inequality*, which he submitted for prize offered by the Academy of Dijon in 1755. The second essay went much further and deeper than the first. It opened with an impassioned dedication to the republic of Geneva, which Rousseau imagined as a Calvinist Sparta, and went on to expose social inequality as a product of the same civilizing process that he had denounced in his first discourse. Yet Rousseau composed it while lying on his bed and dictating to Thérèse's mother, who served him as secretary, maid, and accomplice in arranging the abandonment of his children.

In his *Preface to Narcissus* (1753), Rousseau



had proclaimed that he would abandon his frivolous early works as if they were so many illegitimate children. Now he was producing more proclamations and abandoning more children. His moralizing had become fashionable. He was a fashion himself—a kind of wild animal captured from the lower ranks of society and exhibited for the fascination of those at the top. By parading his boorishness and playing the role of a “bear,” as he was known, Rousseau collaborated in this game: “Thrown into *le monde* without having the right tone and without being able to acquire it. . . I pretended to despise the politeness that I could not practice.” Celebrity had transformed the intellectual tramp and Grub Street hack into a dancing bear.

In the process, Rousseau lost something: his self, the original Jean Jacques of his fabled Geneva. When the sense of loss became unbearable, he broke with *le monde*. First he changed his dress. He renounced his wig, his sword, his white stockings, his watch, and (with the help of a thief) his forty-two fine linen shirts. He refused to lobby for the royal pension. He quit his job and took up copying music for a pittance a page. Finally, in April 1756, he left Paris. Installed with Thérèse in a cottage provided by Mme. d’Epinay in the park of Montmorency, he began the feverish period of writing that was to end six years later after the publication of three books that changed the course of cultural history: *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, *Emile*, and *The Social Contract*.

Each of those books developed an aspect of Rousseau’s revelation on the route to Vincennes. Each cut to the heart of conventional wisdom on a major topic: literature, education, and politics. But the deepest cut of all came in a fourth book, the most unconventional and the most painful, for it consummated Rousseau’s break with *le monde* by severing his ties with his *philosophe* friends, notably Diderot. This work, *Letter to M. d’Alembert on the Theater* (1759), was a passionate protest, which ran on for more than a hundred pages, against the suggestion that a theater be established in Geneva. D’Alembert had slipped the suggestion into his article on Geneva in the *Encyclopédie*, and Rousseau flayed away at it as if it were the wickedest idea in the wickedest century of history.

Why? Why did this composer of plays and operas fly into a fury at the seemingly innocent proposal to erect a stage in his hometown? Behind d’Alembert, Rousseau saw Voltaire, who was then living just outside Geneva; behind Voltaire, he saw Diderot and all the other *Encyclopedists*; behind them, the world of sophisticated Parisian culture; and behind that, the political system of the Old Regime. Everything

interpenetrated everything else, and the force that held it all together was culture.

Rousseau therefore looked upon the theater as a profoundly political institution, and he condemned the high priests of the stage—Voltaire, d’Alembert, and Diderot—as agents of political corruption. He conceded that the theater could have a place in the monarchy of France. By refining taste and corrupting morals it reinforced the Louis Quatorzean blend of aristocracy and authoritarianism. If injected into Geneva, however, it would poison the body politic. For republics did not draw their life from free elections, but from republican political culture—a matter of fraternizing in clubs, competing in outdoor games, and joining the chorus in the civic festivals that Rousseau was to idealize in *La Nouvelle Héloïse* (1761).

When he came to a direct account of political theory in *The Social Contract* (1762), Rousseau developed the positive side of what he had presented negatively in the *Letter to M. d’Alembert*. Culture now appeared as the crucial element in democracy. The argument became snarled when Rousseau tried to explain how the General Will would express itself in a system of voting. But the confusion dissipated in the last chapter, where he revealed that what ultimately bound the citizens into a polity was a civil religion—not an otherworldly version of Christianity but an all-pervasive, Spartan style of patriotism. Patriots obeyed the General Will spontaneously. They wanted the common good because they were united by a common culture, the source of all morality. They would be virtuous by virtue of their citizenship and free because of their morals. In such a system, sanctions mattered less than education and elections less than festivals.

That lesson was not lost on the French revolutionaries, who were always parading through the streets in celebration of liberty and the civic virtues. When viewed from the present, Rousseau’s civil religion can look menacing—a premonition of Nuremberg rallies—or familiar—an early version of football half-time shows. Either way, Rousseau seems to have put his finger on something important. It may seem strange that we mix flag-waving and football, or that our President should have synchronized his inauguration with the kickoff of the Superbowl. I think Rousseau would have understood. Having traveled the enormous social distance that separated Genevan workshops from Parisian salons, he had learned to recognize symbolic forms of power. He expressed his insight in old-fashioned moral rhetoric. But the moral of his story was really very modern, the sort of thing that could open the eyes of Lévi-Strauss in darkest Amazonia. ■

Celebrity had transformed the intellectual tramp and Grub Street hack into a dancing bear



# CELLULOID VISTAS

What the President's dreams are made of

By Benjamin R. Barber

*America's future rests in a thousand dreams inside your hearts . . . and helping you make those dreams come true is what this job of mine is all about.*

—President Ronald Reagan

**O**ur President, Ronald Reagan, is a puzzle: the optimistic conservative. The optimistic conservative, by the traditional standards of ideology and party politics, is an oxymoron. Historically, optimism has been the currency of liberals and radicals. The conservative has been a realist, a skeptic, a cynic. He has cautioned against the dreams of those who think man and nature malleable, perfectible. He has learned the lesson of limits. Men disappoint; found government on laws. Government corrupts; divide and limit its powers. Necessity governs human affairs; acknowledge its boundaries.

In light of this, what in the world are we to make of President Reagan? What are we to make of this, from his second inaugural address?

We believed then and now that there are no limits to growth and human progress when men and women are free to follow their dreams.

The true conservative resists dreams, knowing that they are on a collision course with reality. Not our President. He dreams. He is drawn to other dreamers, like John Kennedy and Franklin Roosevelt. He wants to help make your dreams come true.

The puzzle: the conservative who revels in dreams. The solution? For that, we must look beyond the boundaries of ideology and politics. We must look west, to where the President's political disposition took form, and where so

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many American dreams have been engendered in Hollywood.

Hollywood dreams are picture-show dreams. What kinds of aspirations and desires do we find in the movies? Whose dreams? Hollywood movies tend to star solitary heroes; they rarely offer communities or civic bodies as protagonists. They tend to dramatize the struggle of individuals *against* something large, complex, and unspecified. Simplicity is the hallmark of these stories of hope and desire. They have ending tidy and happy; there is no hint of the ambiguities of a morally messy world—no Bitburg, half neutral, half Nazi. Film, all light and shadow, loathes gray.

President Reagan's second inaugural address was punctuated by allusions to memorable Americans. These allusions were not historical in the scholarly or textbook sense. They were more like film stills.

A general falls to his knees in the hard snow of Valley Forge; a lonely President paces the darkened halls and ponders his struggle to preserve the Union; the men of the Alamo call out encouragement to each other; a settler pushes west and sings a song . . .

The speech lauds "We the People," but its heroes are men alone (no women are mentioned). In the President's script, Washington leans on no comrade in arms, Lincoln consults no cabinet. The defenders of the Alamo call out to one another as if crouching far apart in anticipation of a lonely battle, and only a single settler is conjured for us—his family wagon and the long train of Conestogas that must surely have accompanied it are kept out of sight (and out of mind). Hollywood heroes realizing celluloid dreams: all burdens and all rewards belong to the individual.

The election of a Hollywood dreamer to office so badly tainted has been a balm to the troubled American spirit. And the President



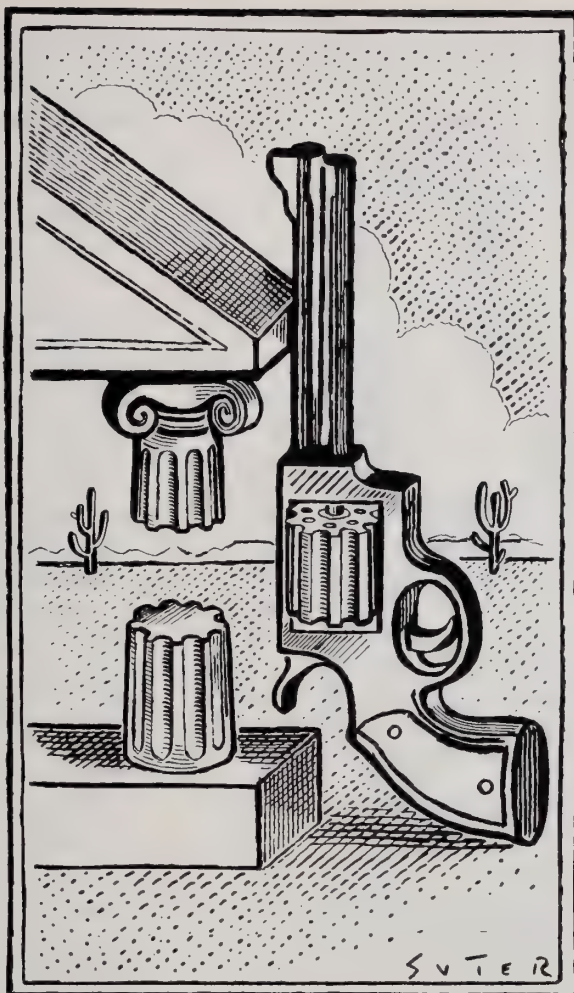
is reminded Americans of the place of dreams in the American heart. The nation is founded on dreams: the belief in a new Eden, in the shining city on a hill (the President was quick to borrow John Winthrop's phrase). Recent polls suggest that even those most hurt by Ronald Reagan's policies are beginning to share in the vague but buoying spirit of hope and self-confidence that springs from his Hollywood reveries. Hope is a precious and necessary commodity in a democracy; if it takes a Hollywood dreamer to revive for us, so be it.

But are President Reagan's dreams the American dream? What is disturbing about them is not that their flicker and glow are best

appreciated in the semi-light, or that they are tainted with Hollywood escapism, but that they are wholly *private* dreams. They are dreams of, and for solitaires: John Waynes and Horatio Algiers, prospectors and entrepreneurs, Olympic speedsters and venture capitalists, do-it-yourselfers and me-firsters. The talk at the White House is of liberty; liberty, however, is mistaken for the private market and personal ambition.

Emancipation has historically been the achievement of communities. No one knew better than Lincoln that while one man's courage could be an emblem for the Union, its survival depended on anonymous armies of bluecoats, workers, and citizens. The Union in whose name Lincoln risked all—even the dream of the emancipation of the slaves—represented to him the greater dream of a national community that would bring together countless individuals who, locked into their relations or parties or interest groups, were radically incomplete.

The lone settler celebrated by Reagan pushed west into a land of lawlessness and anarchy. His true emancipation would come only with the building of local schools, local courts, local town halls—a body politic capable of ensuring its rights. The true individualists back then



were the outlaws, who turned the new lands into badlands and killed and died for Hobbes's "liberty": the war of all against all, a life poor, nasty, brutish, and short. Liberty came only with social cooperation and government; justice had to await the law. The dream of liberty is not a dream against government but a dream of government.

In truth, the great American dream has always been a *public* dream. The tired and the poor who swarmed ashore in the New World came in search of private liberty and personal fortune, to be sure, but they came above all in search of a form of government that would give them the right to create a common destiny for themselves and their children. Before

they dreamed of waving greenbacks, they dreamed of waving citizenship papers.

Entrepreneurs may make money, but only citizens can make justice. The struggle for common goods—clean air, justice, peace—is a common struggle in which democratic government is our only ally. President Reagan asks much of individuals but nothing of citizens; he burdens the market with demands for progress and prosperity, but of the community and the government that is the community's instrument he asks nothing.

What have we dreamed for ourselves and our children and our neighbors? To be a land open to private dreams, America must itself be a public dream. And what is this dream made of? Democracy, precarious in the few places where it has taken root, unknown to most of the world; racial and sexual and economic justice, mocked by most systems, aspired to but hardly achieved in ours; mutualism, that is, defining our power and dignity as individuals by what we do together; citizenship, through which women and men dare to transcend themselves and become neighbors, and shapers of a common destiny.

This dream is the dream of "We the People." It does not now have a persuasive political spokesman. Until it does, it will remain a dream in search of dreamers. ■

*Historically, liberty has come only with social cooperation and government; justice has had to await the law*



## July Index Sources

1, 2 "October Term 1983 and the Era of Aggressive Majoritarianism: A Court in Transition," by Geoffrey R. Stone, in the *Georgia Law Review* (Athens, Ga.); 3 National Assessment for Educational Progress (Princeton, N.J.); 4, 5 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 6 "Deciding to Forgo Life-Sustaining Treatment: President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine" (Government Printing Office); 7, 8 *Sex and the American Teenager*, by Robert Coles and Geoffrey Stokes (Harper & Row); 9 *Metropolis* magazine (New York City); 10 *The Book of Lists #2*, by Irving Wallace et al. (William Morrow); 11 Chicago Title Insurance Company; 12, 13 National League of Cities (Washington, D.C.); 14, 15 *U.S. News and World Report*; 16 Embassy of the People's Republic of China (Washington, D.C.); 17, 18 U.S. Bureau of Justice Statistics; 19 Associated Press; 20 *The Los Angeles Times*; 21 *Esquire*; 22 *Business Week*; 23 U.S. Department of Commerce; 24 Japanese consulate (New York City); 25 Pencil Makers Association (Moorestown, N.J.); 26, 27 U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics; 28 *British Business* magazine (London); 29 Eastman Kodak (Rochester, N.Y.); 30 *In One Day*, by Tom Parker (Houghton Mifflin); 31, 32 Action for Children's Television (Newton, Mass.); 33 Camp Doll-Me (Machias, Me.); 34 Royal Viking Line (San Francisco); 35 Medic II program (Seattle Fire Department); 36, 37 American Council on Science and Health (New York City); 38 *The Roper Report* (New York City); 39 Procter & Gamble (Cincinnati); 40 *People* magazine.

## SOLUTION TO THE JUNE PUZZLE

I	P	E	D	E	N	O	R	D	E	R
O	W	S	I	C	A	E	I	M	A	A
M	S	E	D	H	P	R	T	A	L	E
E	A	L	N	A	P	O	R	I	M	T
N	C	O	L	R	E	N	G	D	E	T
I	H	C	L	U	B	I	R	I	S	R
O	S	N	I	N	T	L	Y	F	P	E
N	T	A	I	D	D	L	E	L	A	G
E	D	N	L	A	P	A	M	O	S	O
S	I	G	A	S	K	C	I	D	K	C
D	E	L	I	S	L	T	R	U	T	E
N	C	I	R	E	E	D	E	L	A	N
A	H	E	N	T	R	I	S	I	G	M
E	R	S	O	G	N	I	N	E	A	T

## NOTES FOR "SPIRAL NEBULAS"

1. SIDES-WIPED; 2. MA-LAD-RO(I)T; 3. AIREDALE, hidden; 4. SALESWOMEN, anagram; 5. HAND-IC(A-P)PER, anagram of price; 6. P(astor)-RE-A-CH, & Lit.; 7. REAP-PORT-I-ONE-D; 8. SKI(R...T); 9. MEDI(c)AL; 10. TATTERS-ALL; 11. CO(CHINE)AL, anagram of niche; 12. GRIDIRON, anagram; 13. CO(L-L)INS; 14. BUN-TLINE (anagram); 15. CRE(N-ELL)ATES; 16. STANCH(I-ON)ED; 17. INDIAN CLUB, two meanings; 19. ESTROGEN, anagram; 20. DIS(s)ENT-ANGLED; 21. LA-SAG-NA (reversal); 22. PA(CKSA)DDLE, anagram of sack; 23. ME(LO)DIC-ALLY; 24. SOCK-DO-LAGER; 25. RETRO-CEDE, anagram; 26. T(R...)ICKLED; 27. TULANE, homophone; 28. C(HANDEL-I.E.)R; 29. RESILIENT, anagram; 30. LIGATURES, anagram; 31. FEDORA, anagram of fore(he)ad; 32. E(...N)RIC-HERS, anagram of rice; 33. RE(DINGO)TES, anagram of steer; 34. SIDE(L-IN)ING, anagram; 35. MATRONAGE, anagram; 36. ENIGMA(i), anagram.

SOLUTION TO JUNE DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 30): Just as the children loved the Americans so the parents hated them. They showed off, they monopolized the taxis and girls, they had changed Piccadilly Circus . . . into an al fresco brothel, wherever you went they seemed to be copulating in public like so many jack-rabbits.

—(David) Leitch: *God Stand Up for Bastards*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 31, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the August issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 29 (May) are Will Gibson, Marina Del Rey, California; Ann Harris, Jefferson, Oregon; and Ruth Lewis, Birmingham, Alabama.

## LETTERS

Continued from page 5

Robert Cox replies:

Professor Frank goes to the heart of the Argentine tragedy: the unceasing conspiracy against democracy by both civilian politicians and military officers. The coup of 1930 was a fortuitous success for Argentina's anti-democratic forces, but it set a precedent for military intervention. The 1955 coup against Perón was an attempt by the military to restore democracy, and it can be argued that corrupt civilian politicians betrayed the military "democrats." History has shown, however, that military intervention, whatever the motive, leads to ill, not good, and that the coup of 1930 was the beginning of Argentina's crackup.

Little is simple in such a complex nation as Argentina, but it is simple to define Perón. He was never a democrat, in theory or in practice. Argentina still has not recovered from Perón's destruction of the country's free press and his imposition of a fascist propaganda machine. The fact that he was elected president three times, by impressive majorities, may be explained by his appeal as a *caudillo* in resplendent uniform. It is only outside Argentina that the illusion he was not a fascist is cultivated.

Democracy dies when there is no freedom of information. It flourishes when people are properly informed and can deal with reality. At the end of April I returned to Argentina for the third time since President Alfonsín's inauguration, this time to give evidence in the trial of the nine commanders who ruled Argentina in the first three military juntas after the 1976 coup. That trial has renewed my faltering faith in an Argentine democratic renaissance. For the first time in many years, Argentines are able to see justice being done. This rare open, oral trial—Argentine justice is usually secretive, with written evidence and virtually no public access to the courts—is bringing the country up to date with its history.

At last Argentina is up against the hard rock of reality. Rule of law cannot exist in a quagmire of myths and half-truths.

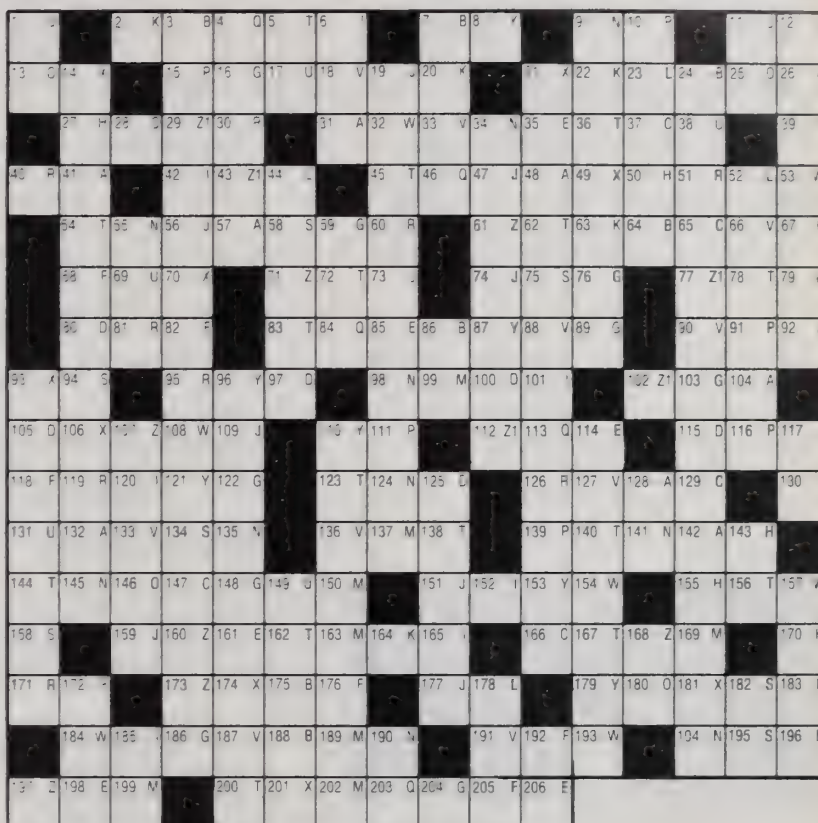


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 31

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



## CLUES

## WORDS

A. Lycanthropes

57 31 132 41 142 48  
128 92 104 26

B. Settles; dismounts

7 24 188 175 64 3 86

C. Shocking, sensational

147 166 37 65 129

D. Urged persistently; harassed

80 97 100 105 125 115

E. Eng. dramatist (1580?-1625?; *The Duchess of Malfi*)

35 198 161 85 39 114 206

F. Lethargy, dullness

192 205 68 176 118 130 172 82

G. Railed

148 59 204 122 16 89 103 186

H. Watered silk

155 170 50 27 143

I. Crazes

101 152 165 6 185 120 42

J. Joins together

73 47 109 177 151 159 74 19  
56 11

K. Unpleasant

164 22 2 63 20

L. Long canines, perhaps

178 44 52 23 117

M. Makes coarse

202 99 163 150 137 169 189 199

N. Remote; very high, as in price, standards, etc. (3 wds.)

141 145 34 9 98 194 55 190  
124 135

O. Thin, inadequate

13 25 180 67 28 146

P. *Green* \_\_\_\_\_, 1904 novel by William Henry Hudson

15 91 10 139 116 196 111 183

Q. Witchcraft of Africa and the West Indies

84 46 203 4 113

R. New World bird related to goatsuckers and the whippoorwill

171 51 60 40 95 81 119 126  
30

S. "Few love to hear \_\_\_\_\_ they love to act" (2 wds., *Pericles*)

158 195 182 134 58 75 94

T. The chest containing the Ten Commandments (4 wds., Ex. 25:19)

45 167 78 62 200 83 156 72  
144 162 54 138 5 36 140 123

U. Eternal

69 149 38 79 1 131 17

V. "Pancras and \_\_\_\_\_ repose/Among her golden pillars high" (2 wds.; Blake, "Jerusalem")

187 133 66 136 127 33 18 191  
12 90 88

W. Channel; short section of a composition

108 32 184 154 157 53 193

X. 1917 song by George M. Cohan (2 wds.)

201 181 21 49 70 106 93 174  
14

Y. River port in Suffolk, England

87 153 8 179 110 121 96

Z. Consuming carefully so as to conserve

61 173 197 71 107 160 168

Z1. Hard outer covering of a seed

102 43 77 112 29



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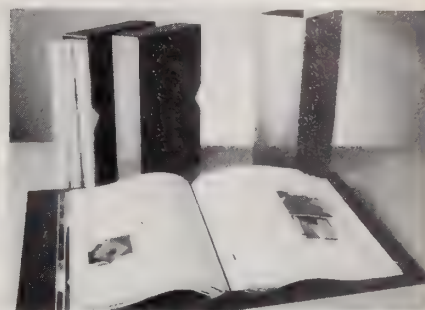
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## MISCELLANEOUS

**Whosoever Shall Call Upon the Name of the Lord Shall Be Saved.**



# PUZZLE

## Word Surgery

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**T**welve of the clue answers must undergo a 10A 43A before they can be entered in the diagram. Not all are readily apparent from a letter count discrepancy.

Less than common words will be encountered at 1A, 41A, 2D, 7D, 18D, 29D, and 31D. There is one proper noun. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

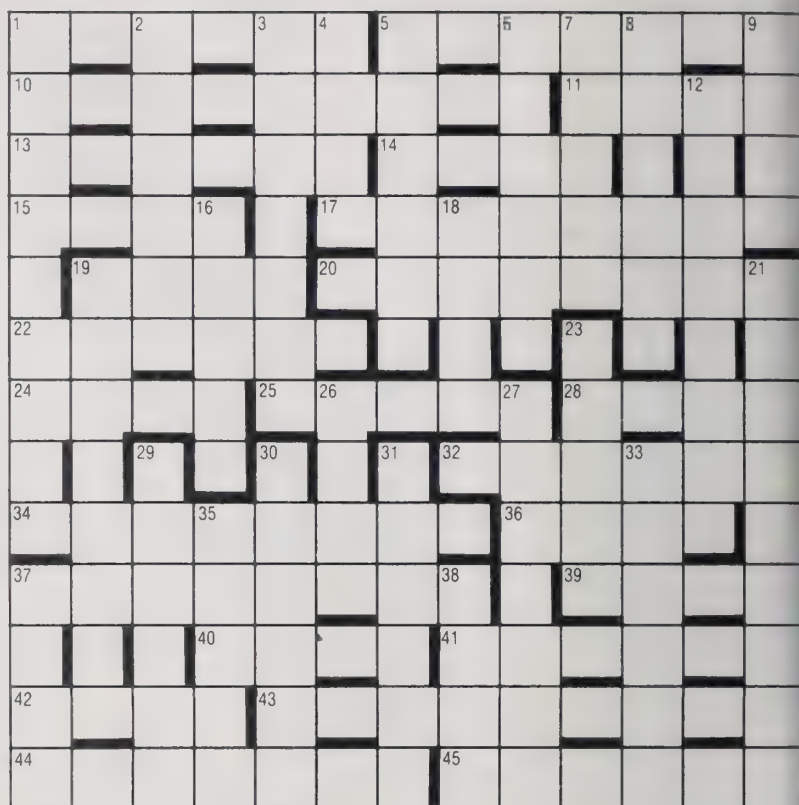
The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.

### Across

1. The Scot's under a nasty thane (6)
5. I'm taking speed rashly in bars (7)
10. *See instructions* (9, two words)
11. Ingredient in pot of unusual Chinese food (4)
13. Rock star conceals perverse urge (7)
14. Classy sign on George Washington Bridge, eastbound? (4)
15. Chances dentist, if nothing is extracted (4)
17. Women who entice Poles—father first (6)
19. This Indian isn't quite something to believe in (4)
20. Italian opera comic? La, no... but still a rascal (8)
22. Quiet Memorial Day race is quite a rumpus (6)
24. Hat worn by explorer leading one (4)
25. I toss love over for old Greek coins (5)
28. Have faith in bachelor leaving, barely (4)
32. Glossy paint is famous among the Spanish (6)
34. Word nuns fabricated for "briefs" (8)
36. Southern rascal's lot (4)
37. Got back on the train, concerned with bumpy roadbed (8)
39. Pace College student's aid (4)
40. Pig food takes edge off appetite (4)
41. One left bed with love, reflecting power (6)
42. Manhattan Island is full of cuckoos (4)
43. *See instructions* (9)
44. Epigrams about people's weights (7)
45. Detroit endlessly tinkered with electronic component (6)

### Down

1. Practically colorless article about any ship (5)
2. Somewhat perplexed rabbi in Greek's sitting room (6)
3. Three, to engineers, in addition (7)
4. Cheer up, getting married leads to mischief (4)
5. Preserved in polish (6)
6. Bachelor left in bed is kind of blue (6)
7. Earlier forms of a word: "matey," possibly (5)
8. Notice the youngster's returned for stiffening (7)
9. Pays court surcharges, losing heart (4)
12. Swindled out of \$5 silver (was ahead) (8)
16. Short line for a letter inspires, uplifts (5)
18. Irish assembly is laid off (4)
19. Church giving approval to establishing restrictions (7)
21. Gee, everything's sound in one kind of calculus (9)
23. Left footprints, one hears, in piece of land (5)
26. Woman primarily involved in corrupting! (4)
27. The Italian's surrounded by ruins in disrepair, like the English (7)
29. Detach the oars in push at sea (6)
30. Uncoined gold is vexing, it's said (7)
31. Applies oil during airplane lesson (6)
33. Working place I dust out at beginning of October (6)
35. Wife, taken in small amount, is divine (5)
37. Get the crop and strike a blow around horse's rear (4)
38. Democrat with cunning and zip (4)



**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "Word Surgery," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by July 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the September issue. Winners of the May puzzle, "Northern Lights," are P. Janee Jacobs, New York, New York; Mrs. F. R. Kirkland, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania; and Pierre Stevens, Dover, Delaware.



August 1985

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By Frederick Turner

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# HOW THE COMPETITION IS PLANNING TO STEAL YOUR CUSTOMERS

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But today the faces around the boardroom table are glum.

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Now the ambitious David is stealing the efficient Goliath's customers.

This year American business will invest \$141 billion in computers and communications gear.

The lion's share will go for systems that automate routine office chores,

*continued on next page*





— continued from preceding page —

boosting productivity, reducing costs.

But efficiency is only one side of the coin.

Admits one manager: "Most of us are too busy counting the beans on our desks to think about how these new systems might *change the way we compete.*"

The problem is that it's a lot easier to think about your business as it is, than to imagine your business *as it could be.*

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tives — whatever those objectives are.

Below are a few ideas to start your competitive juices flowing.



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Even smaller companies have found in these systems the means to deliver added-value services at little cost, and to catapult themselves into new fields of opportunity.

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*Example:* A brokerage firm installs a system that links 3 ho-hum investments into a splashy new service.

The resulting synergy not only captures a host of new customers, it helps keep them. Each is now *triply* bound to the firm. When competitors catch up they will need crowbars to pry these customers away.

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The leaders of these companies have seen technology as more than a way to cut costs. They have discovered an untapped source of business leverage. They are making their own lightning.



*A handful of companies  
are rewriting the  
business school casebooks  
by using information  
systems to gain  
a strategic advantage.*

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have a nasty way  
of evolving right out from  
under expensive,  
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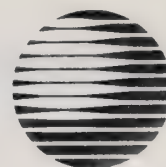
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I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."

*"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."*

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."

*"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."*

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..."

*"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the 'white male problem'--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."*

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Cover: Detail of Fan Garden and Spruce, Late Afternoon, by Nell Blaine/Fischbach Gallery

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# LETTERS

## The Plausibility of Hope

Anyone who ponders the nuclear dilemma ["Is There a Way Out?" *Harper's*, June] eventually arrives at the truth—the truth being that devastating numbers of nuclear weapons are with us for keeps. The only route to a safer planet lies in changing American and Soviet attitudes. The weapons themselves are only "instruments," as Barbara Tuchman has reminded us. The real problem is the growing hostility, suspicion, and distrust of the superpowers.

Negotiations aimed at reducing the number of nuclear weapons—bringing that number down to a "safe" level—are fruitless so long as the suspicion and distrust prevail. Therefore, we should focus our attention not on numbers and throw weights but on the hostility itself. This is a problem of staggering proportions, but we must address it anyway. For starters, Ronald Reagan and Mikhail Gorbachev should meet twice a year, in good times and bad, whether they like each other or not; they should review, over and over again, every point on the globe at which American and Soviet interests conflict. They should search for ways by which these conflicts might become less contentious.

We may try and fail, but we should not fail to try.

John T. Carley

Maj. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)

Shalimar, Fla.

In the forum on Star Wars, it looked like young Greg Fossedal against the world: Garwin, Powers,

*Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

Scoville, et al. (Robert Jastrow got in one innocuous sentence!) I was invited to attend this lopsided discussion, and I guess I should have been there, stacked deck or not.

It is time for those who believe themselves to be liberals to realize that, with regard to the Strategic Defense Initiative (SDI), their spokesmen have assumed the role of reactionaries. SDI, a bold and progressive answer to the nuclear dilemma, has arisen from the ranks of conservative, pro-defense thinkers. But because Ronald Reagan espouses this plan, liberals are reacting to it with sophistic hostility. Ridicule is the order of the day from pundits; pseudoscience the order of the day from those scientists prone to opt for a political (arms-control) solution rather than any military solution, defensive or offensive.

These naysayers wish to remain in a world dominated by the policy of Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD). They fiercely resist any hope of escaping the MAD balance of nuclear terror. While decrying the destructive power of nuclear weapons, they insist on leaving everyone vulnerable to that power. The critics of SDI are reactionaries—wedded to the policies of the past, blind to the historic opportunity to get off the nuclear treadmill that has been presented to us by the progress of technology.

Daniel O. Graham

Lieut. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)

Washington, D.C.

*Daniel O. Graham is director of High Frontier, a Washington, D.C., group that favors the development of space-based defense systems.*

I don't believe that in the short term Star Wars will make nuclear weapons obsolete. In fact, present arrangements will have to be main-



ained while a defensive system is being developed.

I do believe, however, that Star Wars is the only catalyst on the horizon—the only chance we have for ringing about a nuclear build-down. I also believe it is the only means we have to alter the Soviet Union's emphasis on first-strike missiles. Star Wars detractors such as Theodore Taper, Herbert Scoville Jr., Thomas Powers, and Saul H. Mendlovitz would prefer that we rely on talks. But where have the talks—or the agreements, for that matter—taken us?

They have taken us to a new generation of Soviet offensive missiles.

Herbert I. London  
New York, N.Y.

The details of the nuclear problem are complex, but they do not mask the fact that the essential problem is disarmingly simple. We have an escalating arms race because neither side trusts the other to do anything but continue to escalate. The use of the word "trust" here is misleading, of course. The fact that we trust the other side only to escalate is really an admission that we do not trust the other side at all—which is precisely how much the other side trusts us.

Clearly we cannot trust the Russians to honor treaties, or to carry out agreed upon reductions, or to place their missiles where they say they are placing them. Why should we trust them when we do not trust ourselves? How many of us believe the Pentagon when it releases information about weapons?

It does not take a great deal of sophistication to realize that this lack of trust has its roots in issues much more mundane than nuclear defense strategy. We generally, and for good reason, do not trust politicians in their general proclamations of goodwill or in the rationales they offer for their proposals to right society's large problems. Indeed, we have come to expect lies, innuendoes, and hidden agendas and would be shocked if convinced of their absence.

There is only one way that the build-down of nuclear weapons on both sides could occur with any assurance of success. The only party that

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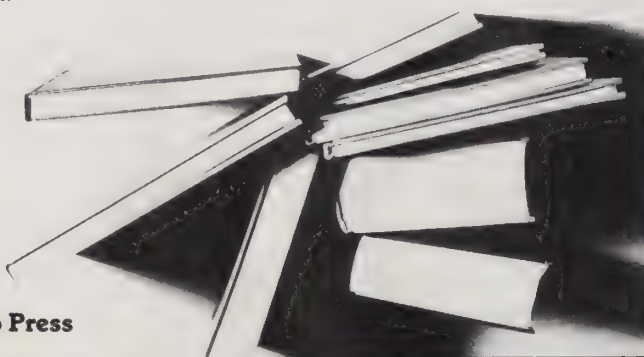
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could be trusted to locate all of our weapons is the "enemy," and we are the only party that could be trusted to locate all of theirs. The only party that could be trusted to dismantle our weapons is the "enemy." Likewise, we are the only party that could be trusted to dismantle the weapons of the other side.

The implication is clear. We must open our borders and open our defenses to total, unfettered inspection by the other side. This must necessarily include our non-nuclear conventional defenses, since otherwise no one could be sure that they were truly non-nuclear. Likewise, we must be allowed unfettered access to all places in the Soviet Union, military and non-military.

Without such unfettered access to all locations and information, we will never be able to develop a workable strategy for reducing and eventually eliminating the nuclear threat. The trust necessary to achieve significant arms reductions will never exist without such access. And without a policy favoring unrestricted access we will never engender that trust.

We should proceed unilaterally and open our doors. This is our only hope for meaningful arms reduction. It is a radical step, but it is essential.

Alan G. McQuillan  
Milltown, Mont.

Let me offer a suggestion for an interim way out of the nuclear dilemma—invest the decision to use any nuclear weapon in a joint U.S.-Soviet command. This command, roughly patterned on the thoroughly inert U.N. Security Council, would put political deadlock to practical use, ensuring our safety rather than threatening it.

Once this lock on the nuclear trigger has been secured, reductions in forces can be readily negotiated.

Howard Vidaver  
Charlottesville, Va.

Because of an informal and I would say unexamined consensus, nuclear weapons have been kept out of space. In the 1960s, when we (and the Russians) didn't have the hardware to get

Continued on page 76



# NOTEBOOK

## Glass houses

By Lewis H. Lapham

*A girl of fifteen generally has a greater number of secrets than an old man, and a woman of thirty more arcana than a chief of state.*

—Ortega y Gasset

On receipt of the news that an American family of espionage agents had been routinely selling secrets to the Soviet Union for eighteen years, almost everybody in Washington with claims to being anybody released solemn statements to the press about the need to get a firmer grip on the national security. Caspar Weinberger, the secretary of defense, declared himself in favor of executing traitors, even in peacetime, and said he would reduce the number of people (4.3 million at present count) granted access to sensitive information. A chorus of admirals seconded the motion for silence; both the House and the Senate announced hearings; important columnists demanded to know how it was possible that a former and low-ranking officer named John Walker, together with his equally obscure and low-ranking brother and son, could do so much damage to the American fleet.

The official alarm strikes me as excessive, and I suspect that the military secret has become as obsolete a weapon of war as the crossbow, the battering ram, or the cavalry regiment. Consider the tonnage of secrets lugged across international frontiers during the last forty years. Legions of agents working two or three sides of every rumor have copied, transcribed, edited, collated, and sold enough information to take up all the space on all the shelves in the Library of Congress.

And what has been the result of this immense labor? How has the exchange of classified news im-

pinged, even slightly, on the course of events? The knowledge of what secret could have prevented the United States from blundering into Vietnam? The makers of policy for both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations already knew what they thought (not only about Southeast Asia but also about communism), and no amount of contrary evidence could have dissuaded them from embracing the beauty of their geopolitical romance.

The acquisition or loss of what secret could prevent the United States from building an arsenal of nuclear weapons as necessary to the American economy as to the American theory of reality? What seven perfect secrets could have rescued the Shah of Iran or changed Managua into a democratic suburb of Los Angeles? Assume that the Soviet Union could track every American submarine, or that the United States could decipher the launch codes of every missile on the Siberian steppe. What then? Somebody still has to decide to touch a match to the nuclear fire.

The history of the world's wars suggests that the fateful decisions have little or nothing to do with facts, whether overt or covert. They arise instead from passionately held beliefs, from dreams and songs and the fear of the dark.

When presented with a discovery of spies, the national media (as enthralled by their love of secrets as any secretary of defense) broadcast melodramatic reports of their exploits, outfitting even the least among them with vast and mysterious powers.

Together with Ian Fleming and John le Carré, the news media like to say that governments without perfect knowledge of other governments take actions that otherwise they might not have taken—with grave, far-

reaching, and ironic consequences. Precisely the same observation holds true for any government or individual under any set of circumstances. The available evidence is never sufficient, the current information always sketchy or compromised.

Only people frightened enough to play at being gods imagine that they can attain an impregnable state of omniscience. Malcolm Muggeridge once made the point with reference to his employment during World War II in the British Secret Service.

"Secrecy," Muggeridge observed, "is as essential to Intelligence as vestments and incense to a Mass, or darkness to a Spiritualist seance, and must at all costs be maintained... whether or not it serves any purpose."

Muggeridge remembered that Kim Philby, the notorious double agent, sent his wife love notes on tiny fragments of tissue paper that could be easily swallowed in the interests of security. John Walker appears to have operated under the cover of an analogous fantasy. He was fond of disguises, carried a sword-cane, styled himself with the code name "Jaws," and thought himself engaged in a romantic line of work. At least one of his associates regarded him as a deluded fool, almost as inept in his paranoid cleverness as the antic Inspector Clouseau.

During the period of his service for the KGB Walker also belonged to the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan. All three organizations place as much value on secrecy as do Secretary Weinberger and the curators at the Pentagon who believe that by administering lie-detector tests and limiting security clearances to a mere 2 million people they can lock the vagaries of human nature safely in a file cabinet.



Of the 19,607,736 documents that the federal government last year classified as secret, the majority presumably were granted their honorary status for one of two reasons: to conceal the government's stupidity and guile from the American public; or to make the documents more precious, thus adding to the store of sacred amulets with which to ward off the corruption of the unclassified world and the malevolence of the evil eye set in the head of an evil empire.

Given the sophistication of current surveillance technologies, the condition of privacy has come to resemble the state of Christian grace. Nobody knows for certain where, or at what moment in time, it can be said to exist. Assume that a careful man takes expensive precautions, that he attaches encryption devices to his telephones, speaks in whispers to well-known associates while walking on a beach, allows himself to be photographed only by a butler who is both mute and deaf. True, he presents a more elusive target than Billy Martin or Lee Iacocca, but if somebody were to be seriously interested in his eyebrows or his conversation, it is likely that he could be watched or overheard.

Various government agencies, American as well as Soviet, routinely intercept much of the daily microwave traffic passing in and out of New York, Washington, Moscow, Paris, Los Angeles, Amsterdam, and any other points of origin deemed worthy of notice. The signals can be gathered into computer discs, and if anybody wishes to go to the trouble of searching the Babel of data for a particular voice or bank statement, the technicians can produce either a tape recording or a transcript. Probably it is fair to assume that commercial institutions as well as nation-states now employ regiments of clerks who perform the task of priests hearing confession. I like to think of earnest bureaucrats sitting in long rows, slumped under the existential weight of their headsets, taking notes on the intrigues of fifteen-year-old girls.

When Secretary of State George Shultz picks up the telephone in his car, he can expect that whatever he says will be heard by an appreciative

and knowledgeable audience in the Kremlin; Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet foreign minister, can count on an equally close reading of his text in Langley, Virginia, if he speaks into any telephone circuit open to the electromagnetic spectrum.

A multinational corporation transferring credit from Stuttgart to Miami; a bank shifting its balances between Geneva and Hong Kong; a government relaying instructions from Rome to Madrid—all these communicants expose their nominally private remarks to the chance of public review.

Satellite cameras drifting in orbit at a height of 100,000 feet meanwhile take a continuous sequence of pictures—of harbors and military installations and crowds at soccer matches, of an elderly gentleman sitting in a Venetian cafe, of a child rolling a hoop on the Ringstrasse. The powers of amplification allow for a high degree of recognition, even to the point of identifying a gold tooth or reading the time on a woman's watch. The angels in G. K. Chesterton's heaven couldn't see as clearly.

The politics implicit in the technology have yet to be fully grasped by people who still worry about keeping secrets or who still place their faith in the fictions known as sovereign states. Because no nation can defend its borders against the movements of money or information, no nation can declare itself safe from hostile additions or subtractions. Let the Saudis and the Japanese decide to withdraw their bank deposits from the United States, and the resulting rise in the American interest rate would burst the bubbles of President Reagan's fragile prosperity; a Luxembourgian satellite broadcasting contraband television images to England and France puts at risk two government monopolies as well as the morals of two cultures.

If markets respond within the instant to an economic collapse taking place at a distance of 12,000 miles; if the least gesture made by a head of state (in Lebanon, say, or Bitburg) translates within the hour into the loss of an election in Lisbon or California; if a disease rising in Central Africa as a form of swine flu can be

transposed within a matter of months to an epidemic of AIDS in New York, then the charade of independent states solemnly governing their own destinies begins to look more than a little preposterous. The admirals of navies might as well be commanding fleets of toy sailboats.

The dream of nationalism, like the value assigned to privacy, satisfied the imagination as well as the commercial interests of the nineteenth century. It was thought that the social realm could be divorced from the political realm, that behind closed doors the anarchist and the country squire were free to make variant formulations of a secret society. It would never have occurred to the aristocratic eighteenth century to distinguish between the public and private spheres of experience; nor would it have occurred to the equestrian classes of the Italian Renaissance or the citizens of Periclean Athens.

Like Bruce Springsteen and Mayor Koch, Louis XIV was accustomed to a retinue of gossips attending his every occasion. Prior to the invention of the steam engine and the flush toilet, everybody with claims to being anybody assumed that they lived their lives in front of everybody else; what mattered was what was done in full view of the court, the prince, or the agora. The private man was a man without a name.

Once again the world has become a glass house. To the extent that everybody knows everybody else, if not "live and in person" at least through the pages of *People* magazine or the windows of ABC News, then the public world (oddly enough, and contrary to the usual expectations) becomes a much more intimate place than could have been imagined by Sigmund Freud or Karl Marx.

The medieval schoolmen believed that in the eye of God the falling of the least sparrow in the farthest field was an event as duly noted as the murder of an archbishop or the sacking of a Christian town. Something of the same belief must stir the minds of the clerks seated in long rows in a government basement, following the narratives of otherwise obscure and minor lives, listening, hour after hour, to recorded time. ■



# HARPER'S INDEX

- Percentage of Americans who say there should be a law against interracial marriage : 27
- Who say that blacks should not "push themselves where they are not wanted" : 58
- Percentage of families in New York City with annual incomes over \$50,000 that are black : 7
  - Of families in Chicago : 20
- Number of the ten most popular TV shows among families earning more than \$30,000 that are on NBC : 5
  - Legal fees paid by CBS to outside counsel in 1984 : \$10,400,000
  - Net profit of the Turner Broadcasting System in 1984 : \$10,620,000
- Rank of the grapevine among employees' leading sources of information about their company : 1
- Percentage of female executives who say that wearing perfume helps a woman's career : 36
- Percentage of Broadway tickets that are bought by companies and deducted as a business expense : 20
  - Of tickets for National Hockey League games played in the United States : 62 (see page 20)
- Rank of vehicles, tape recorders, and office equipment among Japan's leading exports to the United States : 1,2,3
  - Rank of corn, soybeans, and coal among the United States' leading exports to Japan : 1,2,3
  - Percentage increase in the gross national product of China in 1984 : 12
  - Value of the art and antiques exported from England in 1984 : £615,000,000
  - Number of butler schools in the United States : 1
    - Of nanny schools : 11
- Percentage of fathers who were in the delivery room when their children were born in 1973 : 27
  - In 1983 : 79
- Percentage of American women who receive no prenatal care during the first three months of pregnancy : 24
- Amount the government will pay Ed Meese to cover legal expenses incurred in his Ethics Act inquiry : \$472,190
  - Federal funds allocated for legal aid to the poor in Delaware in 1985 : \$533,510
- Percentage of capital spending by U.S. companies that went for worker health and safety items in 1978 : 2.9
  - In 1984 : 1.7
- Average penalty levied by OSHA for a "serious" violation of safety regulations in 1984 : \$187
  - Number of hearings the Senate health committee has held on AIDS : 0
- Survivors of the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombings who are living in the United States : 750 (see page 62)
- Pounds of plutonium and highly enriched uranium that are missing from U.S. inventories : 9,600
  - Pounds of plutonium needed to make an atomic bomb : 15
- Chances that one of the 120 operating U.S. nuclear reactors will melt down in the next 20 years : 45 in 100
  - Percentage of Americans who say the "bad effects" of nuclear energy outweigh the good : 38
    - Who say the "bad effects" of credit cards outweigh the good : 46
      - Percentage increase in waterbed sales in 1984 : 30
      - Percentage of American adults who can't swim : 47
      - Percentage of Americans who never go to the movies : 39
  - Acres of land purchased for national parks by the Reagan Administration : 57,169
    - By the Carter Administration : 419,492
  - Percentage of American adults who have visited Yellowstone National Park : 30
  - Cost of a week at Solair Nudist Park in Massachusetts for a family of four : \$230.25
  - Cab fare from New York City to Los Angeles : \$5,550

*Figures cited are the latest available as of June 1985. Sources are listed on page 77.*



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# READINGS

[Speech]

## ATROCITY AND IMAGINATION

From "Holocaust and Imagination," a speech given by Leslie Epstein at a conference on the Holocaust held in April at Millersville University in Pennsylvania. Epstein is the author of *King of the Jews* and, most recently, *Goldkorn Tales*. He is director of the creative writing program at Boston University.

I had planned to begin today with the usual expression of gratitude at being asked to be among you, an emotion I genuinely feel. But the events of the last week—our President saying in one breath that the Holocaust must never be forgotten, and adding in the next that he cannot visit a concentration camp because he does not wish to stir up old memories; his further statement that killers are victims no less than those they kill—have caused me to amend my remarks. I want to point out that this kind of befuddlement, this utter lack of an historical imagination, is precisely what I have come here to discuss.

The First World War, Kafka remarked to a friend, was caused by a "monstrous lack of imagination." I want to explore what he meant by that—aside from the inability to foresee a train of consequences or fully empathize with, realize, the claims to life of the other. For that lack of imagination, or disease of the imagination—here I think of a famous plate of Goya's, *Imagination abandoned by Reason produces impossible monsters*—became most acute not in the First World War but during the Second.

Everyone knows the phrase—attributed to

Goering, actually uttered by Hans Johst—"When I hear the word *culture* I reach for my gun." The most ready image of the Third Reich's attitude toward culture is the blaze of bonfires, the burning of books. But the stance was far more complex than mere, or even raging, hostility. A better image, perhaps, would be the Nuremberg rallies, where Albert Speer used searchlight beams, that is, a weapon of war, a tool of publicity, to create a quasi-religious architecture: a Cathedral of Light. When Mussolini's son leaned from his aircraft and remarked upon the bombs bursting below him like flowers, *come fiori*, he was not so much failing to imagine the effects of the shrapnel, the concussion, as—and this is the hallmark of the fascist sensibility—aestheticizing them, turning them, as his father sought to turn war itself, into something beautiful.

Here is another familiar quotation:

If the radiance of a thousand suns  
were to burst into the sky,  
that would be like  
the splendor of the Mighty One

The words are Robert Oppenheimer's, recalling the *Bhagavad Gita*, and the splendor belonged to the largest of all blossoms, the test blast at Alamogordo, whose unfolding in fact presaged the end of that same worldwide war. But Oppenheimer is not Mussolini *figlio*, nor Goya's thoughtless dreamer. An instant after the initial blast, as the cloud of dust and debris rose over ground zero, another line from the epic formed in his mind:

I am become Death, the shatterer of worlds

He knew well enough that something like that light would be the last gleam man would see on this earth.



In a sense this is precisely what popular culture lacks: the ability to have second thoughts, the will to join reason to imagination. Consider the difference between Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and the film that Francis Ford Coppola based on it, *Apocalypse Now*. In each work the narrator—Marlowe in the novel, Martin Sheen in the film—goes on a journey upriver and back in time, and is confronted by the terrible secret that an earlier traveler (Kurtz in the book, Marlon Brando on screen) discovered and was consumed by. For Conrad it is the revelation that lies at the center of nineteenth-century literature (and twentieth-century politics): "Anything, anything can be done in this country"; while for Coppola the terrible secret is that war is happiness. The significant distinction between the two works is that while each narrator struggles to free himself from what Conrad calls "the temptation of the abomination," Marlowe succeeds and Sheen succumbs, becoming in the end—the ritual dance before the act of murder, the ballet of helicopters to the music of Wagner—infected by the very psychopathology of horror he set out to overcome. There is, in brief, something in the nature of mass culture, particularly film, something to do with the way we must believe what we see—the absence, then, of doubt, of thoughtfulness—that makes it difficult for the camera not to fall in love with whatever surfaces pass before its all-approving, never winking eye: even if what is caressed and beautified is violence, war, death itself.

The books the Germans burned, the paintings they mocked in their Exhibition of Degenerate Art, the music they banned from concert halls, even the humorous sketches they took off the radio, were in the main the work of Jews or representative of what the Germans called "the destructive Jewish spirit." It is of course absurd to say that by exterminating the Jews, the Nazis were attempting to eliminate Jewish art; but it is far from senseless to claim that these oppressors had, by a peculiar twist of thought, come to identify the Jews with some quality of imagination, and that in creating a world without one they were attempting to confirm the possibility of living without the other. I do not wish here to portray in any detail what that world, and its culture, was like. Blood and kitsch describes it well: the aesthetics of violence and the exaltation of joy; the *frisson* of murder together with the idolization of family life, the folk, the state, the leader; the uniting of the saccharine and the grotesque; the joining of the most modern technology to ancient ritual and pagan rhythms. The entire landscape, in which, finally, the virtues of the warrior replaced the values of the artist, is best captured in Karl Kraus's brilliant witticism: "When Herr Furtwängler or Herr

Strauss raise their right hands," he said of those two quite accommodating leaders of the Vienna Opera, "one cannot be sure it is to conduct."

It was Kraus, too, who best diagnosed that acute symptom of the diseased imagination, the literalization of language. If in some sense civilization began when a man settled for screaming at his enemy instead of stoning him to death, then the task for the Third Reich was to turn words back into rocks: that is to say, to drain them of their imagistic and metaphorical properties. This was perhaps most nearly accomplished in the singing of the Horst Wessel song, in which the language of Jewish blood spurting under the knife was all too often, all too soon, followed by actual blood spilled upon the pavements. It was Kraus who first noted how amazing it was that power politicians used phrases like "holding a knife to the throat" or "shutting his mouth for him" or "shaking a fist at him"—the surprise being that such people were still speaking at all. The plain fact was, as in his famous example of "pouring salt in the wounds," these were no longer figures of speech: the Nazi, as a kind of joke, did force a man's bloody hand into a bag of salt, and the language once used "to indicate the terrible reminder of a loss, the stirring from without of an inner pain," was destroyed by being taken literally.

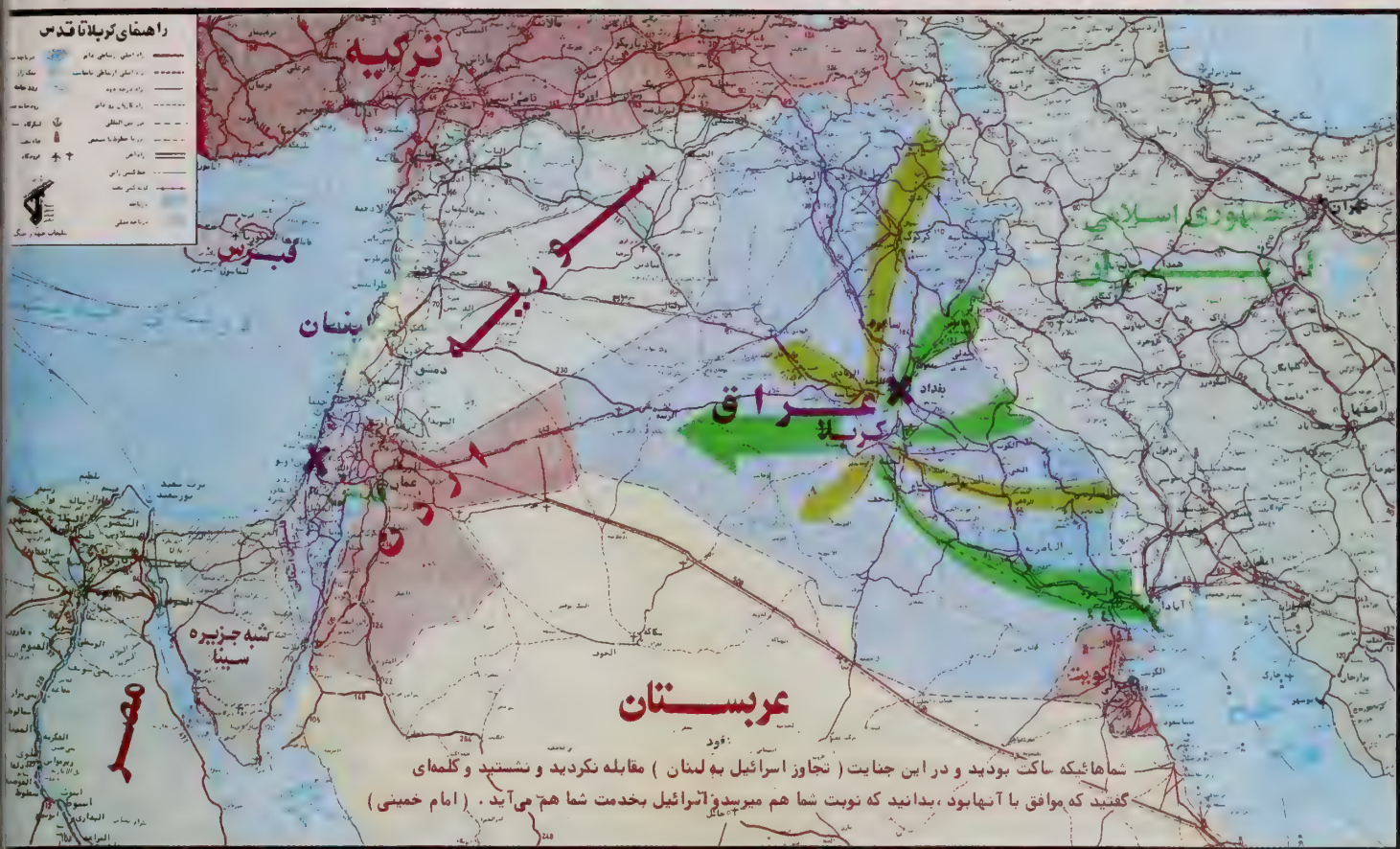
What we have here—and it lies close to the center of the purpose of the Third Reich—is the undoing of Abraham and Isaac, first the imaginative re-enactment that is inseparable from the telling of the tale, and then the symbolic prohibition against human sacrifice that it represents: no more stories, only the thing, the victim, itself. This lack of patience, this absence of mediation—whether it be an image, a thought, a doubt, a symbol—between impulse and action, is perhaps what Hannah Arendt was getting at when she spoke of the essential shallowness of evil: "possessing neither depth nor dimension . . . spreading like a fungus on the surface." It turns out that literalness is a burden. Men stagger under it, stutter over it, and grope in confusion. "Banality," of course, is Arendt's more celebrated word for this species of mindlessness, and by it she meant precisely a "lack of imagination," an inability to realize what one is doing. She by no means limited this phenomenon to Eichmann, or Himmler, or even German society. Let me quote from my own discussion of her great essay "Organized Guilt and Universal Responsibility":

...with the gradual transformation of the "citoyen" [by whom Arendt means "a responsible member of society, interested in all public affairs"] into the "bourgeois," European history had essen-



در آنروز (آخر الزمان) بهترین جا «بیت المقدس» است و البته زمانی بر مردم بیاید که هر کس آرزو کند که از ساکنان آنجا باشد. امام علی (ع)

باید برای آزادی «قدس» از سلسله‌های متکی بر ایمان استفاده شود. (امام خمینی)



اسرائیل باید از صفحه روزگار محو شود. (امام خمینی)

ما از رهبری (امام خمینی) تعلیم می‌بینیم که اگر جان خود را فدای او کنیم سزاوار است. جوانان مسلمان لبنان

According to the Iraqi government, copies of this map were found in the hands of Iranian Revolutionary Guards captured this spring in Iraq. The Iraqis have distributed it to Western media as proof that Khomeini aspires to establish an Islamic empire. The arrows indicate that Khomeini plans to conquer Baghdad, then Jerusalem and Saudi Arabia. The border text is made up largely of quotations from the Imam on the need to destroy Israel. Whether the map is Iranian propaganda designed to inspire its troops, or Iraqi disinformation designed to enlist the West in its cause, is not known.

tially produced a criminal, who, "for the sake of his pension, his life insurance, the security of his wife and children... was prepared to do literally anything." The family man became the mob man and finally the hangman.

There are signs enough of the persistence of this disease. The testimony at the recent trial of the killers of Jerzy Popieluszko, the pro-Solidarity Polish priest, was as farcical and dismaying as anything that occurred at the Eichmann proceedings. In the course of his testimony, one of the defendants developed an apparently genuine stammer and his blood pressure rose so high that the court had to be recessed. In the end, all he could offer by way of explaining how a plan merely to hold the priest overnight in order to scare him had turned into beating, strangulation, and murder was this: "It was beyond my understanding. It seemed we were overstepping the bounds of our assignment." The second defendant, who until the night of the murder had "never hit anyone in his adult life," was no less

baffled. Here is the account of his testimony in the *New York Times*:

He said he could not respond to the court's urging for logical explanations because in this case there was no logic. "You would have to experience it to understand it," he said. He added that as he and his two lieutenants set out to seize the priest he would never have imagined that he could hit a bound man. When he told of hitting a priest with a stick after first forcing him out of his car he declared: "This was the beginning of the whole catastrophe. I do not know how this happened."

And when he described an event that happened a few minutes later, the beating of the priest in a parking lot in Torun, he came close to tears. "He fell on his back. I said I cannot touch him, do something with him. I have fear before the body."

He added that the priest would not have suffered a single blow if all had gone according to plan.

As Arendt said of the trial in Jerusalem, "Such remoteness from reality and such thoughtless-



ness can wreak more havoc than all the evil instincts taken together."

Return for a moment to the undoing of Abraham and Isaac. What fascism repudiates most specifically in that tale is the power of faith. Auschwitz, as George Steiner and, before him, Arendt have noted, is a result of the inability to believe any longer in what Western man had banished to—and nourished in—the underground, that is, the deep, unconscious sources of the imagination. Arendt: "Suddenly it becomes evident that things which for thousands of years the human imagination had banished to a realm beyond human competence can be manufactured right here on earth." And Steiner: "The concentration and death camps of the twentieth century, wherever they exist, under whatever regime, are *Hell made immanent*. They are the transference of Hell from below the earth to its surface." In other words, possessing the same fantasies, the same psychological needs, but without the power of belief or imagination, man in our century has no choice but to make his metaphors literal, to turn the images of sulfur and flame and vast human masses—tortured, laboring, eternally damned—into actual stone and concrete, real fire and smoke, palpable flesh and blood.

Perhaps we are ready to ask, once again, Why the Jews? After all, they are perhaps the one Western people who did not hold a vision of hell, of a tortured afterlife, in their unconscious. Could it be that their sin was to take the great imaginative leap, to comprehend, to form, out of the whirlwind, in the midst of the burning bush, the I AM THAT I AM? Let us put that proposition the other way round, which is what Coleridge did when he spoke of the primary imagination as "repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation in the infinite I Am." For the Jews, in spite of all their backsliding, in spite of being warned not to endanger their faith in the unknowable, the ineffable, by further image-making (a commandment they have rebelled against ever since)—the Jews have retained in their finite minds a belief in the infinite. And so, when that belief became no longer tenable, when the supreme fiction, *which is that we matter*, became a rebuke to the age's countervailing faith, *which was that everything is possible*, then those finite minds, and all that they held within them, had to be eliminated. Only one belief—and that, unbelief—could be tolerated. Genocide, then, is the crime against the imagining of God, and God's imagination: against the diversity, the variety, the ilks and kingdoms, the odd, teeming beauty of life. And this is what the world, both victims and victimizers, discovered: when the imagination is destroyed, the unimaginable happens.

[Letter]

## GUATEMALA: THE PRICE OF PROTEST

*From a March 30 letter written by María del Rosario Godoy de Cuevas, a Guatemalan human-rights activist, to her mother-in-law in Costa Rica. Godoy, twenty-four, was secretary of the Support Group for Families of the Detained and Disappeared. Her husband, Carlos, also an activist, disappeared in May 1984. Two weeks before the letter was sent, General Oscar Mejía Víctores, the country's ruler, told reporters: "To take steps toward the reappearance alive of the disappeared is a subversive act, and measures will be adopted to deal with it." Six days after sending this letter, Godoy, along with her three-year-old son, Augusto Rafael, and her twenty-one-year-old brother, was found dead in a ravine outside Guatemala City.*

I am taking advantage of this chance to send you news. I hope you are all well, especially Gabrielita. I want to tell you so many things, and I will try not to let anything escape from my memory.

Once again, on March 19, I had news of Carlos. They say he is one of a very special group of ten people that the government is keeping together. I do not know where. Word is also going around about a surprise from the government. The bad part is that we don't know if that refers to the government returning people or eliminating us, the leadership of the Support Group.

I'm nearly going crazy. The last ten months have been enough to make me put a gun to my head. I can't think of anything more to do. The days go by so quickly and the nights so slowly that I'd like to disappear from the map. I wish I'd never become part of this nightmare. I look at Augusto Rafael and my desperation increases. His tiny eyes beg me tearfully for peace and a happy, stable home. What I'm going through right now is horrible. I think only of Carlos and how to get him out of there. I think of nothing else. I will never, never give up until I find my Chubby, and I think you feel the same way.

I'm sending you a letter the Support Group is mailing to the international community. It announces plans for a demonstration on April 13 and reports that five detained people are definitely known to be still alive (among these is Carlos). Also in the letter are statements by Mejía Víctores in which he slanders the Support Group, claiming that we are financed by the guerrillas and that we are subversives because we are whistle-blowers and give away secrets. The regional government has said that if we do not stop our activities we will be arrested

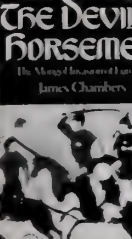
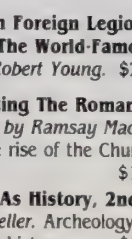
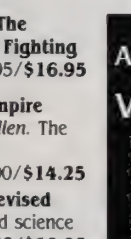

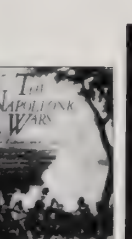
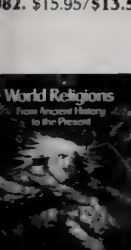

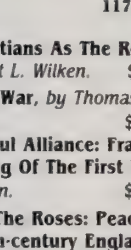



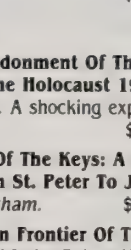
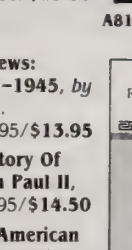


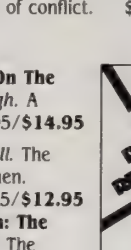
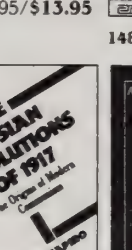
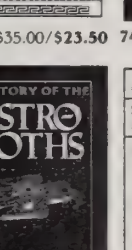


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From the Nation.

and charged with jeopardizing the public order and national security.

Believe me, I don't care about all these threats, since the government has already promised to "shoot us down" if we continue our efforts. But I shall keep on. Either they will return Carlos to me or they will take me too.

We have made the structure of government tremble. They are very angry about the U.N. resolution [in March, the U.N. Commission on Human Rights passed a resolution condemning the Guatemalan government for human-rights violations]. The West German parliament sent representatives to show public solidarity with the Support Group. I need you to tell me what other European countries are thinking of doing, and how I can help.

The Tripartite Commission [convened by the government to investigate the Support Group's charges] seems to have turned in its report to Mejía Víctores, but nothing has been said to us. We have learned through the media that the report has two main conclusions: they did NOT find any disappeared person; and they did NOT find any secret jail.

I'm sending along a tiny little thing for Gabrielita, but it comes with all my love. Now I'm anxiously awaiting your letter and news.

I love you,  
Rosario

[Quotes]

## CHARACTER STUDIES

*Julius Bengtsson, one of Nancy Reagan's hairdressers, offered the following observations in a recent interview with Washington Weekly.*

RONALD REAGAN: "He's really pulled-together. He likes those brown suits, but Mrs. Reagan is trying to get him to wear gray."

NANCY REAGAN: "She has style. Very pulled-together."

GEORGE BUSH: "A very nice man."

BARBARA BUSH: "Very classy lady. I usually don't like gray hair, but it looks great on her."

HELGA ORFILA: "I was in Acapulco with Eva Gabor and her husband on their yacht, and Helga pulled up in a rowboat stacked with Louis Vuitton luggage. Very pulled-together lady."

TED KENNEDY: "Not too pulled-together."

SANDRA O'CONNOR: "She's a nice lady, but not very pulled-together."

JEANE KIRKPATRICK: "Very bright."

TIP O'NEILL: "Too fat. Not pulled-together at all."



## JUDICIAL QUIZ

From a list of questions sent by three members of the Senate Judiciary Committee to Joseph Rodriguez after he had been nominated for a federal judgeship. Rodriguez, a Democrat then serving as New Jersey's Public Advocate, has been the only nominee to receive the questionnaire. He responded to the senators' inquiries by noting that as a federal judge he would be bound by previous Supreme Court rulings, and by suggesting that it would be improper for him to comment on other issues that might come before him. On May 3, Rodriguez's nomination was confirmed by the Senate.

March 26, 1985

Dear Mr. Rodriguez:

As members of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, we are in the process of reviewing your nomination by President Reagan to serve as a judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Jersey. In connection therewith, we are enclosing a list of questions on various legal issues to which we request that you respond within the next thirty (30) days.

Thank you in advance for your attention to this matter. We look forward to receiving your responses.

Sincerely,  
Jeremiah Denton  
John P. East  
Orrin G. Hatch

1. Do you believe that the Constitution guarantees a "right to privacy"? If so, please indicate the constitutional sources of that right, its precise nature, and its limitations.

3(a). In *Roe v. Wade*, the Supreme Court determined that even the "viable" unborn human fetus is not a "person" as that term is used in the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution. Do you believe that a "viable" fetus is a human being? If so, do you agree with the Court's finding that the "viable" fetus is not a "person"? If so, on what basis can a valid constitutional distinction be drawn between a "human being" and a "person"?

(b). Is a child who is born alive after an abortion a "person" under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments? Does the "right to an abortion" that the Court created with its *Roe* decision have any application after a child is born alive as the result of an abortion?

(c). Is a handicapped or severely handicapped child born alive a "person" under the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments to the Constitution?

4. Do you believe that legislation can ever be held to be invalid because those who enacted it did so based on the belief that the conduct proscribed is morally wrong, or that an activity or institution encouraged or helped by the legislation is morally right? What difference to the Administration's case, if any, does it make whether such moral beliefs are based on a belief in the existence of a Supreme Being?

7. On February 7, 1984, the Senate passed S. 1764, a bill which limits the use of the Exclusionary Rule by providing that evidence obtained in a search or seizure and which is otherwise admissible as evidence will not be excluded in a federal trial if the search or seizure was undertaken in a reasonable, good faith belief that it conformed to the Fourth Amendment. Do you believe that there should be any limits placed on the use of the Exclusionary Rule? If so, do you believe that S. 1764 or this type of limitation is appropriate?

8. The First Amendment forbids the establishment of a state religion. The First Amendment also prohibits interference with the free exercise of religion. This second prohibition apparently is often overlooked. Please share with the committee your views on the free exercise clause as it relates to prayer in public schools.

10. The Second Amendment to the Constitution states that "a well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." In light of that constitutional prohibition, to what extent, if any, do you feel that Congress could curtail the right of the people to keep and bear weapons that are of value to common defense?

11. Would you give your present personal position with regard to the Equal Rights Amendment?

12. What did the Supreme Court hold in *Regents of the University of California v. Bakke*, 438 U.S. 265 (1978)? Do you believe that this holding was correct? Why or why not?

13. Do you believe that *Brown v. Board of Education*, 347 U.S. 483 (1954), was correctly decided? What disagreements, if any, do you have with the language and reasoning of the Court's decision in that case?

20. List all memberships and offices held in professional, fraternal, scholarly, civic, business, charitable, and other organizations.

22. List all memberships and offices held in and services rendered to all political parties or election committees during the last ten years.

23. Itemize all political contributions of \$15 or more to any individuals, campaign organizations, political party, political action committee, or similar entity for the past ten years.



[Letter]

## THE ART OF SPECIAL PLEADING

*From a letter sent to Treasury Secretary James Baker by former Missouri Congressman James Symington. Symington is an attorney for the National Hockey League. The Reagan Administration's tax reform plan would limit the ability of businesses to deduct the cost of tickets to sporting events. Businesses purchase 62 percent of all tickets to NHL games played in the United States.*

April 5, 1985

Dear Jim,

I did not get to accompany our client, NHL Commissioner John Ziegler, Wednesday morning to what I hear was a good meeting on the subject of sports ticket deductions. The discussion, as I understand it, centered on the "fair-

ness" concept, as well as statistical projections, revenue impact, etc. . . . I have a thought too theoretical to surface at a clock-watching meeting of "bottom-line" professionals in the august presence of the Secretary.

It is this: Society has long accepted that certain community facilities and activities merit tax-deductible contributions—art museums and symphonies, for example. Businesses are encouraged to contribute to these entities, and they do so, not out of pure altruism but out of a mixture of motives, including enhancement of the public's perception of the business and the applicable tax treatment. Why this special attention to art and music? Because they are deemed to nourish and elevate the human spirit, and to reflect the ideals of civilization. . . . What about sport? Does it, should it, occupy a lesser place on the scale of human need, and in the life and spirit of human communities?

One of the lessons and legacies of Athens is its emphasis on the Games, on the challenge of excellence on a fair field, not just as a sublimation of the warrior instinct or as the moral equivalent of war, but as an opportunity for all to share in, vicariously, to be sure—even as we are drawn into a great work of art or piece of music—the very outer limits of human endeavor and endurance. Sport provides "entertainment" in its narrow sense, yes, but it goes beyond. It reaches something in each individual that inspires him and endows him with a sense of fellowship with like-minded friends and neighbors. If this is so, sport is as deserving of public maintenance as the "other" arts. . . .

Indeed, given the psychic need for sports, it is not inconceivable that in dire times public authorities might encourage corporate donations to producers of sports events; the investment of public funds in sports activities might even be entertained. But government is not likely to be called upon to elicit contributions to sports, much less create bureaucratic mechanisms for channeling public funds into them. Why? Not because the collective wherewithal of average sports fans is sufficient to carry the load—not at all. But because a valid mechanism exists in the form of the tax treatment of corporate ticket purchases.

This device avoids bureaucratic interference; enhances the industry's viability, which is essential to keep it a tax source; stimulates the related economy; and, by the impact of block purchases on ticket prices, puts the games within reach of the pocketbook of the general public. Business, simply by being itself, keeps the sports world healthy and viable. Why disturb this symbiotic cycle, this biome of human behavior in which all are served? Why? Certainly not for the money—\$200 million one year, and

~~TOP SECRET~~      VOL. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 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From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

less each following year. "Fairness"? Fairness compared to what—to martini sippers and the eateries they fancy? No, the fairness of this arrangement must be viewed in relation to activities that make an equivalent contribution to the wider public good, not just those that bring gratification to the few.

All of which is to say, if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

Happy Easter,  
James W. Symington

[Lecture]

## THE FUTURE OF READING

From "Books in an Age of Post-Literacy," a speech delivered by George Steiner as this year's R. R. Bowker Memorial Lecture, an address to book publishers in New York City. The speech was printed in the May 24 Publishers Weekly.

**I**t is hardly necessary for me to cite all the evidence of the depressing state of literacy. These figures from the Department of Education are sufficient: 27 million Americans cannot read at all, and a further 35 million read at a level that is less than sufficient to survive in our society.

But my own worry today is less that of the overwhelming problem of elemental literacy than it is of the slightly more luxurious problem of the decline in the skills even of the middle-class reader, of his unwillingness to afford those spaces of silence, those luxuries of domesticity and time and concentration, that surround the

image of the classic act of reading. It has been suggested that almost 80 percent of America's *literate*, educated teenagers can no longer read without an attendant noise (music) in the background or a television screen flickering at the corner of their field of perception. We know very little about the cortex and how it deals with simultaneous conflicting input, but every common-sense hunch suggests we should be profoundly alarmed. This breach of concentration, silence, solitude goes to the very heart of our notion of literacy; this new form of part-reading, of part-perception against background distraction, renders impossible certain essential acts of apprehension and concentration, let alone that most important tribute any human being can pay to a poem or a piece of prose he or she really loves, which is *to learn it by heart*. Not by brain, by heart; the expression is vital.

Under these circumstances, the question of what future there is for the arts of reading is a real one. Ahead of us lie technical, psychic, and social transformations probably much more dramatic than those brought about by Gutenberg. The Gutenberg revolution as we now know it took a long time; its effects are still being debated. The information revolution will touch every facet of composition, publication, distribution, and reading. No one in the book industry can say with any confidence what will happen to the book as we've known it.

It now looks as if the arts of reading will fall into three distinct categories. The first will continue to be the vast, amorphous mass of reading for distraction, for momentary entertainment—the airport book. I suspect that this kind of reading will more and more involve not cheap paperbacks but cable transmissions to home



[List]

## TIMBUKTU ON \$44 A DAY

*From the June Maximum Travel Per Diem Allowances for Foreign Areas, published monthly by the Allowances Staff of the U.S. State Department. These per diem allowances, given to all government personnel traveling abroad, are "designed to cover the daily reasonable cost of lodging and meals at adequate, suitable, and moderately-priced facilities plus costs for mandatory service charges and taxes, tips, and such necessary incidentals as laundry and dry cleaning."*

Addis Ababa	\$98
Algiers	159
Baghdad	158
Beijing	99
Bombay	112
Buenos Aires	81
Cannes	82
Chittagong, Bangladesh	88
Eniwetok atoll	20
Godthaab, Greenland	63
Grenada	102
Havana	86
Johannesburg	63
Jonestown	136
Kathmandu	63
Kisumu, Kenya	36
Lagos	138
London	118
Moscow	100
Puerto Vallarta	88
Quemoy and Matsu	20
Riyadh	159
San Salvador	66
Tangier	41
Tegucigalpa	96
Timbuktu	44
Tokyo	120
Woomera, Australia	33
Worms, West Germany	40

screens. You will select the book you wish, the speed at which you wish it to be presented on the screen, the speed at which you wish the pages to be turned. Some texts will be read to the viewer by a professional reader. Whether or not the text will appear on the screen as it is being read is an open question.

The second kind of reading will be for information—what De Quincey called "the litera-

ture of knowledge," to distinguish it from fiction, poetry, and drama, which he called "the literature of power." The means to acquire the literature of knowledge—the micro circuit, the silicon chip, the laser disc—will alter our habits beyond anything we can now conceive. "The Library of Babel," the library of all possible libraries that Borges imagined in his fable, will be literally and concretely accessible for personal and institutional use. We will be able to summon it up on a screen, and here the possibility of a basic change in the structures of attention and understanding is almost incommensurable.

What about reading in the old, private, silent sense? This may become as specialized a skill and avocation as it was in the scriptoria and libraries of monasteries during the so-called Dark Ages. We now know these were in fact key ages, radiant in their patience, radiant in their sense of what had to be copied and preserved. Private libraries may once again become as notable and rare as they were when Erasmus and Montaigne were famous for theirs. The habit of furnishing a room, a large room, possibly, with shelves and filling them with books, not paperbacks but bound books; the attempt to collect the complete editions of an author (itself a very special concept) as well as the first editions, not necessarily the rare books of the Morgan Library but the first editions of a modern author, with the hope of owning everything by a writer—good, bad, or indifferent—whom one loves; the ability—above all, the wish—to attend to a demanding text, to master the grammar, the arts of memory, the tactics of repose and concentration that great books demand—these may once more become the practices of an elite, of a mandarinat of silence.

Such a mandarinat, such an elite of book men and book women, will not have the power, the political reach, or the prestige that it had during the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, and almost to the end of the Victorian age. That power almost inevitably will belong to the aliterate. It will belong to the numerate. It will belong increasingly to those who, while technically almost unable to read a serious book and mostly unwilling to do so, can in preadolescence produce software of great delicacy, logical power, and conceptual depth. The power relations are shifting to them, to men and women who, having freed themselves from the heavy burden of actual alphabetic literacy and its constant referential habits, from the fact that almost all great literature refers to other great literature, are *creators*—nonreaders, but creators of a new kind.

Returning home one night, Erasmus is said to have seen a torn piece of print besmirched in





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the mud. As he bent to pick it up, he uttered a cry of joy, overcome by the wonder of the book, by the sheer miracle of what lies behind picking up such a message. Today, in a vast traffic jam on a highway or in a Manhattan grid, we can insert a cassette of the *Missa Solemnis* into a tape deck. We can, via paperbacks and soon cable television, demand, command, and compel the world's greatest, most exigent, most tragic or delightful literature to be served up for us, packaged and cellophanned for immediacy. These are great luxuries. But it is not certain that they really help the constant, renewed miracle that is the encounter with a book.

[Contract]

## CALVIN KLEIN'S OBSESSION

*From the contract between Calvin Klein and model Jose Borain, the "Calvin Klein Girl." Borain appears in advertisements for the designer's fragrance Obsession.*

**A**GREEMENT made as of the 25th day of September 1984 between CALVIN KLEIN INDUSTRIES, INC., a New York corporation (hereinafter called "CK"), and BORAIN ENTERPRISES, LTD., a New York corporation (hereinafter called "Consultant").

In consideration of the mutual covenants contained herein, the parties hereby agree as follows:

1. A. CK hereby retains Consultant and Consultant hereby agrees to be retained by CK and to provide to and for CK the "Services" of its employee, Jose Borain ("Borain"), as a model in all respects which services shall be deemed to include, without limitation, all broadcast advertising, promotion and exploitation (e.g., network, local, cable and closed circuit television, AM & FM radio and cinema), print advertising, promotion and exploitation (e.g., printed hang-tags, labels, containers, packaging, display materials, sales brochures, covers, pictorial, editorial, corporate reports and all other types of promotional print material contained in the media including magazines, newspapers, periodicals and other publications of all kinds), including but not by way of limitation, fashion shows, run-way modeling, retail store trunk shows, individual modeling and other areas of product promotion and exploitation which are or may be considered to be embraced within the concept... of fashion modeling.

4. Consultant shall, and where applicable shall cause Borain to:

A. Keep CK informed of Borain's schedule in the event she travels outside the metropolitan New York area for periods of more than two (2) days consecutively;

B. Maintain Borain's weight, hair style and color and all other features of Borain's physiognomy and physical appearance as they are now or in such other form as CK may, from time to time, reasonably request. Consultant and Borain represent that Borain's current weight level is between 120 and 125 lbs. and CK agrees that Borain's weight up to 130 lbs. will be an acceptable weight pursuant to the provisions hereunder. Illustratively, Borain shall wear hair styles, utilize such make-up and wear such apparel and accessories as CK requests from time to time; use such hair stylists as CK engages or approves; maintain such reasonable physical regimen (including exercise, diet and nutritional programs) as will best enable Borain to perform her Services hereunder; and when requested by CK, consult and comply with the reasonable advice and reasonable recommendations of such physician, exercise coach, hair and make-up stylists and others, etc.;

C. Maintain a personal lifestyle which will, in CK's sole subjective judgment reasonably exercised, be appropriate and most suitable to project an image and persona that reflect the high standards and dignity of the trademark "Calvin Klein" and that do not diminish, impair or in any manner detract from the prestige and reputation of such trademark.

7. A. CK shall pay or cause Consultant to be paid the aggregate sum of one million dollars (\$1,000,000) for all of Borain's Services during the three (3) year term hereunder, i.e., the sum of \$333,333 per year for each employment year during the term of this Agreement....

13. CK may... terminate this Agreement forthwith by written notice to Consultant upon the occurrence, or upon CK's becoming aware of the occurrence, of any one or more of the following events:

A. In the event of Borain's disfigurement or disability, which shall be deemed to mean any illness, accident or other physical or mental impairment which renders her, in the sole subjective judgment of CK reasonably exercised (except with respect to disfigurement or other change in physical appearance which may be exercised solely based on Mr. Klein's sole aesthetic subjective standards), incapable of performing or unqualified to perform her Services whenever required under this Agreement....

B. ... If by reason of [Borain's] deliberate or inadvertent action or conduct she shall come into disrepute or her public reputation shall be-



come degraded or discredited so that the Services she is to provide pursuant hereunder shall, in CK's sole subjective judgment reasonably exercised, have become less valuable to CK in projecting the desired image consistent with the dignity and high standards of the CK tradition. . . .

G. Notwithstanding anything to the contrary herein contained, this Agreement shall terminate automatically and forthwith upon the death of Borain, the bankruptcy or insolvency of Consultant, or the dissolution, liquidation, merger or consolidation of Consultant.

[Fiction]

## HOW TO LOOK AT A NAKED BOSOM

From *Mr. Palomar*, a novel by Italo Calvino, to be published in September by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich as a Helen and Kurt Wolff Book. Translated by William Weaver.

**M**r. Palomar is walking along a lonely beach. He encounters few bathers. One young woman is lying on the sand taking the sun, her bosom bared. Palomar, discreet by nature, looks away at the horizon of the sea. He knows that in such circumstances, at the approach of a strange man, women often cover themselves hastily, and this does not seem right to him: because it is a nuisance for the woman peacefully sunbathing, and because the passing man feels he is an intruder, and because the taboo against nudity is implicitly confirmed; because half-respected conventions spread insecurity and incoherence of behavior rather than freedom and frankness.

And so, as soon as he sees in the distance the outline of the bronze-pink cloud of a naked female torso, he quickly turns his head in such a way that the trajectory of his gaze remains suspended in the void and guarantees his civil respect for the invisible frontier that surrounds people.

But—he thinks as he proceeds and resumes, the moment the horizon is clear, the free movement of his eyeballs—in acting like this, I display a refusal to see; or, in other words, I am finally reinforcing the convention that declares illicit any sight of the breast; that is to say, I create a kind of mental brassiere suspended between my eyes and that bosom, which, from the flash that reached the edge of my visual field, seemed to me fresh and pleasing to the eye. In

other words, my not looking presupposes that I am thinking of that nakedness, worrying about it; and this is basically an indiscreet and reactionary attitude.

Returning from his stroll, Palomar again passes that bather, and this time he keeps his eyes fixed straight ahead, so that his gaze touches with impartial uniformity the foam of the retreating waves, the boats pulled up on shore, the great bath towel spread out on the sand, the swelling moon of lighter skin with the dark halo of the nipple, the outline of the coast in the haze, gray against the sky.

There—he reflects, pleased with himself, as he continues on his way—I have succeeded in having the bosom completely absorbed by the landscape, so that my gaze counted no more than the gaze of a seagull or a hake.

But is this really the right way to act?—he reflects further. Or does it not mean flattening the human person to the level of things, consid-

[Poem]

## SUNDAY NOCTURNE

By August Kleinzahler. From *Storm Over Hackensack*, a new collection of his poems published by Moyer Bell Ltd. in Mt. Kisco, New York.

Red pulse the big jet's lights  
in descent.

The aerial  
on the plumber's duplex shakes.

Along these palisades the crowded  
grids subside.

Tonight  
even lawyers  
and hoods  
approach the foothills of reverie.

No pizza slice for the wayfarer  
at this hour.

Get thee to an inn, sport.

And still more jets,  
dipping.

From Dakar,  
Akron and Samoa.

A gentleman  
in Italian loafers  
disembarks.  
Tomorrow at 1 he will bring  
profound good news  
to a steak joint in Moonachie.



ering it an object, and, worse still, considering as object that which in the person is the specific attribute of the female sex? Am I not perhaps perpetuating the old habit of male superiority, hardened over the years into a habitual insolence?

He turns and retraces his steps. Now, in allowing his gaze to run over the beach with neutral objectivity, he arranges it so that, once the woman's bosom enters his field of vision, a break is noticeable, a shift, almost a darting glance. That glance goes on to graze the taut skin, withdraws, as if appreciating with a slight start the different consistency of the view and the special value it acquires, and for a moment the glance hovers in midair, making a curve that accompanies the swell of the breast from a certain distance, elusively but also protectively, and then runs on as if nothing had happened.

In this way I believe my position is made quite clear—Palomar thinks—with no possible misunderstandings. But couldn't this grazing of his eyes be finally taken for an attitude of superiority, an underestimation of what a breast is and means, as if putting it aside, on the margin, or in parentheses? So, I am relegating the bosom again to the semidarkness where centuries of sexomaniacal puritanism and of desire considered sin have kept it. . . .

This interpretation runs counter to Palomar's best intentions, for though he belongs to a human generation for whom nudity of the female bosom was associated with the idea of amorous intimacy, still he hails approvingly the change in customs, both for what it signifies as the reflection of a more broad-minded society and because this sight in particular is pleasing to him. It is this detached encouragement that he would like to be able to express with his gaze.

He does an about-face. With firm steps he walks again toward the woman lying in the sun. Now his gaze, giving the landscape a fickle glance, will linger on the breast with special consideration, but will quickly include it in an impulse of goodwill and gratitude for the whole, for the sun and the sky, for the bent pines and the dune and the beach and the rocks and the clouds and the seaweed, for the cosmos that rotates around those haloed cusps.

This should be enough to reassure once and for all the solitary sunbather and clear away all perverse assumptions. But the moment he approaches again, she springs up, covers herself with an impatient huff, and goes off, shrugging in irritation, as if she were avoiding the tiresome insistence of a satyr.

The dead weight of an intolerant tradition prevents anyone's properly understanding the most enlightened intentions, Palomar bitterly concludes.

## PARTNERS

*Bob & Ray*—From *The New! Improved! Bob & Ray Book*, by Bob Elliott and Ray Goulding, to be published next month by G.P. Putnam's Sons. The radio sketch below is entitled "The Hobby Hut."

BOB: Now let's pay another visit to the Hobby Hut, the special feature conducted by Neil Clummer, editor of *Wasting Time* magazine. Neil is nationally known as Mr. Hobby himself. I see his guest has arrived, so let's join them. . . .

CLUMMER: Thanks, Bob. . . and greetings hobbyists everywhere. My guest today is Mr. Mulford B. Thaxter of Skokie, Illinois, who's one of the leaders in his field: collecting numbers from places where they ask you to take a number. Right, Mr. Thaxter?

THAXTER: Well, Neil, I'm a little too modest to call myself a leader in the field. But I do have over twelve hundred numbers from places where they ask you to take a number. . . and that's about three times the size of the next largest collection.

CLUMMER: Well, then, I'd certainly say that makes you a leader in your field. And I'm sure our audience would like to know how it all got started.

THAXTER: Like so many great things, it was an accident. One hot summer day about four years ago, I took my little boy, Mulford Jr., to an ice cream parlor near our house. When I saw a thing on the counter that said: "Please take a number to be served," I naturally took one.

CLUMMER: And that was the beginning of your collection, eh?

THAXTER: Not right away, Neil. See, I hadn't planned to keep the number. It was this big plastic one—the kind they use over and over. I just wanted to hear the number called—then I would gladly have given it back.

CLUMMER: Well, something must have happened there to turn you from an ordinary consumer into an avid hobbyist. What was it?

THAXTER: The number I took was 72. And the next one the clerk called was 56. As I say, it was a hot afternoon and the place was crowded—

CLUMMER: And your little boy was whimpering for ice cream—

THAXTER: Yes, that was the real key to the thing. I knew Mulford Jr. couldn't wait until they'd served everybody from 56 to 72. So I



started to put my plastic number back on the rack and leave . . .

CLUMMER: And something stopped you?

THAXTER: Some other people had come in and taken numbers. So that made 75 the next card showing on the rack.

CLUMMER: Presenting the problem of whether to put your number back or just take it with you. So you took it, thus starting your collection.

THAXTER: Right. How did you know? Have I told you this story before?

CLUMMER: No . . . I just guessed that might be the ending. But it's still hard to imagine how you'd get twelve hundred examples of your collection . . . in just four years!

THAXTER: Well, when you just take a number and leave, it doesn't take nearly as long as taking a number and waiting to be served.

CLUMMER: That figures.

THAXTER: Also, I get specimens from other collections all over the world. Like this. It's from a hobbyist in Russia, and the prize of my collection.

CLUMMER: I can see why. The Russians seem to make their number tickets out of woven straw. The number on this one is 2,541—which certainly would indicate that consumers there have to wait longer to be served than we do here.

THAXTER: Yes. The gentleman who sent me this ticket said it came from an auto showroom. I guess they have quite a shortage of new cars there. He wrote that he'd have to wait about four years to be served.

CLUMMER: You know, it's really interesting when numbers have stories like that to go with them.

THAXTER: I'll say. Here's the oldest one I have, dating back to the time of the Oklahoma land rush. It's carved out of wood . . . and the number on it is 1.

CLUMMER: One?

THAXTER: It was used, I'm told, in a remote area where the storekeeper only had two customers. So he only needed one ticket—in case he was serving a customer . . . and the other one came in.

CLUMMER: That's ridiculous, Mr. Thaxter.

THAXTER: I know. I made up that story. You said they were interesting!!

CLUMMER: I'm sure the viewers appreciate your effort to make the collection seem more interesting than it is . . . and thanks for being with us in the Hobby Hut! Have a good day—and find a good hobby! Everyone?

*Gilbert & George—Day and Night, by Gilbert and George, appears in a traveling exhibition of the English artists' "photo-pieces" that was organized by the Baltimore Museum of Art. Gilbert and George began their collaboration in 1967.*



[Fiction]

## ON PARKING LOTS

*From Tracer, a novel by Frederick Barthelme, published this month by Simon and Schuster.*

The atrium was empty and the water in the pool was still, reflecting the ceiling lights. I looked for a minute, then thought I'd go outside. I sat on one of the chairs out there, scanning the landscape, taking in the peculiar bluish light. The horse on the beach seemed as if it was leaning to one side. I started to go across the street and take a look, but I lost interest as soon as I hit the beach, so I came back and walked around the abandoned Tastee Freeze. There were lots of bugs inside the building. From the parking lot I could see in through the glass end of the SeaSide atrium. A couple of people were walking around inside, and that reminded me of sitting in the parking lot at the mall near our house, waiting for Alex to finish shopping. I always liked parking lots, especially



big ones at dusk, or at night, the way they look, all that open space, the glass in the cars shining, reflecting the lights; different kinds of lots, landscaped ones with cars on different levels, slopes painted with bright directions, boxed trees plump and squat, and wide open ones that stretch hundreds of yards in every direction, punctuated with store signs in harsh colors and careful letters, or curious, circus-like letters that sizzle against dark buildings, or ink-blue sky; and they're wonderful when it rains, or when it has rained, they're even better than usual because of the way the light splinters and glitters all over the place, and because of how things sound, how it sounds on a cool night when a car rolls through a puddle nearby, or when two or three shoppers walk past, talking, their voices distinct but not quite decipherable, or when there's a breeze going in fits across the blacktop, blowing paper cups in manic half-circles, dragging crumpled cardboard boxes, rolling a soft-drink bottle. And the look of dark shapes coming out of the buildings, coats flapping, hair blown, noisy packages at their sides. Or when the lots are almost empty, very late at night, when most of the stores are closed and a few cars dot this flat place with its hundred painted spines, and the cars are in groups, a few here under the light, two by the drugstore entrance, a line of a half-dozen there at the edge of the lot. And when it's cold and the motor's

running, and some driver obviously waiting on someone drives slowly through the lot, his path a nonsense of backtracks, circles, weavings through the parked cars, his exhaust powdering the air as he goes.

[Short Story]

## NO ONE'S A MYSTERY

By Elizabeth Tallent. "No One's a Mystery" has appeared in the Cincinnati Enquirer and Newsday under the auspices of the PEN Syndicated Fiction Project. The program, which is sponsored jointly by PEN and the National Endowment for the Arts, selects 100 stories each year (from about 2,000 entries) to distribute to newspapers, with the goal of expanding the audience for short stories. Tallent's novel, *Museum Pieces*, was recently published by Knopf.

For my eighteenth birthday Jack gave me a five-year diary with a latch and a little key, light as a dime. I was sitting beside him scratching at the lock, which didn't seem to want to work, when he thought he saw his wife's Cadillac in the distance, coming toward us. He pushed me down onto the dirty floor of the pickup and kept one hand on my head while I inhaled the musk of his cigarettes in the dashboard ashtray and sang along with Rosanne Cash on the tape deck. We'd been drinking tequila and the bottle was between his legs, resting up against his crotch, where the seam of his Levi's was bleached linen-white, though the Levi's were nearly new. I don't know why his Levi's always bleached like that, along the seams and at the knees. In a curve of cloth his zipper glinted, gold.

"It's her," he said. "She keeps the lights on in the daytime. I can't think of a single habit in a woman that irritates me more than that." When he saw that I was going to stay still he took his hand from my head and ran it through his own dark hair.

"Why does she?" I said.

"She thinks it's safer. Why does she need to be safer? She's driving exactly fifty-five miles an hour. She believes in those signs: 'Speed Monitored by Aircraft.' It doesn't matter that you can look up and see that the sky is empty."

"She'll see your lips move, Jack. She'll know you're talking to someone."

"She'll think I'm singing along with the radio."

He didn't lift his hand, just raised the fingers in salute while the pressure of his palm steadied the wheel, and I heard the Cadillac honk twice,



From Mother Jones.



musically; he was driving easily eighty miles an hour. I studied his boots. The elk heads stitched into the leather were bearded with frayed thread, the toes were scuffed, and there was a compact wedge of muddy manure between the heel and the sole—the same boots he'd been wearing for the two years I'd known him. On the tape deck Rosanne Cash sang, "Nobody's into me, no one's a mystery."

"Do you think she's getting famous because of who her daddy is or for herself?" Jack said.

"There are about a hundred pop tops on the floor, did you know that? Some little kid could cut a bare foot on one of these, Jack."

"No little kids get into this truck except for you."

"How come you let it get so dirty?"

"How come," he mocked. "You even sound like a kid. You can get back into the seat now, if you want. She's not going to look over her shoulder and see you."

"How do you know?"

"I just know," he said. "Like I know I'm going to get meat loaf for supper. It's in the air. Like I know what you'll be writing in that diary."

"What will I be writing?" I knelt on my side of the seat and craned around to look at the butterfly of dust printed on my jeans. Outside the window Wyoming was dazzling in the heat. The wheat was fawn and yellow and parted smoothly by the thin dirt road. I could smell the water in the irrigation ditches hidden in the wheat.

"Tonight you'll write, 'I love Jack. This is my birthday present from him. I can't imagine anybody loving anybody more than I love Jack.'"

"I can't."

"In a year you'll write, 'I wonder what I ever really saw in Jack. I wonder why I spent so many days just riding around in his pickup. It's true he taught me something about sex. It's true there wasn't ever much else to do in Cheyenne.'"

"I won't write that."

"In two years you'll write, 'I wonder what that old guy's name was, the one with the curly hair and the filthy dirty pickup truck and time on his hands.'"

"I won't write that."

"No?"

"Tonight I'll write, 'I love Jack. This is my birthday present from him. I can't imagine anybody loving anybody more than I love Jack.'"

"No, you can't," he said. "You can't *imagine* it."

"In a year I'll write, 'Jack should be home any minute now. The table's set—my grandmother's linen and her old silver and the yellow candles left over from the wedding—but I don't know if I can wait until after the trout à la Navarra to make love to him.'"

"It must have been a fast divorce."

"In two years I'll write, 'Jack should be home by now. Little Jack is hungry for his supper. He said his first word today besides "Mama" and "Papa." He said "kaka."'"

Jack laughed. "He was probably trying to finger-paint with kaka on the bathroom wall when you heard him say it."

"In three years I'll write, 'My nipples are a little sore from nursing Eliza Rosamund.'"

"Rosamund. Every little girl should have a middle name she hates."

"Her breath smells like vanilla and her eyes are just Jack's color of blue.'"

"That's nice," Jack said.

"So, which one do you like?"

"I like yours," he said. "But I believe mine."

"It doesn't matter. I believe mine."

"Not in your heart of hearts, you don't."

"You're wrong."

"I'm not wrong," he said. "And her breath would smell like your milk, and it's kind of a bittersweet smell, if you want to know the truth."

[Essay]

## ODE TO 7-ELEVEN

From "Thank Heaven for 7-11," by Henry Rollins, in the June issue of *Spin*, a new music magazine published in New York. Rollins is lead singer for Black Flag, a Los Angeles band.

Look, I don't know you, you don't know me, we don't go to the same parties, never tubbed together. I know you think I'm some kind of weirdo, but listen . . . I bet, just bet, you and I have one thing in common, one thing that unites us, one thing that will allow us to look each other in the eye and feel right. Yes, friend . . . 7-Eleven. They're in your town, they're in my town, we have both seen the orange, white, and green beacon against the night sky. What's your thing? Coffee, video games, microwave food? You want somethin'? They got somethin' you want, and that is good.

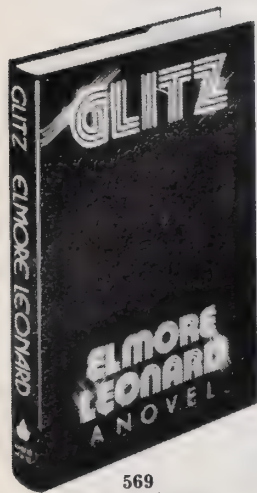
I joined Black Flag in the summer of 1981 and started touring 7-Elevens all through the United States and Canada. Things that spring to mind—Austin, Texas, near the university hospital: if you get in the right spot, you can see three 7-Elevens at once; I can proudly say that I have been to all three. Edmonton, Canada: two 7-Elevens open right across the street from each other. Needless to say, I checked out both.

Here's a little story for you from my journal.



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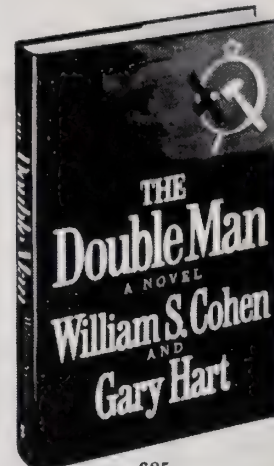
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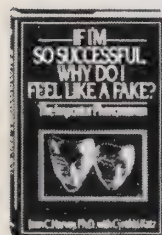
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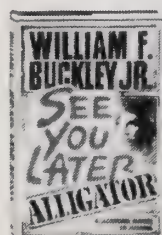
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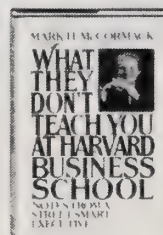
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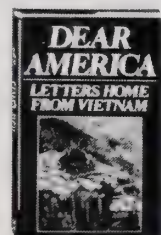
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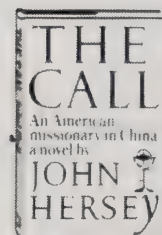
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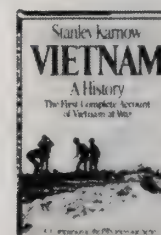
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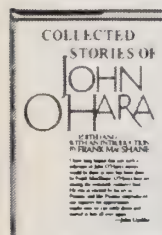
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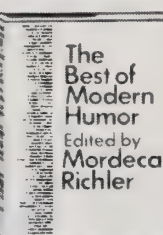
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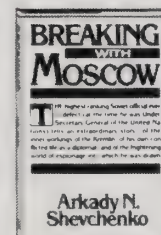
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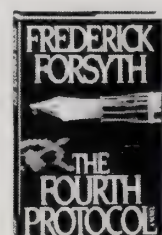
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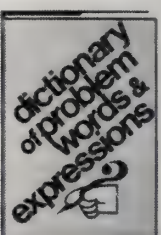
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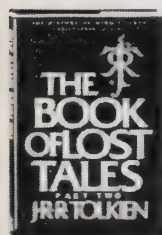
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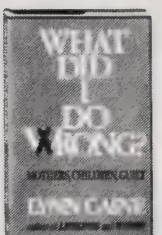
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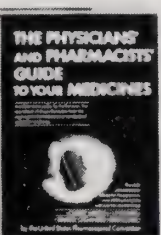
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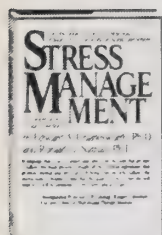
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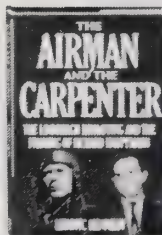
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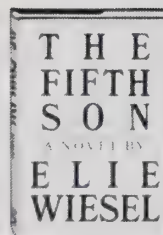
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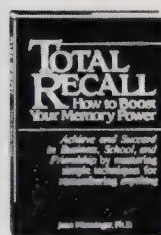
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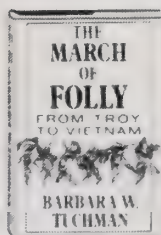
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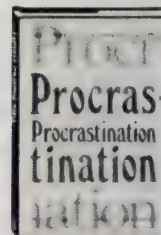
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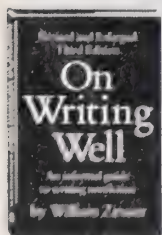
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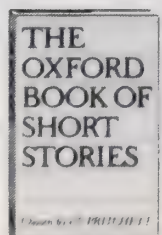
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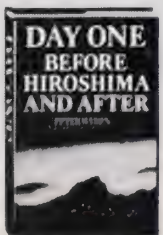
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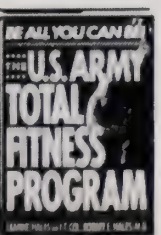
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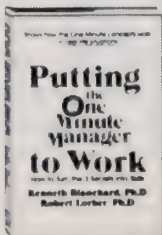
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1/30/85, Hermosa Beach, California: "I wonder if the people who work the graveyard shift at the 7-Eleven on Artesian and Prospect are cops. They probably get in real good with the students at Mira Costa High and then try and bust them for pot or something. You go in there and tell me what you think. Maybe 7-Elevens are headquarters for police surveillance!"

Here's another 7-Eleven story from Southern California, but it might as well be from Madison, Wisconsin... 2/13/85, Hermosa Beach, California: "Saw a kid rip off a *Creem* magazine from the 7-Eleven on Artesian and Felton. Slick mover, that kid. He bent down, lifted his pant leg, and bailed out of the store. Kids hanging out wearing Iron Maiden T-shirts and playing video games; someday, they will stand behind the counter. Now it's just a dream. Isn't it everybody's dream? To don that orange and beige smock, to stand with your feet planted solidly, facing front proudly, turning only to fill an order for a Big Gulp or a Slurpee? (Oh, 7-Eleven man, it's 4:00 A.M.—who can we turn to now but you?) 7-Eleven is the pulsebeat of America. I think Bruce Springsteen should do a song about a 7-Eleven in Asbury Park, New Jersey, but write it in such a way that all America's youth can identify and slurp along with the Boss. Hail the Boss! Hail 7-Eleven!"

I gotta ask ya—what happens to people? They turn New Wave, they move away, they mate, they take drugs, they watch TV, they get in car crashes, they get lucky, they get stabbed, they get rich, they go crazy, they go to Philadelphia and never return, etc. O.K., the girls and boys in Beverly Hills are no different from the ones in Harlem. They may smile a little more, but they have the same needs. Fine, there are no sushi bars in the ghetto and no pawnshops in the land of "charge it" youth, but there is 7-Eleven. You notice that I didn't say, "There are 7-Elevens." I meant that. 7-Eleven is more than a store, more than an institution, more than a way of life. It's—it's totally cosmic, dude. Like, bigger than *Thriller*.

At this point you're probably asking yourself, "What's this slob getting at and what does he want from me?" What I'm getting at is this: in this age of trials and tribulations, of terror and turmoil of the soul, we need some common bond, a thing we can share, a place we can go to still the agitated waters of our hearts. Friends, it's bigger than both of us. No, not Prince, not U.S. Steel: 7-Eleven. How many people can you depend on seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day? Cyndi Lauper? Nastassja Kinski? Do they have a sixteen-ounce coffee with your name on it? They wouldn't even give me the time of day, much less a crack at their Pac-Man machine. Friends, the answer is a simple one—

it's 7-Eleven. The panacea, the common chord that resonates deep within all of us, is 7-Eleven. That's why 7-Elevens are springing up all over, rising to the cries of a nation that needs to feel good about itself again. Brothers and sisters, salvation is at hand.

[Social History]

## EYE GOUGING IN THE BACKWOODS

From "'Gouge and Bite, Pull Hair and Scratch': The Social Significance of Fighting in the Southern Backcountry," by Elliott J. Gorn, in the *American Historical Review*, February 1985. Gorn is director of the American studies program at Miami University in Ohio and the author of *The Manly Art: American Bare-Knuckle Prize Fighting*, forthcoming from Cornell University Press.

"I would advise You when You do fight Not to act like Tygers and Bears as these Virginians do—Biting one anothers Lips and Noses off, and *gouging* one another—that is, thrusting out one anothers Eyes, and kicking one another on the Cods, to the Great damage of many a Poor Woman." Thus, Charles Woodmason, an itinerant Anglican minister born of English gentry stock, described the brutal form of combat he found in the Virginia backcountry shortly before the American Revolution.

The development of Southern backwoods brawling from the late eighteenth century through the antebellum era can be reconstructed from legends and travelers' accounts. The sources are often problematic, and some speculation is required. But the lives of common people should not be ignored merely because there are few records. "To feel for a feller's eyestrings and make him tell the news" was not just mayhem but an act freighted with both social and cultural significance.

The golden age of backwoods brawling occurred in the early nineteenth century. It was then that men sought original labels for their brutal style of fighting. "Rough-and-tumble," or simply "gouging," replaced "boxing" as the name for their contests. Before two bruisers attacked each other, spectators might demand to know whether they proposed to fight fair—according to Broughton's Prize Ring Rules—or rough-and-tumble. In the latter case, honor dictated that all techniques be permitted.

The emphasis on maximum disfigurement—on severing body parts—made this fighting style unique. Gouging out an opponent's eye





From *The Colossus of Roads: Myth and Symbol Along the American Highway*, a study of roadside sculpture by Karal Ann Marling, published by the University of Minnesota Press. Paul Bunyan and Babe the Blue Ox stand on Route 2 in Bemidji, Minnesota.

was the highest achievement of rough-and-tumble fighting, much like the knockout punch in modern boxing. To this end, celebrated heroes fired their fingernails hard, honed them sharp, and oiled them slick. "‘You have come off badly this time, I doubt?’ asked an alarmed passerby on seeing the piteous condition of a renowned fighter. ‘Have I?’ says he triumphantly shewing from his pocket at the same time an eye, which he had extracted during the combat, and preserved for a trophy."

By the early nineteenth century, rough-and-tumble fighting had generated its own folklore. Horror mingled with awe when residents of the Ohio Valley pointed out one-eyed individuals to visitors, when New Englanders referred to an empty eye socket as a "Virginia Brand," when North Carolinians related stories of mass rough-and-tumbles that covered the ground with eyeballs, and when Kentuckians told of battles royal after which severed eyes, ears, and noses filled bushel baskets. Place names like Fighting Creek and Gouge Eye perpetuated the memory of heroic encounters, and it was said that in some counties every third man wanted an eye.

Many backwoods legends have a surreal quality as a result of this sadistic violence. In one, two Mississippi raftsmen engaged in ritual boasts and insults after one accidentally nudged

the other toward the water, wetting his shoes. Cheered on by their respective gangs, they stripped off their shirts and began to pummel each other, knocking out teeth and wearing skin off each other's faces. The older combatant asked if his opponent had had enough. "Yes," he was told, "when I drink your heart's blood, I'll cry enough, and not till then." The younger man gouged out one of the other man's eyes. Just as quickly, his opponent was on top, strangling his adversary. But in a final reversal of fortunes, the would-be victor cried out and then rolled over dead, a stab wound in his side. Protected by his clique, the winner jumped in the water, swam to a river island, and crowed: "Ruoo-ruoo-o! I can lick a steamboat. My fingernails is related to a sawmill on my mother's side and my daddy was a double breasted catamount! I wear a hoop snake for a neck-handkerchief, and the brass buttons on my coat have all been boiled in poison."

**F**oreign travelers might exaggerate and backwoods storytellers embellish, but eye-gouging matches really occurred. Circuit Court Judge Aedamus Burke could barely contain his astonishment while presiding in South Carolina's upcountry: "Before God, gentlemen of the jury, I never saw such a thing before in the



world. There is a plaintiff with an eye out! A juror with an eye out! And two witnesses with an eye out!" If the "ringtailed roarers" did not actually breakfast on stewed Yankee, washed down with spike nails, court records from Sumner County, Arkansas, do describe assault victims with the words "nose was bit." The gamest "gamecock of the wilderness" never really moved steamboat engines by grinning at them, but Reuben Cheek did receive a three-year sentence in the Tennessee penitentiary for gouging out William Maxey's eye. Most backcountrymen went to the grave with their faces intact, just as most of the Southern gentry never fought a duel. Even so, rough-and-tumble fighting gives us insight into the values and assumptions—the *mentalité*—of backwoods life.

To understand the culture and the society that nourished rough-and-tumble fighting we must first look at the details of everyday life and the nature of daily work. Gamblers, hunters, herders, roustabouts, rivermen, and yeomen farmers were the sorts of people usually associated with gouging. Such hallmarks of modernity as large-scale production, the complex division of labor, and regular work rhythms were alien to their lives. These men were often separated from their wives and children for long periods of time. The men in the frontier towns and crossroads taverns had limited exposure to the civilizing role of women or the emotional experience of the bourgeois family. On the margins of a booming, modernizing society, they shared an intensely communal yet fiercely competitive way of life.

In this environment, male honor found fertile soil. Backwoodsmen craved one another's esteem, and any slight might lead to violence as they sought to uphold their reputations and prove their prowess among peers. The Southern upcountry fostered a particular style of honor, growing out of the social contradiction between equality and hierarchy, a contradiction in which plain folk were caught. All white men were taught to consider themselves equals and to compete for power and status, yet they were confronted from below with the specter of servitude, and from above with the gentry's insistence on obedience to rank and authority. Excluded from upper-class tests of honor, backcountry people adopted their own.

A rough-and-tumble was more than a poor man's duel, a botched version of genteel combat. Plain folk chose not to ape the dispassionate, antiseptic style of the gentry but to invert it. The gentleman's code of honor insisted on cool restraint, while eye gougers gloried in unvarnished brutality. In contrast to duelists' aloof silence, backwoods fighters screamed defiance to the world. Rough-and-tumble matches al-

lowed backcountry men to shout their equality at one another. Ritual boasts, soaring oaths, outrageous ferocity, unflinching bloodiness—all this proved a man's freedom. Where the slave acted obsequiously, the backwoodsman resisted the slightest affront; where human chattels accepted blows and never raised a hand, plain folk celebrated violence; where blacks could not jeopardize their value as property, poor whites proved their autonomy by risking their bodies. Gouging matches helped resolve the painful uncertainties arising from the ambiguous place of plain folk in the Southern social structure.

**E**ye-gouging continued long after the antebellum period. But as the market economy expanded, the way of life that had supported rough-and-tumble fighting waned. By mid-century, when increasing international demand was bringing more upcountry acres into production, the number of incidents had declined. Towns, schools, churches, and families gradually took over the backwoods; keelboats gave way to steamers and then railroads, squatters to cash-crop farmers, hunters and trappers to preachers. The plain folk code of honor was far from dead, but emerging social institutions engendered an ethos that warred against the old ways. For many individuals, it became harder to justify personal violence, and mayhem became unacceptable.

But progress had a darker side. New technologies and modes of production also enhanced men's fighting abilities. In 1835, the first modern revolver appeared, and in the following decade manufacturers marketed cheap, accurate models. Dueling weapons had once been costly, and Kentucky rifles and horse pistols took a full minute to load and prime. The revolver, however, which fit neatly into a man's pocket, was used to settle more and more disputes. Raw and brutal as rough-and-tumble fighting was, it could not survive the use of arms.

With the improved weaponry of the antebellum era, dueling entered its golden age. Armed combat was still both an expression of the gentry's sensibility and a mark of social rank. But in a society where status was always shifting, dueling did not remain confined to the upper class. The carrying of weapons, once considered a sign of unmanly fear, lost some of its stigma. In the backcountry, gunplay rather than tooth-and-nail fighting began to appeal to men with social aspirations. Thus, progress and technology slowly circumscribed rough-and-tumble fighting, only to substitute a deadlier way of testing honor. Violence grew neater and more lethal as men checked their savagery in order to murder one another. ■



# WILL BOOKS SURVIVE?

**T**he book, never a staple American product, seems destined to become a rare and precious object intended only for the cognoscenti who still know how to read. Although American publishers last year brought out 40,000 new titles, the vast majority of them, ignored by the great spotlight of publicity, were seen by almost nobody but the author and his twelve closest friends. Confronted by the declining literacy of young Americans and increasing competition from cable television, videocassettes, and personal computers, publishers are turning their attention to audio and video "books."

More and more, bookstores are giving over their scarce space to objects that, whatever their virtues, are not books. The archetypal "struggling author" must now struggle not only to be published but to be promoted, distributed, displayed. The huge expense of national promotion is forcing books not made of the stuff of best sellers out of most bookstores—and thus out of the marketplace.

What will become of all but the most commercial books? What will a typical American bookstore look like in ten years? In conjunction with the American Booksellers Association, *Harper's* recently invited a group of prominent editors, publishers, and booksellers to discuss the problematic future of that curious object still known as a book.



*The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the American Booksellers Association convention at the Moscone Center in San Francisco. Lewis H. Lapham served as moderator.*

LEWIS H. LAPHAM

*is the editor of Harper's.*

HOWARD KAMINSKY

*is publisher and chief executive officer of the Random House trade department. From 1972 to 1984 he was president of Warner Books, and published such titles as Megatrends, The Memoirs of Richard Nixon, All the President's Men, and In Search of Excellence.*

JACK SHOEMAKER

*is editor in chief of North Point Press, an independent publishing house in Berkeley, California. North Point publishes books by Wendell Berry, Evan S. Connell, M.F.K. Fisher, and others.*

WILLIAM P. EDWARDS

*is vice president for new business development at B. Dalton Bookseller, which, with 738 outlets, is the second largest bookstore chain in the United States.*

HILLEL STAVIS

*is the owner of WordsWorth, an independent bookstore in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

TOM PETERS

*is co-author of two best-selling books on business management, In Search of Excellence and A Passion for Excellence. He is the founder of the Tom Peters Group, which includes a management consulting firm and a publishing company.*

PHILIP M. PFEFFER

*is chairman and chief executive officer of the Ingram Distribution Group, which distributes books, video-cassettes, and computer software to more than 22,000 retail stores and libraries.*

ELISABETH SIFTON

*is a vice president of Viking Penguin and publisher of Elisabeth Sifton Books. Among the books she has edited are Lives of a Cell, Snow Leopard, Humboldt's Gift, and Vietnam: A History.*

PHYLLIS GRANN

*is president and publisher of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Among the authors she has edited are Joe McGinniss, Dick Francis, and Lawrence Sanders.*

LEWIS H. LAPHAM: When I was a boy growing up in this city I thought of a book as a precious object and an author as a necessarily obscure figure who seldom earned enough money to pay the rent or hire a press agent. If he or she was known at all, it was by virtue of his or her writing rather than by reason of a persona that could be minted into the coin of celebrity and sold on T-shirts. The times, so I'm told, have changed.

The readers have become consumers, the audience a market. This morning I wandered among the 1,300 exhibits on the main floor of the Moscone Center, and I noticed that the publishers and booksellers have become remarkably adept at the art of merchandising. I didn't see many books that I would know how to read, or that I would even define as books, but I was impressed by the display of videocas-

settes, tape recordings, film posters, calendars, exercise manuals, scented candles, and stuffed animals. At the end of an hour I wondered why nobody had offered me a chance to buy a twelve-day cruise to Tahiti, on which I would be sure to find, among other consummations devoutly to be wished, firmer muscle tone, \$4 million in stock market advice, a secure sexual identity, and incontrovertible proof that God exists and sometimes descends on California in the form of a seagull.

My admiration for all this sales technology is without limit, but I am curious to know how it came to pass that what I used to think of as a small-time profession turned into a big-time industry. Probably the change is for the better, but I wonder how the small voice of something so modest as literature can make itself heard in the din of publicity. Does a book still have any-



thing to do with art or thought or culture, or has it become indistinguishable from a seasonal toy? Does anybody still make the distinction, or think the distinction relevant to any audience larger than the English department at Yale? Howard Kaminsky, as the head of a highly respected publishing house, perhaps you could describe what has happened during the last twenty years to the object we call a book.

HOWARD KAMINSKY: A lot has happened—and not much at all. I constantly hear that fewer good books are being published today, yet I don't believe there's a good book lurking anywhere in America that some publisher at this fair wouldn't snap up if given the chance. It may be harder today for certain good books, once published, to surface in the marketplace and find their audience; this is especially true for "serious" books with relatively small readerships and low advertising budgets. In general, however, I think critics of publishing tend to exaggerate the commercial aspect of the industry. In my experience, the system of publishing books and getting them out to readers works pretty well. I truly believe that *any* book is a good book—if people will read it. And any book, no matter how "commercial" or crass, might lead a person to pick up another book that is less commercial or crass.

We should remember that the bond between publisher and bookseller, though by definition "commercial," is unique in our culture. After all, a bookseller not only sells a product; he is almost always someone who passionately loves books—and I mean the full panoply, from very, very commercial books that we nonetheless try to publish with great élan to books that are important and enduring works of art or scholarship. Such a bond between producer and seller certainly does not exist in the motion picture business; as a rule, movie exhibitors do not spend their time poring over *Sight and Sound* magazine and debating the aesthetics of the current cinema. The continuing strength of this bond—and the diversity of the books displayed at this trade fair—clearly show that the American book business is very healthy indeed.

LAPHAM: Jack Shoemaker, you head North Point Press, a much smaller house dedicated to publishing "serious" books. Do you agree with Mr. Kaminsky's glowing assessment of the business?

JACK SHOEMAKER: Well, in recent years an incredible number of smaller, independent publishing houses have sprung up, and most of them produce books aimed at a smaller, specialized audience. In my opinion, independent houses have been the salvation of the serious

literary book in America. But North Point and publishers like it have a very difficult task, one that goes beyond publishing quality books: we must somehow locate and reach that specialized audience as quickly and efficiently as we can. We need to find those 10,000 or so readers, let them know our books exist, and get the books into the stores where those people can find them. The central problem, which Howard alluded to, is that the American bookselling system is designed to promote and market hundreds of thousands of copies of a relatively small number of books—that season's best sellers and a handful of others. The industry does this very well, and it would be unfair, perhaps, to demand that it be as efficient in distributing books that will sell at most 5,000 to 10,000 copies nationwide. Yet that's the market on which the smaller, independent presses depend. Targeting the audience and efficiently reaching it is the key problem, whether one is dealing with a book of limited sales potential—5,000 copies, say—or a book of much broader appeal.

LAPHAM: Perhaps those distribution problems explain why I constantly receive letters from people complaining that they can't find decent books in the stores.

WILLIAM P. EDWARDS: Obviously, not all bookstores can offer the same variety. The number of different books a store carries is in direct proportion to the volume that store handles. All booksellers, whether they're big chain stores like B. Dalton or independents like WordsWorth, do the best they can to tailor their assortment to both the volume of their business and the demographics of the area they serve. After all, only a fraction of the 700,000 or so books in print in this country have commercial potential *anywhere*, and even an enormous store can stock 80,000 titles at most. Certain books will always be hard to find, though the book business's highly developed special-order system allows a consumer to obtain almost any title within a few days.

HILLEL STAVIS: Good independent bookstores that know their market well help fill in the cracks in the distribution system; they provide selections that the big chains, with their mass-market approach, ignore. Independent bookstores, like mine in Harvard Square, complement the stores that concentrate on trash novels and "concept" books, like Linda Evans's *Guide to Life* or whatever. As the American public tires of the shopping malls, they'll start looking to more complete bookstores and specialty bookstores on Main Street, where they can find the backlist titles the chains can't afford to stock.



TOM PETERS: In general, the publishing industry conforms to the movement toward mass-distribution systems that we see throughout the business world. And whenever mass distribution takes over—as the B. Daltons and Waldenbooks have done—a vast industry of specialty businesses is spawned. When giant firms begin to dominate the mass market, whether they're peddling clothes or peddling books, they naturally restrict what they sell; as a result, the boutique market begins to thrive.

PHILIP M. PFEFFER: In the book industry, we address most consumers through a mass-market approach, and a far smaller number through a "high-fashion" approach. As a book wholesaler, I find that what booksellers want most is nuts-and-bolts assistance in running their stores; for them, that's generally a far more important issue than what's in a book.

LAPHAM: We all seem to be assuming a distinction between a "commercial" book and a "serious" book. Do we all agree that there is such a thing as a good book?

ELISABETH SIFTON: The cynic's stock definition of a "good book" is a book that sells. In my view, a better definition would be a book that's *read*. After spending several days at this enormously confusing, crowded, sensory-overloaded event that we call the ABA convention, I am reminded once again that even at the heart of the commercial activity of bookselling there is still a very private and personal act—reading. The publishing and bookselling business constitutes a continuum between author and reader, a continuum fashioned from dozens of random, private experiences of *reading*—from the first reading an editor gives a submitted manuscript to the inspection a bookseller gives his reading copy to the enjoyment a reader gains from his new purchase. Our rather impossible job is to coordinate all these individual readings into some kind of logical pattern so that the right book gets to the right reader.

I don't know that we perform this task with maximum efficiency; I'm certainly not convinced that all the good books I edit and publish get into the hands of the good readers I know are out there. It's so damned difficult to shape a coherent pattern from all those individual decisions that make up the complicated business of editing, publishing, and selling books. And there is also the geographical and cultural diversity of this country to contend with. Most important, we live in dark and embattled times, and the book, my friends, is in trouble—there is no question about it. Quite simply, almost nothing in our culture encourages the private

moment of reading. I am very skeptical that we are publishing and selling books as well as we might at this critical time.

PHYLLIS GRANN: I'd certainly concede that many books that would have been published in hard-cover five years ago don't stand a chance today. However, I don't think that serious, "good" books are falling by the wayside. The books that probably never belonged in hard-cover to begin with are no longer given a hard-cover life as a matter of course. If they are published at all, it is as mass-market paperback originals. I call these "fake commercial" or "made-up" books, products conceived, written, and packaged to imitate some other successful commercial book.

Years ago, before the advent of the paperback original, I might have sold the paperback rights to such a book for half a million dollars. Today I find this kind of book very hard to sell. There's no rights sale at all, and bookstores don't even want the book when we take it around to them.

LAPHAM: Can you give an example of a "fake commercial" book?

GRANN: No, not here. Not today.

LAPHAM: Ah, I see we're wary of specifics. In my untutored view, Geraldine Ferraro's campaign memoirs will be a "fake commercial" book. She won't write it, and it certainly won't be an accurate account of her finances or her politics. For this they say she was paid \$1 million.

GRANN: Actually, I was talking more about commercial fiction.

LAPHAM: I'm not sure in what category I would place the Ferraro book. I find that my "literary" conversations with authors in New York, admittedly a disgruntled and untrustworthy crowd, turn largely on the merchandising of their books. Very seldom do authors discuss the structure or meaning of their work; they talk instead of the failures of distribution, and it comforts them to accuse their editors and publishers of dark betrayals.

KAMINSKY: Sure, you can find plenty of disgruntled authors at Elaine's any night of the week. If his book doesn't sell, whom can an author blame? His publisher, of course. But we work hard to sell our books. Last year Random House, including all its imprints, published about 500 titles. Obviously, these books varied greatly in their printings and in the size of their advertising and promotional budgets. For example, Random House is deeply committed to poetry; under our imprint we bring out four books



of poetry a year. These books have very small printings because the audience for poetry is very small. We expect to sell between 1,000 and 2,500 copies of the cloth edition and perhaps twice that number of the paperback. On the other hand, *A Passion for Excellence* had a first printing of 250,000. Now, did Random House put more money behind that book than it did behind its volumes of poetry? Of course we did.

We made a commitment to booksellers to promote it so that those piles of books they ordered would move out of their stores.

PETERS: Those figures clearly show that a small publisher like North Point has to occupy a very special place to survive. The same is true for the independent bookseller. God help the independent who tries to offer deeper discounts than

## On the Principles of Publishing

Lucien felt hot under the collar as he observed the cold and frowning demeanor of this redoubtable Padishah of the publishing trade. . . .

"A new piece of business, my lad," Dauriat exclaimed. "But do you know I have eleven hundred manuscripts to deal with? Yes, gentlemen," he shouted. "I've been offered eleven hundred manuscripts. Ask Gabusson. In fact I shall soon need an administrative staff to control the receipt of manuscripts and a reading committee to examine them; there'll be meetings to vote on their merit, with attendance vouchers and a permanent secretary to draw up reports for me. It's going to be like a branch of the French Academy. . . ."

"Quite an idea!" said Blondet.

"A bad idea," Dauriat went on. "It's not my business to sift the lucubrations of those among you who take to literature just because they can't be capitalists, bootmakers, army corporals, domestic servants, civil servants or bailiffs. There's no admittance here except to established reputations! Make your name, and gold will come flooding your way. In the last two years I've brought three people into the limelight, which means that I've brought triple ingratitude on myself. Nathan is claiming six thousand francs for the second edition of his book, which cost me three thousand francs in review articles and didn't bring me a thousand francs. . . ."

"And yet, Monsieur, if all the publishers talk like that, how can one get a first book into print?" asked Lucien. . . .

"That's no concern of mine," said Dauriat. . . .

"I don't publish books for fun. I don't risk two thousand francs just to get two thousand francs back. I'm a speculator in literature. . . . I use the power I have and the articles I pay for to launch a three hundred thousand franc venture rather than a volume in which only two thousand francs are invested. It costs as much effort to get a new name accepted—an author and his book—as to promote the success of works such

as the *Masterpieces of Foreign Drama*, *French Victories and Conquests* or *Memoirs on the French Revolution*: and there's a fortune in them. I'm not here to be a springboard for future reputations, but to make money for myself and provide some for the celebrities. A manuscript which I buy for a hundred thousand francs costs me less than the one some unknown author expects me to buy for six hundred francs! . . ."

The luxury of this terrible man's apparel added emphasis, in the eyes of the provincial poet, to the cruel logic of his discourse.

"What is this manuscript?" Dauriat asked of Lousteau.

"A splendid volume of verse."

At the word "verse" Dauriat turned to Gabusson with a gesture worthy of the great actor Talma. . . . "Whenever anyone brings manuscripts for me, you'll ask if they are in verse or prose. If they're in verse, get rid of them straight away. Verse will ruin the book-trade!"

"Well said! Dauriat's quite right," the journalists cried out in chorus.

"It's a fact," the publisher exclaimed, walking up and down his shop with Lucien's manuscript in his hand. "You don't know, gentlemen, how much harm has been done by the success which came to Lord Byron, Victor Hugo, Casimir Delavigne, Canalis and Béranger. Their fame has brought us a new barbarian invasion. . . . During the last two years poets have multiplied like may-bugs. Last year I lost twenty thousand francs on them—ask Gabusson! The world may well be swarming with immortal poets—I've seen some with such fresh, pink faces that they haven't yet started shaving!"—he said this for Lucien's benefit—"but as far as the book-trade is concerned, young man, there are only four poets: Béranger, Casimir Delavigne, Lamartine and Victor Hugo."

—from *Lost Illusions*,  
by Honoré de Balzac

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the big chains. The independent bookseller thrives to the extent that he can create a special place to visit in the community, a place where people can associate themselves with books. The B. Daltons will never be able to match that. The successful independent store never gives a penny's discount on anything; it thrives because of its gentleness and decency to customers.

LAPHAM: That raises the question: Exactly what is a bookstore? I gather Mr. Peters thinks it should be a comfortable place that serves tea and deals in candles and gentle conversation. Mr. Stavis, are independent bookstores a haven against the cruel commercial world of the big chains?

STAVIS: The good independent stores do provide something different—the last great, free entertainment. You can't walk into a movie theater or a concert hall without paying. A good bookstore provides a very personal experience. It's true that the biggest trend in publishing is toward the production of non-books. The chains make their sales numbers on books like *Hulkomania* or the dozens of aerobic workout books conceived in ad agency offices with an author's name on the cover simply as an afterthought. These are really more publicity events than books, designed to draw customers into the big chain stores. But once the customers are there, there is a chance they might wander past the 7,000 copies of some trash novel and stumble upon Virginia Woolf or Joseph Conrad.

LAPHAM: Will anyone else on the panel admit that there is such a thing as a trash novel?

KAMINSKY: Of course there are trash novels. But why name their creators? After all, we might be publishing them one day.

EDWARDS: I have problems with the phrase "trash novel," not because I admire what's between the covers of such a book but because I think the term is demeaning to the person who reads it. The line between reading for entertainment—whether it's the latest John Updike, the latest Jackie Collins, or this month's Harlequin Romance—and watching a movie on videotape can be difficult to draw. They are both forms of entertainment. And those so-called trash novels pay the rent and provide the capital that allows us to carry other titles. I hate to belittle the customer who chooses to buy these books. Each bookseller must try to analyze what his or her customers want.

SHOEMAKER: That's true, but I'm concerned that the bad tends to drive out the good. I wonder if

enough space is given to the more serious book. Perhaps we are submitting to the tyranny of a mass audience, which requires huge sales and puts the book that has a smaller audience in jeopardy. Do publishers and booksellers really use the profits from trash fiction to publish and stock serious literary books? The evidence suggests the contrary. North Point Press does a large mail-order business because people living all over the country claim they can't find our books—in chains or independents.

EDWARDS: If you look at a store in, say, Missoula, Montana, that's doing \$275,000 worth of business a year—selling about 40,000 to 50,000 books—its ability to provide a broad assortment of titles is severely limited by its sales. One must go by the odds, and obviously the odds are better that a mass-market book heavily promoted by the publisher will sell. Publishers are forced to put their advertising dollars behind titles that are expected to move in large quantities. The average advertising budget for a book expected to sell about 5,000 copies is \$5,000. This buys an ad in the *New York Times Book Review*, and that's about it. Books are sold nationwide, but it's impossible to promote them on a national basis because of the dollars involved—unless they're mega-books. That's just economics.

SIFTON: I'm listening to these comments with mounting despair, since they clearly contradict the assurances made earlier that all is well in the book business. If it's so hard to promote and advertise books that are *not* mega-books, the odds against our successfully selling challenging new books are very, very great. When I contemplate the audience for the sort of books I edit—good novels, history, biographies, other serious non-fiction—I know there are many more people out there in America who *could* read them than *will*. But I don't know how to reach these readers. There will never be enough advertising money to tell people about these books, and booksellers are understandably hesitant to stock books that readers have never heard of.

The issue here is not only one of art versus commerce. I am also concerned by the decline of political literacy in this country. It is essential that publishers and booksellers address themselves not only to threats against fine literature but also to threats against books that nourish and deepen our understanding of American history and political life. We are not doing well enough in many of these areas. Good books are selling in roughly the same numbers today as they did fifty years ago, yet the population is much larger. And literacy, as Jonathan Kozol has so compellingly told us in *Illiterate America*, is steadily declining.



Perhaps there really is a sort of "trickle-down" effect whereby people come into the chain stores to purchase, if not trash, then at least indifferent fiction, and walk out with a better book. But I don't see it reflected in the sales figures. I have a theory about how to calculate the first printing of a difficult first novel or a difficult work of nonfiction: multiply the number of the author's and the publisher's personal friends by 100. When I talk to my colleagues in Sweden, Brazil, England, or wherever, we find we are all working with about the same figures. This sort of book will sell 2,000 to 5,000, that sort will sell 7,500 to 12,500, and so on. Yet the United States is a nation of 238 million people. If Americans read as much as the Danes, our sales figures would be in the millions. We would even be embarrassed by our supposedly huge sales of Sidney Sheldon or Danielle Steel novels, because they, too, are proportionately low.

PFEFFER: The decline in literacy in the United States is a problem, but our biggest problem is that we haven't found a way to let consumers know what's available. The industry is producer- or supplier-driven, not market- or demand-driven. Publishing and bookselling form an incestuous community which in effect tries to tell the consumer what to buy instead of asking what he wants.

We must focus more on the real demands and desires of the consumer, since he's going to make the ultimate consumption decision. In the final analysis, a good book is what's good in the eye of the consumer. The pressure to meet his demands is growing. For a long time books competed for the consumer's discretionary income. Today they also compete for his discretionary time. Clearly we must devise ways to improve the book's competitive position vis-à-vis that time. In particular, we desperately need to know what readers' interests are. Our sales strategy today is to throw a bunch of books against the wall and see which ones stick. But as Bill Edwards pointed out, many stores can afford to throw only a few copies of a limited number of titles against the wall.

LAPHAM: But doesn't such a view ignore the educational responsibilities of the publisher and the bookseller? After all, in many communities bookstores serve as improvised academies, and are often more useful than universities and colleges. Is it enough simply to give people what they want?

PFEFFER: Well, look at our colleges and universities. They're falling all over themselves to give students what they want, because they're com-

## Balancing the Books

BOOK PROFITABILITY WORKSHEET			
TITLE:	AVERAGE NOVEL OR NON-FICTION BOOK		
AUTHOR:	JOHN Q. WRITER		
FORMAT:	HARDCOVER	NO. OF PGS:	265 BOOK DIMENSIONS: 5.5" x 8.25"
<u>INCOME</u>			
Retail Price		\$	14.95
Price Paid by Bookstore (52% of retail)		\$	7.77
Number of Copies Distributed	12,500		
Copies Returned	2,500		
Net Sales	10,000	\$/	77,700 /
<u>Other Income</u>			
Paperback Reprint Rights (Publisher's half)		\$	5,000
Other Reprint Rights (e.g., Quality Paperback Club)		\$	2,000
Remainder Value of Returned Books (2,500 copies @ \$0.69)		\$	1,719
TOTAL INCOME		\$/	86,419 /
<u>EXPENSES</u>			
<u>Book Production</u>			
Design Work And Cover Art		\$	1,000
Plant (Printing Preparation)		\$	8,500
Printing, Paper and Binding Costs (\$1.30 per copy)		\$	16,250
<u>Other Direct Expenses</u>			
Copy Editing (\$350) and Proofreading (\$200)		\$	550
Advertising and Promotion (Roughly \$1 per copy)		\$	12,500
Free Copies to Reviewers, etc. (200 @ \$1.95)		\$	390
<u>Author's Royalties</u>			
Royalties of 10% (\$1.45) Paid on first 5000 sales		\$	7,250
Royalties of 12.5% (\$1.81) Paid on second 5000 sales		\$	9,050
Total Royalties		\$/	16,300 /
TOTAL EXPENSES		\$/	55,490 /
TOTAL PROFIT CONTRIBUTION (INCOME LESS EXPENSES)		\$/	30,929 /
Profit Contribution as Percentage of Net Sales			40%

*Publishers sometimes use a worksheet like this one in deciding whether or not to publish a typical "midlist" book: a second novel by an author whose first book was reasonably successful or a general-interest non-fiction title. Although John Q. Writer stands to earn a total of \$23,300 on this book (\$16,300 in royalties and \$7,000 as his share of the amount paid for reprint rights for paperback and book club editions), it's an open question whether it would ever see print. While the publisher's "profit contribution" is shown as \$30,929, or 40 percent of net sales, this figure does not include overhead: rent, utilities, salaries, insurance, warehousing, sales commissions, office supplies. Once these costs have been deducted, the real profit is likely to be only about 10 percent—one reason why midlist books are being driven out of the marketplace. (Source: Richard Curtis)*

peting for a declining number of students. Colleges and universities are businesses, and they're learning how to go out and aggressively market themselves.

As I see it, bookstores will continue to be centers of information, education, and entertainment. Their numbers will continue to grow, but a smaller percentage of their revenue will come from selling books. They will increas-



ingly depend on sales of additional media—video, audio, software, and so on. These products are not going to replace books, but bookstores will be stocking fewer and fewer titles—a sad development, but one necessitated by economics. Special orders will become more important, and the challenge for the bookseller of the future will be to figure out how best to tell the consumer what is available: here's a data base of 1.2 million titles that you can obtain through my store, and here's the information that will help you decide what to buy. Microcomputers and laser discs will be extremely important tools in making information available to the consumer quickly. These tools, along with our computerized distribution system, will get a book into a consumer's hands two or three days after he's expressed an interest in it.

LAPHAM: The only concern of the bookselling and publishing industry, then, will be to give people what they want as quickly as possible, no matter what its value as art or education. At bottom, the book business seems to be devoted to entertainment, not education.

GRANN: I'm in the entertainment business, no doubt about it. I don't feel it's my job to educate the consumer; my job is to give him the very best of the sort of books he enjoys. And that's equally true of literary and commercial fiction. I'm my own best customer. I think certain of these writers are the very best of their kind. The public has a voice, and its voice is heard by this industry. We may not like that voice; we might prefer that the public had different tastes. But my job is to responsibly entertain the public. Isn't it better to entertain people with commercial books than to let them sit mindlessly in their homes watching various screens? Anyway, the real fight against illiteracy involves getting people to read *something*. My daughter started reading commercial fiction, and then she moved up to a better grade of fiction. If people learn to read from Harlequin Romances or westerns, at least they've learned to read, and that's a contribution to education.

At Putnam's we take the profits from our "commercial" fiction and put them back into some very good books. We have a couple of editors who each do four or so first novels a year. We look at those eight books and say, "Gee, maybe we'll really get behind one of them." We can get a certain quantity of this book—which has no commercial guarantee that it will sell—on the market by putting enough money behind it so that both the independents and the chains will stock, say, 20,000 copies. If our choice is right and the book sells, we are educating the public.

LAPHAM: What happens to the other seven you don't "get behind"?

GRANN: Look, at Putnam's we just can't take five literary first novels around and convince the chains and the independents to do more than minimally represent them. But if we single out one book because we think it stands a chance of being recognized as excellent, we might get 20,000 copies into the stores. What happens to the other seven? They will sell the 5,000 to 7,000 copies we can get distributed.

KAMINSKY: I think we're kidding ourselves if we say that commercial titles finance a lot of the serious and important books that we do. At Random House we're committed to publishing that which *should* be published. In my view, the problem with our industry is that there is an enormous gulf between the sales figures of the books at the top of the best-seller list and the sales figures of those at the bottom, not to mention the books that aren't even on the list. It is not unusual to have a book on the top of the list that has sold half a million copies or more, and a book at the bottom that has sold less than 50,000\*. Our challenge is not just to edit valuable books—I think publishers do a good job of that—but somehow to get them out to the many booksellers who are unreceptive to them. Recently, a man who runs a big chain told me with undisguised pride that 30 percent of the stock in his stores is now non-books: audio cassettes, videotapes, posters, T-shirts, whatever. All of these things are valuable, of course. But we're in the *book* business. It's supposed to be our responsibility to get books out to people.

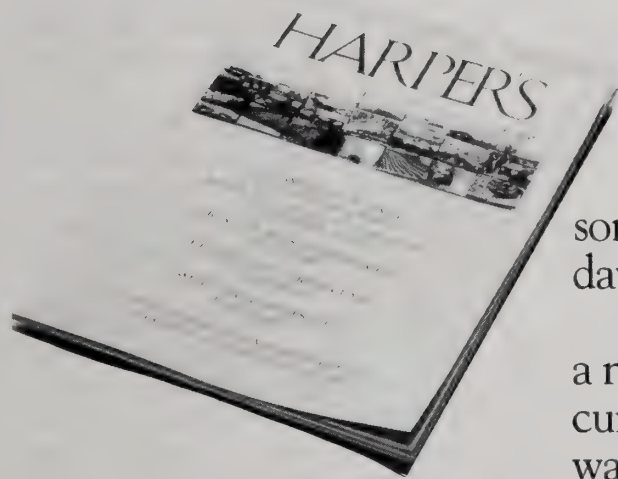
EDWARDS: I disagree, Howard. Thirty years ago, we could have had the same discussion about whether a paperback was really a book. Today there are new customers out there—the baby boomers, who fueled the dramatic growth of the bookstore chains and the large trade publishing houses. These younger customers have different views about format. They grew up with paperbacks; they give them as gifts. It's inevitable that during the next ten years bookstores will extend their franchise. Sure, we sell information and education; but the vast majority of books are bought as entertainment. Virtually the whole mass-market industry is devoted to entertainment. We are going to see bookstores moving heavily into audio cassettes—in effect, books one can "read" while riding a bike or driving a car—and into videotapes as well, exercise "books," "cookbooks," whatever. It's already happening. After all, in buying a book,

\*See "The List of Lists," page 60.



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people are making an *entertainment* choice, and if we ignore that and stubbornly deny that these other forms belong in bookstores, we're going to drive away the younger customers. Diversity in format is important, and these products belong in bookstores.

SHOEMAKER: But let's not call these things books. A paperback is certainly a book, but audio cassettes, videotapes, posters, and T-shirts are not. Booksellers all over the country tell me that square footage is critical, that they are desperate for more space. Yet bookstores are becoming dumping grounds for all these other products, and books are being driven out.

EDWARDS: If we ignore the customer who says, "This is where I want to buy this type of information, entertainment, or education," we'll drive *him* out. In so doing, we'll lose sales of books as well. It profoundly troubles me and many of my colleagues that, unlike the movie business, where two thirds of the audience is twenty-nine and younger, books do not have a young readership. Part of the problem is undoubtedly the fault of the schools, but we as an industry don't seem to know what to do about it. Perhaps we can begin by selling these younger customers the entertainment they want. After all, the line between a Harlequin Romance and a movie on videotape is a very fine one. I agree that a video is not a book, but it's not a T-shirt either.

LAPHAM: In effect, you're saying that since fewer and fewer Americans can read, we'll simply sell them something besides books. This depresses me, especially when I hear everyone talking about consumers instead of readers. The word "consumer" I associate with a stomach.

SIFTON: I consider myself both a consumer and a reader. I'm a passionate moviegoer, I adore the notion of audio cassettes and videocassettes, and I also love to spend my time in lots of other consumer-oriented ways. Certainly a store might sell very different kinds of entertainment, but the bookseller must decide whether to commit his dollars and his space to books or to other products. I'm sure there are millions of Americans who want to read *and* watch videos, and therefore prefer a store where they can buy both tapes and books. But we are in the business of bookselling. We're talking about reading.

STAVIS: I also don't agree that our business is to give the public what it wants. After all, bookstores should not serve merely as an afterword to whatever is happening in the general society; they are, or should be, an active and a positive

force. Independently owned stores should resurrect the backlist titles not carried by the chains and support new titles from small presses. Although chains like B. Dalton do offer a wide selection, the general trend is toward blockbusters; and as the chains capture an increasing share of the market, their ever-narrowing selection will come to dictate what publishers publish. But in the long term, this narrowing selection will produce a non-reading public, which will be detrimental to both chains and independents. One solution might be referrals: just as WordsWorth refers customers to other specialty shops in Harvard Square, so should the chains support—yes, support—the independent that carries titles not carried by them.

LAPHAM: If the publishing industry shouldn't just give people what they want, how should it decide what to bring out? Assuming there are many eager people out there who long to write and publish books, how do you decide?

SIFTON: Arbitrarily.\*That's what I meant when I said that books are a result of lots of individual reading experiences and choices made all along the line. Publishing houses differ from one another because the personalities, temperaments, and intellectual interests of their editors differ. Their individual choices are reflected in a host of other choices made along the vast, complicated, and extremely disorganized system that constitutes American publishing. I certainly agree that publishers must assume leadership, but interest in a book can't always be generated from the top, with a big ad budget and a complicated marketing strategy. Every publisher has had the experience of a word-of-mouth best seller. The snowballing success of a book that seems unlikely to be popular comes from many little decisions in its favor.

On the other hand, I'm not at all convinced that readers *know* what they "want." They come into the store asking for help. Publishers and booksellers must encourage people, guide them, lead them, suggest, make mistakes, take risks. That's what I do as an editor—I make choices, individually and arbitrarily.

KAMINSKY: That's why I define a "marginal" book as one that we won't publish. Many books are competently written and show some skill. But I've read these books many, many times before, and they elicit no interest. We're in a business of passion. Unless a book elicits passion in the publishing house, it's not going to sell. We have to be enthusiastic about a book. Publishing is a lousy business and a wonderful profession. We'll know when we lose our passions that we're ready to enter another business. ■



# CULTIVATING THE AMERICAN GARDEN

Toward a secular view of nature

By Frederick Turner

Suppose the Grand Canyon were man-made. It could have been formed (though it wasn't) by agricultural or industrial erosion; the results of poor farming methods can look very similar—artificial badlands—if on a smaller scale. Would this hideous scar on the fair face of the earth still be a national park? Would anyone visit it other than groups of awed schoolchildren studying Environmental Destruction, absorbing the dreadful lesson of what can happen to a desert raped by human exploiters? Strip mining can produce spectacular and dramatic landscapes. W. H. Auden loved the lead-mining landscape of Cornwall above all others; the evocative and aromatic hillsides of the Mediterranean, with their olives, sages, thyme, and dwarf conifers, are a result of centuries of deforestation, goat herding, and the building of roads and cities. The Niagara Falls may one day have to be shored up to make them look “natural”; for they are eating their way back an inch a year and will “naturally” dwindle into an ordinary rapids. To an ecologist unschooled in American myth, the most astonishingly unnatural places on earth would be certain regions of the American continent from which the presence of the dominant species—us—had been meticulously removed, as if a million acres had been cleared of earthworms. I mean, of course, the Wilderness Areas.

The cognitive dissonances that many Americans may have experienced while reading this first paragraph suggest a problem in our use of the words “nature” and “natural.” If we define natural as that which is opposed to human, then we must face the fact that we are creationists and should be on the side of the school boards banning even the mention of evolution. If we define natural as that which is opposed to social and cultural, while insisting that humans are natural, then we will have revealed our adherence to a theory of human nature (Rousseau's, actually) asserting that humankind is naturally solitary and unsocial, a theory which all the human sciences—anthropology, psychology, paleoanthropology, linguistics, ethology—emphatically deny. But if everything that happens is natural, including Love Canal and Alamogordo, then what becomes of our tendency to value the natural and revere nature? And if the word refers to everything, is it any use at all?

All societies, Lévi-Strauss tells us, distinguish between culture and nature. But the philosophical, moral, and aesthetic dimensions of the distinction differ profoundly from one society to another. Indeed, one might almost categorize societies, in a way that would nicely cut across the usual

*Frederick Turner is Founders Professor of Arts and Humanities at the University of Texas at Dallas. Natural Classicism, his new book of collected essays, contains “Escape from Modernism: Technology and the Future of the Imagination,” which first appeared in the November 1984 issue of Harper's.*



Human art is not  
only a product of  
nature, but one of the  
creative instruments  
of nature in doing  
what it does



economic, technological, and historical distinctions, solely by the content of their nature/culture distinction. Is nature "good" and culture "bad," or vice versa? Is nature dynamic and culture static, or the other way around? Is nature self-aware and culture innocent? Is nature personal, culture collective? Is it important for a society to emphasize the distinction in some of these categories, while denying it in others? Do not the factional, ideological, and political conflicts within all cultures consist to a large extent in a struggle over the strategic definition of these words and their exclusive possession?

Each of us surely has a pretty good idea of the "correct" answers to these questions of definition; where and how do we learn them? Are we prepared to argue for them? If someone else's answers are different from mine, is she wrong? Tasteless? Wicked?

There is a wonderful exchange on this problem of definition in Shakespeare's *The Winter's Tale*. Perdita has just declared that she won't have carnations or "streak'd gillyvors" in her garden because, like an American nature freak, she disapproves of the fact that they have been bred and hybridized by genetic technology.

Perdita. . . . There is an art, which in their piedness shares  
With great creating Nature.

Polixenes. Say there be;  
Yet Nature is made better by no mean  
But Nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art,  
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art  
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry  
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,  
And make conceive a bark of baser kind  
By bud of nobler race. This is an art  
Which does mend Nature, change it rather; but  
The art itself is Nature.

As usual, Shakespeare says it all: the subtext here is that Perdita is a base shepherdess who wants to marry the prince, Polixenes' son; but of course, she is really a princess herself, though she doesn't know it. Without going into the complexities of lineage, breeding, and social convention that are at work here, let us look at what this passage tells us about gardening. First of all, Shakespeare has clearly grasped the distinction between mere growth and what came to be called evolution. Aristotle amended Plato's system, in which all change was essentially pathological and incoherent, by proposing the notion of a foreordained and meaningful growth proper to each individual species. However, the idea of that radical evolutionary change by which one species turns into another would have been nauseating to him. Shakespeare's Perdita has already observed what Darwin noticed 200 years later, that changes in species can be brought about by selective breeding and hybridization—those primitive forms of recombinant DNA bioengineering. She doesn't like it, but Shakespeare gives Polixenes a remarkable argument in favor of human tampering with the essence of life itself. He takes up Perdita's snide use of the word "art" and turns it around to include perhaps even the very dramatic medium in which he has

his being. He insists that human art is not only a product of nature, but one of the creative instruments of nature in doing what it does. We are *natura naturans*, nature naturing.

Most of us, asked what nature is, would probably make a vague gesture toward the nearest patch of green vegetation and say something like, "Well, it's what's out there . . ." Nature is *there*, rather than *here*, to begin with. A little prompting would elicit any number of other imaginary characteristics: one can go out into nature, but even when one is in it, it is still "out there." Nature was here before we (the colonists and immigrants) came, and in fact was here before the Indians. Nature bears the weight of our activities, but in the long run renews itself and remains



just as it was. Left to itself, nature settles into a balance, a rhythm, that is eternal and unchanging. (Do we not recognize the phrases from countless Walt Disney wildlife movies?) Nature is dangerous but purifying, innocent yet wise, the only real touchstone of what is good and right and beautiful.

It should be clear that *this* nature has very little in common with natural reality as it is illuminated for us by science. Nature, according to science, is as much "in here" as it is "out there." Our bodies and brains are a result of evolution, which is a natural process so paradigmatic that it could almost be said to be synonymous with nature itself. Moreover, we are by nature social, having been naturally selected, through many millions of years of overlapping genetic and cultural evolution, to live in a cooperative cultural matrix. The most powerful selective pressure on our genes since our line broke away from those of the other primates has prompted us toward cities; thus we are, by nature, hairless, brainy, infantile, gregarious, oversexed, long-lived, artistic, talkative, and religious.

If we want to fall back on saying that the natural is what has not been interfered with, as opposed to, say, the artificial, science will give us little comfort. For a scientist, who must take observable and measurable evidence as the only warrant for the reality of being, the universe is exactly and only the interference of everything with everything else. Quantum theory shows that nothing can be observed or measured without being interfered with; if nature is what has not been interfered with, nature does not exist.

Nature, as revealed by evolutionary biology, paleobiology, and geology, is violent, unbalanced, improvisatory, dynamic. The new paradigm in paleobiology, as it is expounded in the symposium "Earth's Earliest Biosphere: Its Origin and Evolution," under the editorship of J. William Schopf, holds that the first living inhabitants of the planet, whose metabolisms were anaerobic, so thoroughly poisoned their own ecosphere that they were forced to develop protective mechanisms or to retreat to marginal ecological niches. Indeed, the poison gas with which they polluted the atmosphere was the corrosive element oxygen. Luckily, new life-forms evolved that were able to use the explosive powers of oxygen as a source of energy, and they went on to develop eukaryotic cell structure, multicellular organization, gender, and eventually us.

It is worth quoting the sober prose of some of the contributors to the symposium. J. M. Hayes: "An environment without oxygen, the earth was then a different planet . . . the paleobiological record shows, nevertheless, that life existed on that different planet, and it is widely held that the advent of oxygenic photosynthesis [the release of oxygen as a byproduct of living metabolism using light as an energy source, as modern plants do] was the singular event that led eventually to our modern environment." David J. Chapman and J. William Schopf: "The toxicity of uncombined oxygen is well-established. . . . Obviously, therefore, the appearance of oxygen-producing photosynthesis and a resulting oxygenic environment necessitated the development of a series of intracellular protective devices and scavengers, particularly in those organisms producing oxygen and in those non-mobile organisms that were unable to use behavioral mechanisms to escape the effects of this newly abundant reactive gas."

Our precious oxygen, then, is the toxic waste of the first polluters. Imagine the cataclysm this must have been for those early life-forms: for millions of years, the poison advanced and retreated, leaving an extraordinary record of its vicissitudes in iron-banded rock formations, which show alternate layers of rusted (oxidized) and unrusted (unoxidized) iron ore. But the pollution won in the end; and the "natural" species of the time were replaced by what our authors call "a new, highly successful mode of evolutionary advance, one based chiefly on the development of new morphologies and innovative body plans among megascopic, multicellular sexually reproducing eukaryotes."

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If we define nature as the unreflexive, the unpremeditated, this does not get us off the hook. Obviously, it would be foolish to impute human values and motives to natural phenomena other than ourselves. But it would be even more foolish to assert uniqueness in the possession of motives and values. It would clearly be wrong to deny that a raccoon can see because it doesn't have the same sort of brain as we do. It would be just as wrong to deny to the raccoon the calculating, and in some sense self-aware, intentions that its every move with relation to the garbage can announces. And when one studies the responses of a whole species' gene pool to environmental change—responses which seem powerfully to imply anticipation and preparation for future changes—one comes to feel that the rest of nature is no more innocent than we. Our cunning and reflexiveness are simply faster than anything else's. Nature's *specialty* is reflexiveness, and we are better at it than the rest of nature. The DNA molecule is the reflexiveness of matter; the animal mind is the reflexiveness of instinct; the human mind is the reflexiveness of the animal mind.

Nature is the process of increasing self-reference and self-measurement. That is how nature finds out what it is. In the first microseconds of the Big Bang it didn't have the faintest idea. It didn't even have laws to obey. It lucked into the first ones, and has been improvising in the direction of greater definiteness and concreteness ever since. We human beings are what nature would probably define itself as being most really like, given the richest field of permutations (terrestrial chemistry) and the longest period of unhindered research; indeed, there may well be a scientific sense in which "the proper study of mankind is man."

But if nature is not innocent, perhaps it can still be wise. Alas, no again. Those of us who have seen an incompetent squirrel miss the easy branch he was aiming at, or have reflected more gloomily on the idiotic and improvident proliferation of relatively simple and inflexible biomes (climax forests, for instance), must suspect that nature in general is at least as capable of making mistakes as that representative of it that is most embarrassed by its own mistakes: ourselves.

On the other hand, nature is pathetically willing, as it were. The flowers growing in the desolation of Mount St. Helens testify to what in human beings we would call a lunatic hopefulness, the optimism of the amateur. Or consider the courtship ritual of the blue satin bowerbird, which, convinced that its own color is the most beautiful in the world, builds the bluest nest it can to attract its mate, painting it with chewed-up blueberries and decorating it with blue flowers, bits of blue paper, and its own feathers; a nest which, since it is on the ground and vulnerable to predators, is never used by the lucky bride. (She later builds a sensible little nest in a tree.)

This charming unwisdom is more attractive, perhaps, than wisdom. Wisdom sits still and doesn't make a fool of itself. Nature sends in the clowns.

**I**f our prejudices about nature can be so wrong, perhaps we are just as wrong about its antonym, culture. For Americans, culture means to a large extent technology; indeed, the latter might well be named more frequently as the opposite of nature. Our "gut" meaning for technology is machines of metal, oil, and electricity; we often forget that technology, strictly speaking, also includes Stradivariuses, horsebreeding, handwriting, orchards, and villanelles. If nature, in our myth, is eternal, unchanging, pure, gentle, wise, innocent, balanced, harmonious, and good, then culture (*qua* technology) is temporary, progressive, polluting, violent, blind, sophisticated, distorted, destructive, and evil. At its best, technology is a euphoric escape from nature; at its worst, a diabolical destruction of it.

This ideological opposition of culture and nature—with no mediating term—has had real consequences. More often than need be, Americans confronted with a natural landscape have either exploited it or designated it a Wilderness Area. The polluter and the ecology freak are two faces of



he same coin; they both perpetuate a theory about nature that allows no alternative to raping it or tying it up in a plastic bag to protect it from contamination.

How did we come to this peculiar view of nature and culture? The two great historical givens in American culture are Puritanism and the frontier. The defining characteristic of Puritanism is its denial of the validity and permissibility of mediating terms. Puritanism abhors the corruptions of ritual and mystery. It insists on an absolute sincerity untainted by practical or aesthetic considerations; it has promoted a view of marriage in which any compromise with family and property interests is a base betrayal of the spiritual absolute of love; and, as is clear in the works of Nathaniel Hawthorne, it has a horror of any spiritual miscegenation between the human and the natural. Like the small boy who will eat only food whose living origin has been utterly pummeled out of it, the Puritan likes his nature as dead as a doornail.

The frontier experience both confirmed and profoundly modified this predisposition. In the first place, the frontier seemed to be the embodiment of the boundary between matter and spirit. Matter was "out there" beyond the frontier; spirit was "in here" among the brethren; and the witch-hunt preserved the distinction. But the Puritan distrust of the means of expression and of the accommodations and compromises that make society possible led to a revulsion of feeling that we find raised to noble eloquence and genuine insight in the works of Thoreau. The true assertion of the purity of the spirit was to "go back to nature," to build a cabin in the woods, to ship aboard a whaler, to be a mountain man, to "light out for the Territory," as Huck Finn puts it, and leave behind the soft, corrupting, and emasculating sophistications of "civilization." In nature one could discover for oneself the real meaning of America's political liberation: our natural solitude, our natural equality, our natural selfishness. From this myth has come great good and great evil: the realized ideal of huge populations living in freedom from the ancient and degrading limitations of conservative technologies, as well as the heroic glory of the space program—but also the daily abandonment of wives by their husbands and the odd ethics of defaulting on child support.

If nature is the opposite of society, then the natural man is essentially asocial, or even antisocial. So Rousseau argued, at any rate, and though the idea has done more damage in France than in America, it has been very influential on this side of the Atlantic. To its credit, it has been used to justify the sturdy individualism enshrined in the Constitution; we vote one by one in the privacy of a booth, and this solitary act is at the core of our political system. Likewise, we vote by our choice of purchase in the free market, and our instinctual bias for the individual helps defend the market against the pressures of monopoly capitalism, paternalistic government, restrictive trade unions, and puritanical consumer groups. If the most important human unit is the individual, so our legal reasoning has gone, then the courts should rule in favor of the individual in every case where he comes into conflict with other human units (the family, the neighborhood, the corporate body).

As an empirical fact, our natural solitude has little scientific foundation. We evolved as social beings; our ancestors were tribal; our babies cannot grow up without the company of their kind, and so an *enfant sauvage*, that ancient human dream of innocence, would be impossible; our closest relatives, the chimpanzees and gorillas, are so social that it has been said that "one chimpanzee is no chimpanzees." The notion of natural solitude has thus introduced distortions into what might otherwise have been a more harmonious balance of constitutional guarantees as against human predisposition. Those distortions include the neglect and isolation of persons, especially the young and the old; we regard privacy as a natural right, but not community, which may well be a more important human need.

The notion of natural equality has been brought to the rescue of that

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grand old phrase in the Declaration of Independence: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal." This phrase has been taken to be an empirical statement about human nature and as such is buttressed by the authority of Plato, Hobbes, and Rousseau. But suppose it were simply wrong? There is virtual unanimity among the human sciences that great variations in natural abilities exist among human beings. Indeed, scholars of human evolution point out that a social species based on the cooperative division of labor cannot survive without variation in natural capacities. Is it not therefore unwise to hold the Constitution hostage to an erroneous claim that equality is an empirical fact? The wording of this phrase (we "hold" these truths to be truths) suggests a wiser alternative: that equality is something we stipulate as a ground rule, perhaps as a corrective to our natural inequality.

Other distortions have been created by the notion of natural self-interest. Modern sociobiology, anthropology, and psychology show that self-interest is not the fundamental human drive but only one of several, which include deeply instinctive impulses toward altruism, sacrifice, agonistic behavior, gregariousness, and loyalty. The entirely self-interested individual is clearly a grotesque pathological aberration produced by extraordinary circumstances, the exception that proves the rule. Perhaps those circumstances might be reproduced if the impersonal state or corporation were totally to supplant the community (which is what Pol Pot, a devoted student of Rousseau during his years in Paris, was trying to do in Cambodia),

but the last few years have shown how durable, indeed how unexpectedly flourishing, are the ethnic, religious, and microcultural communities in the heart of the modern world.

**D**o the Europeans handle the nature/culture distinction any better than we? In some sense, yes. The greatest moments of European cultural brilliance have overcome the falseness and the sterility of the distinction: the gardens of Hadrian, of the Medicis, of the Bourbons, of the great English gardeners. Perhaps the Republic itself. The Renaissance city. The lovers in Shakespeare and Mozart. French and Italian cuisine. The bourgeois family, that vitally creative—if flawed—institution. Claude Lorraine and Gaspard Poussin. Baroque music. Gardens, music, landscape painting, cooking: each mediates between culture and nature in a fertile and inventive way.

But the Europeans have run up against the limits of their own ideas. For Europe, freedom is a choice between alternatives that are finally limited. There is no frontier where one can go when one doesn't like the choices. Culture and nature may be in greater harmony, but they are both constrained by a system that is entropically running down. For Americans true freedom is not the choice at the ballot box but the opportunity to create a new world out of nothing: a Beverly Hills, a Disneyland, a Dallas, a Tranquility Base. Growth can still happen in Europe, but *evolution* will happen in America—and it will take place in the personal as well as the cosmic sphere.

The European model of kinship is parental: we are defined by where and whom we came from, and the cause, the parent, is more full of that quality that characterizes the effect than is the effect itself. Only if the child can transcend the parent, and if the parent measures his own success solely by the transcendence, can evolution take place in the cultural realm. Americans model kinship not on parenthood but on marriage; not on the relationship we are given but on the relationship we create. So the child can be greater than the parent, the effect more essential than the cause, the creation more creative than the creator; even Eternity, as Blake (a natural American) put it, is in love with the productions of time. The European past is a prison; but the American past is the most wonderful raw material. The European future is "held in store," as they say; but the American futures are to be created.



We do not need to accept our myth of nature and culture. The state of America is the state of being able to change our myths. We can forge in the smithies of our souls the conscience of our race, a project James Joyce gave up as impossible for Ireland. Thoreau rejoiced in the indubitable capacity to change himself by conscious endeavor; and the wood of Melville's ship of human destiny "could only be American."

But Thoreau and Melville still bear the marks of damage by the American myth; both needed to escape the complications of heterosexual relationships, and go back to nature, to achieve what they achieved. Henry James and T. S. Eliot had to move to England to begin to garden their impressions. Contemporary women writers must likewise dismiss the male culture to find a space to breathe, and must likewise suffer an impoverishment of that "radiant and porous" creativity which Virginia Woolf mightily located in androgyny. So, then: How do we change our myth?

What model do we use to heal the breach in our ideas and to release the enormous cultural energies of a new American renaissance?

I believe we must trust human intention more than human instinct, since intention evolved out of and as an improvement upon instinct. But if intention is to be thus trusted, it must be fully instructed in the instincts that are its springboard and raw material; otherwise, intention may do more harm than good. For this instruction we must turn not only to the human sciences but also to the species' ancient wisdom as it is preserved in myths, rituals, fairy tales, and the traditions of the performing arts. Perhaps our soundest model will be the art of gardening.

We know that we can ruin things, especially complex and subtle things, by that domineering overconsciousness that Coleridge saw in himself as "the intellect that kills" and that Keats diagnosed in him as an "irritable grasping after fact and reason." Shakespeare implies in *The Winter's Tale* that the human transforming power need not be like that at all. To create, to use our technology—our "art," as he calls it—is as natural to us as breathing—if we do it the right way. Let us accept our self-consciousness as appropriate to us, and rejoice in its occasional absurdity, rather than attempt to escape into a kind of prelapsarian spontaneity. Our spontaneity must be found at the heart of our self-awareness, and nowhere else. It is not enough to be, as Coleridge put it, "wisely passive" before nature; we know from quantum theory that reality reveals itself only to the active questioner. And if acting is natural to us, then we may achieve in action a contemplative absorption that is as wise as any meditative trance.

Any gardener will instantly recognize the state of mind I have just described. As one moves about the flower beds, weeding, propagating, pruning the apple tree, shifting the rock in the rock garden an inch or two to make room for the roots of a healthy *erica*, one becomes a subtle and powerful force of natural selection in that place, placing one's stamp on the future of the biosphere; but it feels like pottering, like a waking dream. "Meantime the mind, from pleasure less, / Withdraws into its happiness," says Marvell.

The creation and use of other technologies, even those of steel and glass and oil and electricity, need be no different. It is all gardening, if we see it right. If we distrust our technology, we distrust our own nature, and nature itself. And this distrust inevitably makes us helpless and passive before the technical powers of others, and resentful, and disenfranchised. Let us seize our powers to ourselves: our artistic and aesthetic capacities, which make use of the whole brain, not just the anxious calculations of the linguistic centers in the left temporal lobe.

We must take responsibility for nature. That ecological modesty which asserts that we are only one species among many, with no special rights, we may now see as an abdication of a trust. We are, whether we like it or not, the lords of creation; true humility consists not in pretending that we

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aren't, but in living up to the trust it implies by service to the greater glory and beauty of the world we have been given to look after. It is a bad shepherd who, on democratic principles, deserts his sheep.

The time is ripe to begin planting the American garden. This demands an assessment of such cultural resources as already exist. America has access not only to the great European traditions of gardening but also to the glorious legacies of the Chinese, the Japanese, and the Indians. One large and unique role that the American garden can fulfill is that of synthesis, of harmonious and fertile juxtaposition of past and foreign cultures.

**O**n the face of it, the project of an American garden may not look promising. In the vernacular, the word "garden" has come to mean little better than a vegetable patch; its substitutes, "yard" and "lawn," seem explicitly to deny an artistic or decorative intent. Nevertheless, our garden can draw on the unique promise of American developments in the great mediators between nature and culture: cookery, music, and the family. Cookery transforms raw nature into the substance of human communion, routinely and without fuss transubstantiating matter into mind; in the past twenty years, American cuisine has been transformed from something resembling British or German provincial cooking into a serious and sophisticated art with virtuoso practitioners and a solid literature. Music, as Bosch knew, is at once the most sensual of pleasures and the loftiest and most divine exercise of the spirit; because it doesn't seem to depend on ideas, music has never embarrassed the American genius, and our domestic amalgam of jazz, bluegrass, European folk and art music, and the blues is now the classical idiom of the entire world. As for the American family, its special promise has already been pointed out: our emphasis on the *elective* aspects of the family puts human intention in charge of family life in a way that is unprecedented among human societies. If the gardening of a marriage becomes imaginatively feasible, we will have a chance at a remarkable psychic enfranchisement for parents and children alike.

The American garden will not just be what George Steiner calls an "archive of Eden": a collection of good ideas from elsewhere. Such a vision of America derives from the suicidal European notion that we are at the end of history, with nothing left to us but a cataloguing of the past or a suitably tasteful self-annihilation. But if we are to avoid being merely derivative, we must be bold in our assessment of the raw materials of the American garden, and reject nothing until it has fully proved its uselessness. Not even the shopping malls of the Sunbelt, Disneyland, Hyatt hotels, the imaginary Ringworld gardens of the High Frontier, their lakes and forests vertiginously slathered over the inner surface of a gigantic aluminum band spinning in the cloudless dazzle of the naked sun. Let us consider the sheer scale of America, and the perspective of it as seen from the freeway, the Ferris wheel, the skyscraper, the jet plane. There is enough room to plant gardens for all the citizens of the republic, not just a wealthy aristocracy. Let us make a virtue of the colossal earthworks we have dug for our industrial purposes, and of our capacity for truly heroic alterations of the landscape.

This American garden will not only grow, but evolve; and that means it must encompass change and death and self-awareness (which is the awareness of death). This is why water, which flows, shatters itself, and reflects, is so important in a garden. The true artists of Eden have always built into it a sort of shiver, the possibility of a cloud passing over the sun and transforming the glowing landscape into a tragic or heroic mode. Coleridge's Xanadu has its terrifying chasm, its caverns measureless to man, its sunless sea. "Is there no change of death in paradise?" asks Wallace Stevens, and answers: "Death is the mother of beauty." He is echoing that artist who painted a skull in his pastoral landscape and inscribed next to it, in a mossy stone, the words *et in Arcadia ego*: yes, I too am in Arcadia. ■



# STALKING THE CRIMINAL MIND

Psychopaths, 'moral imbeciles,' and free will

By David Kelley

Among the books discussed in this essay:

*Fatal Vision*, by Joe McGinniss. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 663 pages. \$17.95.

*Criminology*, 10th ed., by E. H. Sutherland and Donald R. Cressey. J. B. Lippincott. 714 pages. (Out of print.)

*The Tangled Wing*, by Melvin Konner. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 543 pages. \$19.95.

*Vulnerabilities to Delinquency*, edited by Dorothy Otnow Lewis. Spectrum Publications. 327 pages. \$37.95.

*Mask of Sanity*, 5th ed., by Hervey Cleckley. C. V. Mosby Co. 596 pages. (Out of print.)

*The Criminal Personality*, by Samuel Yochelson and Stanton Samenow. Jason Aronson. Vol. I, 538 pages. \$35.  
Vol. II, 578 pages. \$40.

*Inside the Criminal Mind*, by Stanton Samenow. Times Books. 285 pages. \$15.50.

*Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice*, by Charles Silberman. Random House. 540 pages. \$15.

Crime is a social problem; in a sense it is the social problem, because it breaks the bond of trust that makes society possible. But that's about as far as the consensus on the subject goes. On March 3, for example, the Justice Department released a study showing that 40 percent of the people who entered state prisons in 1979 were on probation or parole for previous crimes—and thus would not have been free to commit new crimes had they served full terms for their earlier ones. The following day, the Eisenhower Foundation issued a report denying the efficacy of punishing criminals and urging that public policy address the "real" causes of crime, such as high unemployment among minority youth.

These two reports neatly illustrate the philosophical dispute that runs through the debate about crime. If our actions are a product of causes outside our control, then it is unfair—and ineffective—to blame criminals for what is really the fault of society, or their parents, or their genes. We must try to alter those causes, and use punishment solely as a means of rehabilitation. If our actions are freely chosen, how-

ever, then society can hold us responsible for them and refuse to indulge the kinds of excuses that determinism offers. Punishing wrongdoers is then a form of retribution, and a way of removing them from our midst.

For more than a decade, the public has been moving steadily into the free will camp. Outrage over the trial of John Hinckley led Congress to tighten the insanity defense. Earlier, in the 1960s, the sight of social theorists fiddling with determinism while the cities burned helped elect Richard Nixon on a law-and-order platform. The crime rate, despite a recent dip, is well above the level of two decades ago and remains high on the list of public anxieties. Politicians across the spectrum have long since learned the electoral advantages of being (or seeming to be) tough on crime, and on criminals.

Determinism is more difficult to resist in criminology, however, where the goal is to explain criminal behavior. The most powerful models of explanation we have are drawn from the physical sciences. The social sciences have not abandoned the hope of finding laws that govern human action in the way that the law of gravity governs the motion of a stone; and journalists who set out to explain particular crimes,

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to get behind the "story," are drawn ineluctably into the search for causes. But the search always runs into problems, problems that arise from the very assumption that criminal behavior is solely a product of causes beyond the criminal's control. Thus to solve the social problem of crime, we must first confront a philosophical one. We need to acknowledge the inadequacy of determinism.

**T**he first 610 pages of Joe McGinniss's *Fatal Vision* present two sets of "facts" about Jeffrey MacDonald, the Green Beret doctor who was convicted in 1979 of murdering his wife, Collette, and their two children. The first is the circumstantial evidence against MacDonald,

who has never confessed to the crime; the second is a mass of psychiatric testimony, along with McGinniss's own speculations, as to why and how MacDonald could have committed so brutal a crime.

Though the psychological account has many loose ends, its outlines are clear enough. MacDonald was a hardworking, dedicated, and (to all appearances) compassionate doctor. But he had an intense desire to control others and showed great hostility toward anyone who stood in his way, or even disagreed with him. He was remarkably unperceptive about his own behavior, and in several haunting scenes in the book—as when he worries about which uniform he should wear to meet the press after be-





ng cleared of murder charges by the military—he reveals an incredible poverty of feeling. McGinniss caught MacDonald in a number of lies, many of them serving no ostensible purpose. And despite MacDonald's protestations that his marriage was happy, he had had a series of casual affairs, apparently fueled by worries about his masculinity.

MacDonald had no history of violence. But on the night of the murder, he and his wife had an argument (there is some evidence that they did, and that their relationship had grown increasingly tense in the preceding months); and if the argument reached a pitch of feeling, with Colette stepping out of her usual passive role; and if MacDonald saw her as a threat to his masculinity, to his very sense of self (defined as it was by his ability to control others); and if, having worked for thirty-six hours straight, he was unable to exert his normal control over his feelings—if all this was so, then perhaps we can begin to understand the murder (of his wife, at least) as a form of self-defense.

On page 610, however, we are given another explanation, a physiological one: MacDonald had been taking diet pills containing amphetamines. McGinniss conjectures that MacDonald took the pills in doses larger than he has admitted—doses large enough, according to the medical literature, to cause psychosis, hallucinations, and delusions of persecution.

Yet neither the psychological nor the physiological explanation of the crime is very satisfying—not, at least, if we are looking for causal explanations. Psychology tends to explain an action by reference to underlying beliefs and goals. The great advantage of this approach is that it can make an action intelligible. If MacDonald believed that his wife was challenging his authority, and if his goal was to avoid such challenges at all costs, then the act of removing the threat follows by a kind of brutal logic. Often, an explanation of this sort is enough. But in the case of a murder it is not. The violent destruction of one's wife and children is not only awful and repellent; it wears its awful and repellent character on its face, visible to anyone not wholly deranged. For most of us, the enormity of such an act would function as a kind of barrier reef: the tides of personality would crash against it and rebound, shaking loose the grip of whatever desires had tempted us.

So we turn with relief to the diet pill hypothesis, not only because it is clear and simple but because it gives us a *real* cause, one that might have compelled MacDonald to act. No one, after all, chooses the way his neurons react to a chemical. But our relief is temporary, for we have purchased causal necessity at the cost of intelligibility. We do not yet understand why or

how an amphetamine could trigger an act of violence. We do not even know what *kind* of explanation to look for. The amphetamines did not move MacDonald's arm in the way the wind might move a branch; his arm was guided by his intention to kill. How can a chemical cause an intention?

If the various explanations of the crime in *Fatal Vision* are finally unsatisfying, the problem is not literary but metaphysical. We expect the relation between cause and effect to be both necessary and intelligible. In the case of a human act, physiology can give us the first, and psychology the second, but we cannot put the two together until we understand (and we do not) the causal intercourse between mind and body, matter and spirit.

**I**t has commonly been assumed that science is the natural ally of determinism. Science, after all, trades in causal explanations. Immanuel Kant, two centuries ago, argued that the scientific perspective leads inevitably to determinism, that freedom could be defended only by opposing the authority of science. In *Walden Two*, B. F. Skinner claimed that the increasing success of a science of behavior would make determinism more and more plausible. But the progress of science has not borne out Skinner's prediction. The problem is not that scientists haven't discovered any causal influences on human behavior. The problem is that they have found too many.

No category of human action has been studied in as much depth, or from as many angles, as crime. Here is some of what we have learned from that inquiry:

□ Young males are disproportionately responsible for crimes of violence and property crimes. The Baby Boom partly explains the massive rise in crime from the early 1960s to the early 1970s. But only partly. In some areas of the country, the murder rate in those years went up ten times faster than demographic changes alone would have led one to predict.

□ Psychologists have found that criminals tend to fall outside the normal range on a number of personality traits. These include some we might expect, such as disrespect for authority and diminished capacity for empathy. But among them are also such unexpected traits as hyperactivity and slower response to aversive stimuli.

□ There is a link between poverty and crime, but it is a complex one. Crime rates are higher in poor areas than in wealthy ones (for violent crimes, at least), and poor people are more likely to be arrested and convicted. But the rates are higher in urban slums than in rural areas of equal poverty, and they vary widely among ethnic groups of the same economic status; poverty

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Social norms encourage violence in boys, discourage it in girls. But isn't gender a physiological condition as well?

per se may not be the crucial variable. There is also some evidence that crime rates fluctuate in accordance with the business cycle, suggesting a correlation, if a weak one, between crime and unemployment.

□ Delinquents are much more likely to have been abused as children than nondelinquents.

□ The incidence of alcoholism—and, especially since the 1960s, of drug use—is much greater among criminals than among the population at large. There is also some evidence that about a third of all serious crimes are committed by people under the influence.

□ When a criminal has a twin, that twin is at least twice as likely to be a criminal himself if he is an identical rather than a fraternal twin. And among adopted children who commit crimes, the biological parents are more likely to be criminals than the adoptive parents.

This criminological sampler, brief as it is, shows that no single factor is sufficient to explain criminal behavior. This should not come as a surprise: no social scientist expects to find a single explanation for any human action. It is precisely the job of theory to explain how various causal influences interact. But this raises another, deeper problem. The factors mentioned above are of diverse types: economic, cultural, psychological, physiological, genetic. It is far from clear how one should go about explaining the interaction of causes at such different levels.

The existing theories typically solve this problem by denying it. A good example is E. H. Sutherland's theory of "differential association," which evolved through the ten editions of *Criminology*, by Sutherland and D. R. Cressey (Sutherland, who died in 1950, published the first edition in 1924; the tenth edition was published in 1978). This theory is still perhaps the best known in the field. Sutherland and Cressey hold that criminal behavior is determined by one's participation in a number of groups: family, school, neighborhood clique. We tend to adopt the attitudes of groups we belong to, in proportion to the strength of our ties to these groups. We are all pulled in different directions by competing attitudes toward criminal behavior, by different "definitions" (to use Sutherland's term) of the law as something to be respected or flouted. Thus "a person becomes delinquent because of an excess of definitions favorable to violation of law over definitions unfavorable to violation of law" among the groups he belongs to.

The theory of differential association can take into account a number of factors relevant to crime, but *only* those having to do with social conditions. The theory is essentially a form of environmental determinism, based on the same

model of causality as Skinner's behaviorism. To maintain such a reductionist, "single-level" explanation of human action, any causes that are not social must be explained away.

If there is a link between alcohol and criminal violence, for example, Sutherland and Cressey suggest that perhaps the offenders have "learned from associations with others certain ways of acting when intoxicated." There may actually be something to this. It is very difficult to reproduce in the laboratory the types of behavior that alcohol induces; social setting does seem to be a factor. But it is a sign of sociological desperation to claim that it is the *only* causal factor. In some cases, at least, the criminal's intent seems to come first; drinking or taking drugs is a way of nerving himself for the act. It is also likely that alcohol use and crime are related effects of underlying psychological causes. And what of the effect of alcohol on the brain?

Another example: Many social scientists would explain the fact that males commit a higher proportion of violent crimes than females by treating gender as something purely social. Social norms encourage violence in boys, discourage it in girls. That is surely part of the explanation. It is just as surely not the whole explanation; gender is a physiological as well as a social condition. As Melvin Konner points out in *The Tangled Wing*, studies with animals have shown that testosterone levels during key periods in maturation affect the degree of aggressiveness in adults. And an increase in testosterone lowers the threshold of firing in a nerve bundle called the *stria terminalis*, which is part of a neural circuit known to be involved in violent behavior.

Or consider the appalling incidence of child abuse in the families of delinquents. Dorothy Otnow Lewis and her associates divided the youths at a Connecticut correctional school into two groups, according to the severity of their crimes. As she reports in *Vulnerabilities to Delinquency*, 75 percent of the more violent offenders had been abused as children, as against 33 percent of the less violent. And 79 percent of the first group (compared with 20 percent of the second) had witnessed extreme violence; they had seen their mothers slashed, their siblings burned with cigarettes. It would be hard to find more compelling evidence that one's environment can have devastating effects. But it is likely that the violent behavior of these youths flowed from physiological as well as emotional damage they suffered as children. Virtually all of the more violent offenders had neurological disorders, and 30 percent of them (as against none of the less violent offenders) had grossly abnormal electroencephalograms and/or histories of grand mal seizures.



Environmental determinists are aware that between the stimulus and the response lies a very complicated piece of equipment—the human organism. But they regard the internal properties of that organism as mere “intervening variables,” to use Skinner’s phrase: conduits that pass along, unmodified, the stream of environmental forces. *The Tangled Wing* is an exhaustive demonstration that this view is false. Pulling together evidence from genetics, biochemistry, ethology, and neurophysiology, Konner shows that the intervening variables are in fact the controlling ones. An animal’s genetic endowment determines which stimuli it can respond to and the kinds of responses those stimuli are most likely to elicit. Even among humans, action flows in large part from emotions that have their origins in the interplay of hormones and neural structures that were shaped by selection pressures over the course of a million years.

This is not to say, of course, that the environment is irrelevant, merely that environmental determinism is as narrow and simple-minded as genetic determinism. As Konner writes, “Any analysis of the causes of human nature that tends to ignore *either* the genes *or* the environmental factors may safely be discarded.”

But such ecumenism has a cost that Konner does not fully appreciate. The evolution of the nervous system, from the simplest reflex arc to the human brain, has been a process of interposing longer and more complex loops between stimulus and response. As control of behavior moves inward, action replaces reaction, the organism becomes an agent, and we have to consider the possibility that the whole is more than the sum of its parts.

Despite its sophistication, *The Tangled Wing* is still reductionist, filled with confidence that a scientific understanding of the parts will add up to an understanding of the whole. “When we have characterized the biology of moods,” Konner suggests, in one of many such statements, “we will have characterized the major forces behind behavior.” But the riches that await us in biological research, and doubtless they are many, will leave Konner’s account of human behavior overdrawn, his confidence in reductionism insufficiently funded by the evidence. Indeed, a number of prominent biologists, such as Nobel Prize winner Roger Sperry, have concluded that behavior will never be understood fully at the neuronal or biochemical level; and they have revived the view that qualitatively new and irreducible properties emerge in a biological system as it becomes more complex.

In the human brain, the massive expansion of the frontal lobes made possible two traits that have always seemed to distinguish man from

other animals: the capacities for self-awareness and for abstract, conceptual thought. Konner has almost nothing to say about these capacities, or about the fact that they enable us to modify and override the more primitive responses of evolutionarily older parts of the brain. Yet if Sperry and his allies are correct, these capacities are examples of “emergent” properties beyond the reach of any reductionist explanation. The only hope of understanding them lies in a more holistic approach, one that crosses the mind-body divide and examines them as traits of a conscious self.

The result of such an examination could be merely a more complex deterministic account of human action. But it could also be that the capacities for conceptual thought and self-awareness represent an evolutionary change of kind, not merely degree. They do not, of course, break the bonds of determinism altogether: we are still constrained by our genetic and physiological equipment, and can hardly remain unaffected by our social environment. But if the human agent, the self, is more than the sum of its parts, then our actions may be more than the sum of their antecedents; we may have room to maneuver within the causal net.

**C**riminology texts routinely denounce the search for criminal man—for a set of personality traits peculiar to criminals. And no doubt a good deal of nonsense has been perpetrated in the course of this search. But there is in fact a personality syndrome that one encounters at every turn in the literature on crime. The type was formerly known as the psychopath or sociopath; in the current edition of the psychiatrists’ *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual*, the syndrome goes by the anemic name of “antisocial personality disorder.”

The psychopath is not the bug-eyed psychotic who serves as a wild card in Hollywood crime dramas. Psychopathy does not involve any clear psychosis or neurosis; that is why it is classified as a personality disorder. Perhaps the most revealing name for the syndrome is the oldest. Psychologists in the nineteenth century identified a disorder that seemed to involve no cognitive impairment—those who had it were often quite intelligent and clearheaded—but rather a gross deficiency in what used to be called the *moral* faculties: the capacities for deep feeling, working toward goals, living according to standards, cooperating with others. These people seemed profoundly amoral. Despite their intelligence, they were unable to look beyond the impulse of the moment. They seemed constitutionally incapable of empathy and lacked even the most elementary sense of fairness and reci-

*If the self is more than the sum of its parts, then our actions may be more than the sum of their antecedents*



The psychopath  
is perhaps best  
seen as a  
prototype to  
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conform more  
or less closely

procity. It was as if a human intelligence had been planted in the brain of an innocently predatory animal. The psychologists called these individuals "moral imbeciles."

The classic clinical portrait of the psychopath was drawn by Hervey Cleckley, who was a therapist in private practice, in *Mask of Sanity*; some researchers still use his list of sixteen traits as a diagnostic tool. Cleckley's subjects exhibited the normal range of intelligence; many were well informed, many were talented. They were not delusional, and seemed entirely free of anxiety. Yet they seemed unable to learn from experience, making the same mistakes over and over, even after they had recognized them. His subjects were chronic liars, even when no clear gain was involved. Cleckley came to believe that the intelligence they showed in conversation was merely verbal; as he studied them more closely, he was struck by the concreteness and fragmentation of their thinking, reflected in their complete lack of interest in long-range planning for their lives.

Most of his patients, especially those with criminal records, were able to size up people quickly; they were good at manipulating others and mimicking conventional feelings and attitudes when it served their purposes. Yet at other times their actions revealed an inability to anticipate how others would react. (One woman, in applying for jobs, routinely gave as references people whose trust she had repeatedly violated.) Cleckley was most struck by the poverty of feeling these people exhibited. Primitive emotions—spite, vanity, sentimental affection, flashes of violent anger—came and went like New England weather, but there was no indication that they experienced deeper, more complex emotions, such as grief, pride, joy, despair, or love. His patients were often witty, but never revealed any genuine sense of humor. Their egocentricity was so profound as to differ in kind from ordinary self-centeredness. Yet despite their indifference to the suffering they caused others, their obliviousness to moral standards, and their incapacity for feeling shame, humiliation, or regret, they were quick to blame others and to defend themselves when criticized. Moral evaluation mattered to them in a way that belied the appearance of amorality.

Cleckley's patients were not all criminals, nor do all criminals fit the pattern he described. The degree of overlap is hard to estimate. Researchers using the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory have found that prison inmates score well above the general population on the "psychopathic deviate" scale; however, that scale is a fairly crude measure. The psychopath is perhaps best seen as a proto-

type to which criminals conform more or less closely.

Any doubts about the existence of a link between crime and psychopathy have been dispelled by the work of Stanton Samenow and Samuel Yochelson, who conducted a fifteen-year study of criminals at St. Elizabeths Hospital, a federal psychiatric facility in Washington, D.C. Their two-volume work, *The Criminal Personality* (summarized in Samenow's more recent *Inside the Criminal Mind*), offers a clinical portrait remarkably similar to Cleckley's. Yochelson and Samenow found the same concreteness in thinking that others have noticed. Their patients' short attention spans made it next to impossible for them to take a long-range view of their lives. They rarely learned from experience. Their non-integrative cognitive style made it difficult for them to see any contradiction between their violent, predatory behavior and the sentimentality they often expressed toward the helpless. The career criminals Yochelson and Samenow studied tended to view "straight" life as a series of concrete acts, most of them boring. These people lived in the moment, and did not see the value of the long-term rewards of a family or a career. These cognitive traits have a common root: an anti-conceptual mode of thinking. For it is the power to conceptualize that makes us able to act on principles, to think in terms of long-range goals, and to learn from experience.

The psychopathic syndrome also involves a certain self-conception. The psychopath was traditionally considered less susceptible to fear and anxiety than other people. That, indeed, was the basis for one explanation of the syndrome: psychopaths' insensitivity to punishment hinders the process of socialization. In the course of their interviews, however, Yochelson and Samenow found their subjects to be intensely fearful.

Their greatest fear, Yochelson and Samenow found, was that of "the zero state." This sense of complete and profound worthlessness was something all of their patients had experienced, and went to great lengths to repress. They protected themselves against it by a kind of grandiosity, a conception of themselves as supermen, as effortless heroes able to achieve great ends by unconventional means. Their chief method of sustaining this self-image was to exert control over others. By forcing others to bend to his will—intimidating them, manipulating them through lies and cons—the psychopath makes society affirm a view of his potency that he cannot affirm by looking within.

Conversely, anything that suggests a lack of control over the world threatens to bring on the zero state. According to Samenow, "The threat



f being less than top dog, the possibility that e won't achieve unusual distinction, the hance that things will not go as he wants constitute a major threat to the criminal, almost as ough his life were at stake. From his standpoint it is, because the puncturing of his inflated self-concept is psychological homicide." nyone trying to understand the case of Jeffrey MacDonald should find that a chilling observation.

Theories about the causes of psychopathy—like those about the causes of crime—are numerous and varied. Most if not all of the traits of the psychopath have been observed in people with neurological damage. And it is hard to believe that neural damage had nothing to do with the violent behavior of the delinquents studied by Dorothy Otnow Lewis. But as the eminent neurologist Frank A. Elliott has noted, organic disorders tend to produce a 'partial' psychopath rather than the fully fledged classical picture."

There are also sociological explanations. In *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice*, Charles Silberman describes the brutality of crimes committed by juvenile delinquents, often without remorse. Silberman attributes this to the fact that they "have been so brutalized in their own upbringing." More generally, he suggests that crime usually springs from an impoverished self-conception, caused in turn by economic poverty: "In a society that rewards success and penalizes failure... to be poor is to live with continual self-doubt." But this cannot be the whole story, unless we assume—and the assumption is often made by social scientists, usually without benefit of evidence—that the individual derives his self-esteem exclusively from the responses of others. That assumption leaves no way to account for the fact that people differ in precisely this respect: the autonomy of their self-estimates.

Cleckley, for his part, held that psychopathy is a deeply rooted disorder, an abnormality more profound even than schizophrenia. Though the psychopath presents a mask of sanity to the world, his actions reveal that the mask "disguises something quite different within, concealing behind a perfect mimicry of normal emotion, fine intelligence, and social responsibility a grossly disabled personality." Yochelson and Samenow maintain that the problem lies much closer to the surface, in patterns of thinking that are accessible to consciousness and—with some effort—subject to conscious control.

They have discovered, for example, a phenomenon they call "cutoff," a severe form of anti-conceptual thinking that allows someone on the threshold of committing a crime to blank out all of his fears and doubts. This act of blank-

ing out is voluntary: "Even though cutoff is so rapid and automatic, it is still a mental process that is under the criminal's control. Whether he invokes the cutoff is his choice." As evidence of volition, they note that criminals learn not to shut off their fears too soon, lest they dull themselves to signs of danger.

By the time of Yochelson's death in 1976, thirteen of the thirty patients in the special therapeutic program at St. Elizabeths were leading responsible lives—a major achievement, given the dismal record of criminal rehabilitation, and a sign that patterns of thinking are amenable to change. The agent of change, as the authors describe it, is the insistence that a patient learn to monitor his thoughts and to prevent his fragile self-image from blocking out his awareness of what he has done, of who he is.

Yochelson and Samenow came to believe that crime is a voluntary act for which the criminal is fully accountable. This is not, to say the least, the majority view in criminology, but it is not surprising that they adopted it. For in tracing the roots of crime to problems in the criminal's ability to think conceptually and to form a self-conception, they arrived at the two uniquely human traits to which anti-determinists in all fields have always appealed.

**T**he conflict between free will and determinism first arose in philosophy, and most of the philosophical arguments for human freedom have been variations on a common theme. Because we are capable of self-consciousness, it is claimed, we can focus attention on an impulse or feeling and examine it from a kind of inner distance that can weaken its aura or grip. Because we are capable of conceptual thought, we can evaluate these impulses and feelings—their consequences, their effects on others, their compatibility with our principles—and choose whether to act on them. We are free agents because those capacities give us veto power over the forces that move us.

Determinists have always found this argument naive: science, they say, will show that behavior is governed by causes beyond the reach of conceptual thought and self-awareness. But in the case of crime, at any rate, the trail of scientific inquiry keeps circling back to those very capacities. It would be too much to say that science can establish human freedom. That will always be a philosophical issue. But the old assumption that science is a witness against free will is not true, either—it will not survive a close look at what scientists have actually discovered. Human beings have turned out to be far more complicated than the sciences of man anticipated. We may just turn out to be as complicated as we always thought. ■

*Because we are capable of self-consciousness, we can focus our attention on an impulse and examine it from an inner distance*



# THE LI

## What's black and white

This is it. Playing the Palace. Numero uno, not only status-wise but historically—it was the *New York Times* that published the first weekly best-seller list, on Sunday, October 9, 1942. There are other lists: the one compiled by the *Los Angeles Times* is not sniffed at; an appearance there may ignite the attention of a dozing film magnate. And the list in *Publishers Weekly* gets read by the trade. But the *Times* . . . a mention even near the bottom of the list is regarded as a force equal to that of a full-page ad in the *Book Review*. It also provides a priceless opportunity to witness that most cherished (and lucrative) of publishing phenomena, the Self-Fulfilling Prophecy. An appearance on the list is likely to inspire one's publisher to recommend an infusion of money into one's book's ad budget, and to encourage booksellers to erect displays—actions taken, in other words, so best sellers might best sell.

It is a fact that people buy best-selling fiction because it happens to be best-selling. Once an author has nailed his flag to the top of the greasy pole, it is likely to spank smartly in the breeze for quite a little while. We are talking hard-bound novels here—paperbacks have their own list, and appearances by collections of short stories, while not unheard of (Welty, Bradbury, Cheever), are rare. It doesn't take much for a novel to make the list—maybe 30,000 copies during a slow summer. The top of the heap is another matter. By mid-January of this year, there were 885,000 copies of *The Talisman* in print, perhaps for use as doorstops.

Herewith, a noble attempt to identify a few books that are actually worth reading. Nobody knows if having one's book singled out as an "editors' choice" does any good beyond confirming what one already knew. But bear this in mind: it is not unheard of to discover no fewer than two books by *Times* staffers here. This week, of particular interest, find books by Alan Riding (the paper's bureau chief in Brazil) and Leonard Silk (its economics columnist).

L. J. Davis is a contributing editor of Harper's.

Jan. 13, 1985

### Fiction

- 1 THE TALISMAN, by Stephen King and Peter Straub. (Viking, \$18.95) Two parallel worlds young boys who can travel between them.
- 2 THE SICILIAN, by Mario Puzo. (London P. Simon & Schuster, \$17.95) A fictionalized Salvatore Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit-king, 1940's.
- 3 NUTCRACKER, by E. T. A. Hoffmann. (C. Scribner, \$19.95) A new translation of the popular C. story, with 60 color illustrations by Hans Seeck.
- 4 LOVE AND WAR, by John James. (Harro Jovanovich, \$19.95) The Civil War saga of a Pennsylvania family and a Southern family begins in North and South.
- 5 THE LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF NEIL ABRAMOWITZ, by Joel Rivers. (Doubleday, \$19.95) The surrealist tells the "true" story of a "friend," a notorious traitor, high school friend.
- 6 SO LONG, AND THANKS FOR ALL IT, by Douglas Adams. (Harmony, \$12.95) He returned to Earth, the hero of the "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" science fiction series, to discover the answer.
- 7 THE FOURTH PROTOCOL, by Fred. (C. Scribner, \$19.95) A London scene, robbery and counterplots behind the Iron Curtain.
- 8 JITTERBUG PERFUME, by Tom R. (Bantam, \$15.95) Reflections on the senses and the evolution of growing and domestication, fiction, style.
- 9 LINCOLN, by Gore Vidal. (Random, \$19.95) Personalized account of the Civil War.
- 10 AND LADIES OF THE CLUB, by H. (Putnam, \$19.95) A novel, 1890 to 1910.
- 11 GOD KNOWS, by Joseph Heller. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.
- 12 ILLUSIONS OF LOVE, by Cynthia. (Simon & Schuster, \$19.95) A romantic tale, 1910 to 1910.
- 13 STRONG MEDICINE, by Arthur. (Doubleday, \$19.95) A strong medicine, 1910 to 1910.
- 14 LIFE IS ITS OWNSELF, by Dan. (Viking, \$19.95) The adventure, 1910 to 1910.
- 15 THE BUTTER BATTLE BOOK, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A war, 1910 to 1910.

### And Bear

- editorial choices of other books.
- AUGUST STRINDBERG, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.
- COLLECTED POEMS (1910-1910), by. (Viking, \$19.95) The work of a poet, 1910 to 1910.
- DISTANT NEIGHBORS, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.
- ECONOMICS OF THE REAL, by. (Viking, \$19.95) The work of an economist, 1910 to 1910.
- EQUAL DISTANCE, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.
- HITLER AND THE FINAL, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.
- THOMAS MORE, by. (Viking, \$19.95) A novel, 1910 to 1910.



# LISTS

and golden? by L. J. Davis

There were 1.1 million copies of Lee Iacocca's autobiography in print when this list appeared, which would seem to prove that if one wants to write a best seller, one should leave the writing to someone else. *Iacocca* isn't even a real ghosted autobiography; it is a series of occasionally entertaining, selectively sanitized anecdotes and after-dinner speeches in which, with astonishing vigor, the chairman of Chrysler does not run for president of the United States.

Once a best seller has been written—or, in the cases of Iacocca and John Madden, not written—how is it found, counted, *made*? This was long a source of mystery. Actually, compiling the list is simplicity itself: each week, some 2,000 bookstores, carefully selected in an effort to achieve balance in terms of location and size, receive three lists of hard-cover contenders: two of thirty-six each (fiction and nonfiction), one of twelve ("Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous"). Each bookseller is asked to arrange the week's picks in order of sales, adding any unlisted shooting stars that have appeared in his sales figures. At an appointed moment, the *Times* calls and asks for the tally. . .

. . . and then, it "statistically adjusts" its findings—a process that has reduced William Peter Blatty, for one, to a state bordering on incoherence. In August 1983, Blatty sued the *Times* when his novel *Legion* failed to make the list in sufficiently gratifying fashion—this despite its breathless prose and (more important) mega-big (he believed) sales. The *Book Review's* adjustment, called weighting, works this way: if there are ten bookstores in a region, and the *Times* is in touch with three of them, each book sold by these stores is assigned a value of three and one third. Presumably, this gives a fairly reliable picture of national sales while winnowing out purely local phenomena. All this numbers-crunching is necessary because publishers gleefully release some sales figures while guarding others as though they were the Koh-i-noor. Which leads, quickly and neatly, to this question: If the publishers don't want to play, and there are authors who think the game is rigged, why not drop the whole thing?

	Last Week	Wkgs. On List
<b>Autobiography</b> , by Lee Iacocca with David R. Hudson. (\$17.95) The rise of the man from immigrant's son to top executive.	1	11
<b>GERB</b> , by Leo Busscaglia. Art & Winston. (\$13.95) Getting our priorities right in order to live.	3	20
<b>END</b> , by Andrew A. Rooney. More essays by the journalist commentator.	2	18
<b>It</b> , by Sauls Terkel. (Penguin) It is remembered by men and through it.	4	18
<b>TEN</b> , by James Herriot. (St.) A wall totem is adopted by a pig.	7	14
<b>CROSS FOREVER</b> , by Richard L. Smith. The author of "Jonathan Living" recounts his search for a true friend.	8	19
<b>DESCRIPTION FOR HAPPINESS</b> , by (Putnam, \$11.95) The romantic provides a regimen of life.	6	10
<b>MINUTE, I WROTE A BOOK!</b> by David Anderson. (Villard Books) A satirical autobiography of the popular author.	5	17
<b>by Richard M. Russell</b> (Bantam) A companion volume to the PBS television series.	12	6
<b>by Abba Eban</b> (Summit, \$8.95) An Israeli history by the Israeli diplomat on the PBS show of the same name.	9	13
<b>THE ATTIC</b> , by Shel Silverstein New. (\$13.95) Light verse and drawings.	11	112
<b>THE MORNING STAR</b> , by Evan S. Conrad. (North Point Press, \$24.95) A biography of General Custer that is also a history of Indian wars.	13	8
<b>THE VESSEL</b> , by Antonia Fraser. A 16th-century woman's lot to 17th-century England.	14	15
<b>DEAD AND I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD</b> by Lewis Grizzard. (Peachtree) Humorous observations on death, food, fashion and other everyday matters.	10	8
<b>MY BEGINNING</b> , by Eudora Welty. The novelist recalls her childhood in Mississippi.	15	42
<b>Advice, How-to and Miscellaneous</b>		
<b>THEY DON'T TEACH YOU AT HARVARD</b> BESS SCHOOL, by Mark H. McCormack. Notes and tips of a "street-smart man."	1	17
<b>IN COMING OF AGE</b> , by Jane Fonda with Michael McCarthy. (Simon & Schuster, \$19.95) For middle-aged women on fitness, health and nutrition.	2	6
<b>PAUL PRUDHOMME'S LOUISIANA</b> MEN, by Paul Prudhomme. (Morrow, \$19.95) Recipes for Cajun and Creole cooking by a New Orleans chef.	3	13
<b>TO WIN</b> , by Robert Haas. (Rawson, \$14.95) A text for participants in sports and fitness contests.		36
<b>WING DOWN</b> , by Robert G. Allen. (Simon & Schuster, \$15.95) How to buy real estate with little money. Revised edition of a 1980 book.		6



# THE FATE OF

Hiroshima and the first

The first atomic bomb, dropped on Hiroshima forty years ago, did not kill Akihiro Takahashi—nor did it spare him. The Japanese government has certified some 108,000 survivors of the blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki as *hibakusha*, or “explosion-affected persons”; this is Takahashi’s official number. In accordance with the Law Pertaining to the Medical Treatment of Atomic Bomb Victims, passed in 1957 as a result of pressure brought by *hibakusha* organizations, certified survivors everywhere—there are about 750 living in the United States—are entitled to free medical care for bomb-related disabilities. Shown here are two pages from the registration booklet that Takahashi, like all *hibakusha*, must present to receive these benefits—a shorthand diary of his journey through the inferno.

Takahashi was a fourteen-year-old schoolboy on August 6, 1945. A little after eight in the morning, as he and his sixty classmates were lining up for roll call, a friend pointed to a lone B-29 in the sky above Hiroshima. “Fall in,” their teacher snapped, and as they did the world went dark and thunder engulfed them. The schoolyard was about a mile from ground zero. Five or ten minutes after the explosion, the heavy smoke faded away; when Takahashi came to his senses, he found he had been blown about thirty-five feet from where he had been standing. His clothes had burned away. From his hands and legs, the skin hung in sheets.

Robert Karl Manoff is a contributing editor of Harper’s and deputy director of the Center for War, Peace and the News Media at New York University.

公費負担者番号	1 9 3 4 6 0 2
公費負担医療の 受給者番号 (手帳番号)	1 0 9 5 3 0 6
広島市長	
ふりがな 氏名	タカハシ アキヒロ 高橋 昭博
昭和 6	性別
被爆時の年齢	満 14 歳
居住地 (現在地)	広島市 西区 草津梅が台 9番3号
交付年月日	昭和 35 年 9 月
更新期限	昭和 62 年 7 月
申請書 108.59.4改	

The first of Takahashi’s booklets was issued on September 24, 1960; the date is recorded in *showa*, according to which the year is reckoned as the thirty-fifth in the reign of the Emperor Hirohito. To establish his eligibility, Takahashi had to prove that he had been in Hiroshima on the day of the bombing by providing corroboration from two witnesses—neither of whom, in accordance with the law, could be members of his family. Registration entitles him to semi-annual checkups and, should he need them, drugs, hospitalization, surgery, nursing care, and other medical treatment. Because he suffers from liver disease, one of eleven officially designated bomb-related conditions, he also receives an allowance of about \$100 a week.



# THE SURVIVOR

by Robert Karl Manoff

第 1 号	
広島市	
中広町	
爆心地から 1 . 4 キロメートル	
8 月 日	入市

The Medical Treatment law established four groups of victims. Takahashi is in the first (1), which includes those who were directly exposed to the bomb either in Hiroshima or Nagasaki. The second category includes those who came within a mile and a quarter of ground zero in the two weeks following the explosions. Those who went to the cities to help bury the dead and aid survivors make up the third category; those who were exposed to radiation *in utero*—mental retardation and other birth defects have been linked to prenatal exposure—make up the fourth group.

Information about Takahashi's injuries is supposed to be entered here. But after many renewals of the booklet, the officials now leave this space blank. History seems to be of little interest to the bureaucrats. But Takahashi, who has continued to live in Hiroshima (he is married, and until recently directed a museum there devoted to the bombing), cannot forget his badly gnarled right arm, his burned and shriveled ears, the thick scar tissue that encrusts parts of his body. Press censorship imposed by the American occupation forces during the years after the war effectively forbade publication of information about the bombings; as a result, many of those suffering from radiation sickness and other maladies believed they had contracted a rare contagious disease. Neighbors and friends, under the same impression, ostracized them.

Also left blank is the space for entering information about the subsequent onset of bomb-related illness. Medical studies of the survivor population organized by the U.S. government have shown dramatically higher levels of leukemia and of cancer of the lung, breast, stomach, and thyroid among *hibakusha*. Survivors (and their children) also face a continuing stigma and often encounter difficulties marrying and finding work. Because of this, and because of the stiff eligibility requirements, as many as 260,000 survivors—nearly as many people as have died as a result of the bombings—have not been officially designated. In a sense, they are being victimized a second time.



# ZERO db

By Madison Smartt Bell

A good sound man is someone who drives to work at twenty miles an hour.

Well, that's what they say. I am a sound man, though not necessarily and not always a good one. But I work. Correction. Until approximately seven o'clock this evening, I *did* work.

Twenty miles an hour. We may assume that that implies meticulousness, a close attention to detail, and great patience, near absolute.

Though some people say it merely means that a good sound man has his trunk full of expensive tape recorders.

Now I am sitting in a bar on Fourteenth Street. I am here and come here often because of the bartender, who remembers what I drink (shot of bourbon and a beer chaser) and pours it for me without my having to ask. Ever. What you might call a high-fidelity memory.

Ordinarily I sit at the bar, where the service is faster. But tonight I am sitting in a booth in the back of the place. The seats in the booth are dark red vinyl, stained near black with smoke and spillage and age. Between them is a brown Formica table. There is very little light.

On the table is a shot glass and a beer glass, each half empty. A couple of cigarette filters I have stood on end because there seems to be no ashtray for me to put them out in. And at the very edge of the table, a Nagra III tape recorder, my pride and joy.

The Nagra is sealed up in its black leather case. This is so no one will realize that I have several thousand dollars' worth of tape recorder here, because if they did, they might try to take it away from me. Now the tape recorder is running, and I am recording the sound of my own voice. I am using a lavalier microphone, about the size of a button on your shirt. Too small for

anyone to notice, and besides, I have it cupped in my hand, practically inside my mouth. The lavalier is plugged into the line input on the side of the Nagra, and the headphones are plugged into the front. If anyone is watching, they may think I am listening to the radio.

Not so. The tape is running at 7.5 i.p.s., hi-fi not being a great issue here. Between one reel and the other the tape crosses three heads: record, sync (not now in use), and playback. Thus I hear my own words a half-second after I say them. This situation can cause problems for novices, making it near impossible for them to talk, but I am accustomed to it.

I am whispering so softly that without the Nagra I could hardly hear myself. But with the Nagra, I can boost the signal. The needle on the VU meter is flicking just short of zero db, the point it must always approach but never reach. If the needle rises above that mark and stays there, the tape will be saturated. The tape will have received more information than it can absorb, and my words will degenerate into noise.

As it is, my whispering is loud and clear, what I imagine the wind might sound like if it could shape words.

I am hunched over the table, holding up the case flap with my thumb, peeping in at the front panel of the Nagra, where the VU meter and the level controls are. Above these instruments I can also see the three tape heads under clear plastic, with the tape running so reliably across them. The heads are, quite simply, beautiful. The face of each one resembles a little Mondrian painting. And the whole of the Nagra is beautiful as well. It is an apotheosis of form following function, the best tape recorder made. The Nagra will not fail.

Except, of course, in case of operator error.

It occurs to me that my greatest hope and ambition might be to emulate this beautiful machine. Or that I need no other reason for being

*Madison Smartt Bell's new novel, Waiting for the End of the World, will be published this month by Ticknor & Fields.*



other than to contemplate it. Though in fact, I do have another reason for being. Soon I will make a telephone call. But first I will finish this drink.

When I set my glasses back down on the table, it sounds like an explosion. Operator error. I will buy another. Always with one eye on the booth where the Nagra is waiting to see what more I have to say.

By any ordinary judgment, today has been a very bad day for me. Listen, and I will tell you what happened.

A week ago I finished a documentary shoot for Harold Brinks. Harold usually makes commercials. He is well suited to commercial shoots, where all the conditions are under his control and he can bully the cast and crew to his heart's content. But he is eminently unsuited to documentary work, where the conditions cannot be controlled and bullying is inappropriate. Especially a documentary shoot in a mental hospital.

I don't know why he decided to do it. Harold is a connoisseur of Good Things. Good Food, Good Wine, Good Music, Good Art selected by a Good Decorator on the walls of his Good location in midtown. Maybe he thought it was time to go in for Good Works. I don't know and don't care. I hate Harold, a stupid, venal man whose bad temper is his most valuable stock in trade. Harold is rather fat, balding, his skin taut and swollen like a pig's. His nose comes out in a big sweeping hook, then chops off at the end as though maybe it has suffered some sort of accident. Harold's nose makes him look like a tapir. I work for him because he pays. But there's a limit to everything.

This morning Harold calls me up and displays his bad temper and says that the sound from the shoot is a mess. Which I already know, because Harold had a cameraman who wouldn't take direction, so there was no direction, so I had to run tape hour after hour while the cameraman shot when he felt like it. Now Harold has discovered that there is a ten-to-one sound/picture ratio and no slates, and his intern can't sync up the rushes; in short, he wants me to come up and do it. Well, I would call that about a week of work, and I could use the money.

Sure enough, it is a mess when I get on Harold's flatbed. An hour of tape to five minutes of picture. Times fifteen. But I'm patient, meticulous, attentive to detail. I sit there watching picture for three hours, looking for a clue.

Then I find it. On the screen is a woman's face. Her mouth opens and closes; her throat throbs. Although I cannot hear it, I know that she is screaming.

It takes another hour to find the scream on

all that tape. But when I find it, I enjoy it. The scream is pure, almost melodious. I am pleased to find that because I twiddled the knobs correctly when I taped it, it did not overload.

Now I know where to begin. After the scream there is a cut to a man talking. I watch his mouth until his lips shut firm.

The speech on the tape goes like this: "Listen. Listen. Listen. Anybody here that's got something to say. . ."

Anybody. Body. B. A letter where the mouth must close. I sync up, play back—it works. Not much, but it's a start.

By six-thirty I've synced up about twenty minutes' worth and put it on cores for coding. I pack up and get ready to leave. Harold comes boiling out of his office.

"Where you think you're going? Is it finished already?"

"Of course it's not finished," I say. "But I'm an hour into overtime."

"What overtime," Harold says. "This situation is your responsibility. It comes under your fee for the shoot."

"Oh no," I say, and I sit down. "Oh no, Harold, I don't know how to tell you this."

"Tell me what?" he says.

"Your nose, Harold," I say. "What happened to your nose? Did it get caught in a door somewhere?"

Harold begins to turn purple.

"Or did somebody maybe bite off the end of it one time? Could that have been what happened?"

Harold is beginning to sputter. I worry he may have a heart attack.

"You look a good deal like a tapir with that nose," I say. Harold is still inarticulate.

"A tapir is a South American pig," I explain. "It has a nose sort of like a little trunk. In case you didn't know. That's what I'm talking about. That's what your nose looks like, a tapir's nose."

That was the end of my employment with Harold, and probably with all of Harold's friends, who unfortunately are numerous and have given me a lot of work. That was an example of what Rosemary, to whom I will place a telephone call quite soon, would call self-destructive behavior.

Operator error, perhaps. I'll have another drink.

Getting back to the table, I see that two strange men have taken the booth behind mine. They are huddled so close together that I think they must be telling secrets. Very carefully, without turning around, I work the lavalier into the crack between the padding of my seat and the wall. There is noise in the headphones



when I do this, like the microphone is being stamped on. But once I have it in place I can hear what the two men are saying.

"So why don't you use your Chink? The one that makes like Bruce Lee, I forget his name."

"Si Mung. Didn't you hear? He's no good anymore. Been out of the picture for four, five weeks."

"Didn't hear that. He get hurt?"

"He went mental. I thought you would have heard about it. Whole town must be laughing."

"No."

"O.K. Remember that guy, Greg Tate? Lives out Flatbush Avenue. Biker. Kept a dog, a monster Doberman. Would kill you. Like a wolf, that dog."

"Haven't seen him around, recent."

"You probably won't. See, Greg had been owing us money. For months. Since even before we had Si Mung.

He was hard to get to because of the goddamn dog. Which was attack trained. A dog a cop should have. Greg sits out on Flatbush Avenue, he laughs when we call up.

"Si Mung, he works for us a month, six weeks. Used him on people four or five times—we didn't hardly have to use him anymore. People knew. They would just pay up, no problem."

"That, I did hear."

"But, Si Mung... a very cold guy. I never much liked to watch him work. Like a machine ripping into somebody. It was weird."

"Self-control."

"Self-control like that, it makes me nervous. But he was sitting around, not much to do. So I talk to him about Greg Tate. Just, you know, see what he thought about it. And he goes into this heavy Chinese silence of his. Then gets up and says, O.K.

"O.K. what, I say. I mean, what about the dog? How are you gonna handle it? I mean, I



don't want the dog eat you or something

"Si Mung says, don't wanna hurt the dog. That's all he says. Goes out, stands next to the car and waits like maybe he was a dog himself.

"So I think, O.K. I'm a gambler, right, get in the car, drive Si Mung out Flatbush Avenue. Greg Tate sitting right out there on the stoop. Got the dog on a leash, spike collar on the dog. Greg got on a collar too. Looks about the same. Si Mung gets out the car. Me, I stay in. Motor running, too.

"Si Mung stands out on the sidewalk. Does his little Chinese breathing thing. Greg shakes the leash and the dog pulls out to the end of it and hangs there snapping at the air. More teeth than a shark, that dog.

"Si Mung looks up and says, I don't wanna hurt the dog.

"Greg laughs. Si Mung takes a step up

the stairs. Dog comes off the leash, teeth everywhere, and Si Mung, I see this, puts his hand into the dog's mouth, like he's making his hand into a sandwich for the dog, and *rip*, the dog running back up the steps. Howling. Si Mung broke his jaws, see. Had his hands cut up a little and that was all. Greg starts in the house after the dog, going for a piece we found inside later and good thing he never got to it, a sawed-off shotgun. Si Mung caught him in the doorway. Kicked in a knee, broke his right arm, broke his left arm. Laid his head into the doorpost and slammed the door on it till Greg Tate got no face left anymore. I mean, it was *flat*, where his face used to be."

"That's too much."

"Don't tell me. I get out the car, try to stop it, say, Si Mung, money's all we want, not dead people. But he didn't stop till, I don't know, he got tired or something. He turns around and says, I didn't wanna hurt the dog."

"Crazy. Like you said."



"Don't tell me. We got out of there clean, at least. Greg's in the hospital, never gonna pay anybody anything, maybe he's gonna die. But what the hell, it's an example for people. But Si Mung. He sits around the club a week, won't do anything, won't even say anything except, I didn't wanna hurt the dog. Si Mung, I say to him, you wanna eat, you wanna drink, you wanna shoot up, you wanna go out and beat somebody to death maybe? He says, I didn't wanna hurt the dog. Like that.

"Week of this, I say, O.K., let's go see about the goddamn dog. Back out Tate's place we find the dog lying down cellar, about half starved to death. Si Mung picks him up like he was a baby, carries him back to his place. Splints up the jaws, starts making the dog soup. And ever since that's the way it's been. Si Mung's good for nothing but making the dog soup. Even the dog is good for nothing anymore. All he can do is eat soup. It's a mess is what I'm saying. How should I know what to do?"

How should anybody? I pull the lavalier back through the crack and cup it to my mouth so I can hear myself whispering again. What a funny story. It is so funny that I am starting to cry. Big blubbing sobs come back to me through the headphones with a half-second delay. Doesn't sound good. It's overloading, and I reach out my thumb and turn the level down. I stop and listen and I forget to cry.

There are certain sounds that don't seem very loud at all, but somehow they can push the level up and up. Well past the machine's greatest tolerance, above and beyond all the headroom there is. These situations can be difficult to anticipate and control, and the possibility for operator error increases.

When I call Rosemary, which I will certainly do as soon as I stop sniffing, I will tell her that I absolutely cannot tolerate my life without her any longer. Nor should she be able to tolerate her own life without me. I will convince her that I still love her and that she must love me too.

We will not discuss the lawyer whom she plans to marry in the spring.

I may perhaps even promise certain things that I may not be able to deliver. To stop smoking, to stop drinking. To stop throwing away good jobs because of my bad temper. To make a serious and concerted effort to get into the union. To spend no more nights in this bar on Fourteenth Street, whispering into the Nagra. To engage in self-destructive behavior no longer. So long as we both shall live.

At the phone booth, something new occurs to me. I take my telephone tapper from the side pocket of the Nagra's case and plug it into the

line. I press the suction cup down over the earpiece of the phone and set the level to the dial tone. Now I will be able to record this important call. And listen to it at half-second delay.

I hear the coins fall, then the tones that represent the numbers. And now the phone is ringing. Three times.

"Hello," Rosemary says.

I listen. I can hear her breathe.

"Hello?"

I wait, expectant.

"Whoever you are," Rosemary says, "don't call again."

Dial tone.

Back in the booth it seems better to think about the dog with its broken jaws, to wonder if it will recover and hope by all means that it will. Water is lipping up to the lower rim of my eyelids and running down my face. I look around the bar, but no one notices; what I especially like about this place is that no one notices anything unless you hit someone. Through the headphones I can hear myself saying words like "Why will no one help me?" and "I've failed, I've failed." These words come back to me at half-second delay, fixed already on the tape and in the past, and they sound ugly and fatal. And the tape is overloading, distorting into noise.

Operator error. I turn the level down.

Over and over, I repeat new words:

I didn't want to hurt the dog.

I didn't want to hurt the dog.

And I feel much better. Twenty miles an hour. Perhaps I have only been going too fast.

I stop talking, turn the level up. The background sounds of the bar fill up the instrument: hiss of voices, clink of glasses, slow shuffling of feet. Room tone. On the lids of my closed eyes I see images.

I see the woman screaming in the film with all the force and power she can summon, without making the least sound.

I see the dog lying on the basement floor, breathing painfully, inaudibly, through his ruined jaws.

I see that Rosemary and I are walking arm in arm along a brick waterfront pier. The sun is low on the water, its reflections too painful to regard. Fat gulls swoop shrieking all around us. I see how the water meets the edge of the pier so precisely, no hint of drop or gap between them, the land dovetailed so smoothly into the sea.

I open my eyes, adjust the level. When I speak, the needle flicks toward zero and trembles exactly there, its perfect limit. I have just one thing more to say.

Listen. Listen. Listen. We can never be too attentive to our world. ■



# A SHAGGY DUCK STORY

Burgled, but not alarmed

By Charles Simmons

**T**he farmhouse on eastern Long Island that I own and go to on weekends was burgled twice last winter. There have been a lot of burglaries out there recently. Everybody says it wasn't always that way—a few years back you could go away for a week and leave your door open. Anyway, my farmhouse is in the middle of the farm and, I guess, easy pickings.

In the first burglary a pane of glass in the kitchen was broken and an odd assortment of things taken: a nice Buck knife I carried around to cut suckers off tree trunks, test for dry rot, that sort of thing; a box of 20-gauge shotgun shells (but not the shotgun); a miniature bocce set of my wife's, which I don't think I ever saw, which in fact I don't think I can even visualize (a miniature *bocce* set?); a leather jacket she gave me for my birthday, which I hadn't worn except in front of a mirror and was properly for someone half (a third?) my age—it had a hoody look and would have drawn comment at the hardware store.

The second burglary was more businesslike. It wasn't even a break-in. There's a back door to the utility room, and I found it unlocked one Friday night shortly after we arrived. We had been done in again. I may have left it open, but even if I hadn't, the lock could have been picked with a hangnail.

This time, besides the usual TV and stereo, the perpetrator—a term I hear New York City cops use on the TV news; actually, I heard one of them refer to basketball sneakers as “perpetrator boots”—the perpetrator this time took the shotgun as well as a new box of shells; a bowie knife, with sheath, that a Texas friend had sent to replace the Buck knife; some used silver plate my wife had bought especially for the farmhouse, which, whatever silver may

once have graced its surfaces, now tasted of iron under the goodness of her cooking; and “25 to 30 bottles of spirits.”

I used that phrase in the list I made for the police because of its catholic breadth. Besides the five hospitable fifths of scotch, gin, bourbon, vodka, and rum, there were my wife's extensive cooking aids, which I could be precise about because they were duplicated in the city: cassis, aquavit, applejack, crème de menthe, eau-de-vie de poire, Kahlúa, Grand Marnier, Chartreuse, Armagnac, crème de cacao, kummel, kirsch, framboise, pineau des charantes, sake, amaretto, maraschino, curaçao, and some fortified wines.

The theft was written up in the local paper, data courtesy of the police, and a good deal was made of the “25 to 30 bottles of spirits.” *That* drew comment at the hardware store, as well as a note from the liquor dealer to the effect that he was putting in more imports.

The farmhouse, which is a hundred years old, was built by an unusual farmer. He put it, as I said, in the middle of the farm, rather than on the road, where most farmhouses were (and are) built. The point of farmhouses then was to get in from outside; but this farmer wanted as much outside inside as possible, and on the ground floor put a succession of floor-to-ceiling windows, with one dramatic assemblage of bay windows in the living room. At 4:30 in the afternoon in December, when everyone else is settling into night, my house blazes with setting sun. The windows were why I bought the house.

Well, after the two burglaries I called the local burglar-alarm man, who turned out to be an O.K. salesman type in tie and jacket. He took one look around at the windows and both clicked his tongue in dismay and rubbed his hands in satisfaction. He made me think of a funeral director with his first important client.

*Charles Simmons's most recent novel is Wrinkles.*



"Well, sir," he said, "all I can tell you is that our house is a sitting duck."

I knew that already and, because I knew it, was impelled to tell him a shaggy duck story. My wife and I were having breakfast one Saturday morning last summer when across the front lawn came a mother duck and, behind her in single file, seven ducklings. They seemed to know exactly where they were going, and I was reminded of being led into school with my classmates by my first-grade teacher. Well, I waited till the duck and ducklings had traversed the lawn and the road and proceeded into the potato field and then went out to see what I could make of it. Not much.

They went steady on, over mound and furrow, mound and furrow, on and on, as far as the eye could see, toward nothing that would interest me if I were a duck with responsibilities. What I mean is that they went straight across my farm and then the abutting farm, not toward water or even the cover of woods. Well, I waited till they were completely out of sight and then rejoined my wife at breakfast.

As the story came to an end I could see that the burglar-alarm man wanted to enjoy it, or at least get the point of it, but couldn't, so he repeated the burden of his original duck remark by saying, "Well, sir, all I can tell you is that your house is a *piece of cake*." My wife, who had joined us during the duck story and knew I had on call a Craig Claiborne story about a cake you didn't have to cook, gave me a look that said I should let the burglar-alarm man go on, which I did.

He proposed an electric circuit that would go from orifice to orifice" and which, if broken by unauthorized penetration," would do a number of things, but mainly send a prerecorded message to the local police. So enterprising was the burglar-alarm man that he had recorded such a message with my name and a description of the farmhouse on it. He played it for me on a portable tape recorder: "This is an emergency. This is an emergency. There is a burglary in progress at the house of..." It sounded like what you think you'll hear on the radio when the missiles are on the way.

Now, on the ground floor there are three out-

side doors and seventeen windows—"twenty orifices," as the burglar-alarm man put it. He made sketches and notes and then we went upstairs, where there are "twelve orifices," most of which, he pointed out, could be penetrated from the vantage of a tree limb. He thought they, too, should be included in the master circuit. I said that I didn't see why anyone would bother to climb a tree to a second-floor orifice when there were so many on the ground floor, but he said that that is exactly the psychology a criminal depends on. I allowed as that might be possible, but suggested that we probably wouldn't be dealing with a Murph the Surf on eastern Long Island.

In that case, he said, "we must create an active electronic field in the upstairs and downstairs hallways," which, if disturbed, would set in motion the alarm. "This field is so sensitive," he said, "a mouse couldn't get by. I guarantee it."

"You know, we have a lot of mice here," I said.

He said he was only speaking in a manner of speaking and went on to explain that for a minimal extra charge there was available "to older members of the household" a service

called Emergentel. "Emergentel," he said, taking from his briefcase a palm-size plastic device, "is a lifesaver of no mean proportions for those of us with questionable health problems. You take it with you to bed, you take it with you to the bathroom, you take it with you anywhere you go within 500 yards of your telephone, and, let me put it this way, sir, if you are working in your garden and suddenly fall ill—God forbid!—instead of struggling to your house to call for help, you simply press Emergentel"—he gave the button on the device a pronounced push—"and automatically your *physician*, your *hospital*, and *one* loved one are notified with a prerecorded message..."

I asked him not to play it.

He told me the cost of all this security, and I said I'd let him know. That evening my wife and I counted up the value of the contents of the farmhouse, and on Sunday night, before we left for the city, I unlocked the kitchen door so that an observant perpetrator wouldn't have to break anything breaking in. ■

The  
prerecorded  
message to be  
sent to the  
police sounded  
like what you  
think you'll  
hear on the  
radio when the  
missiles are on  
the way



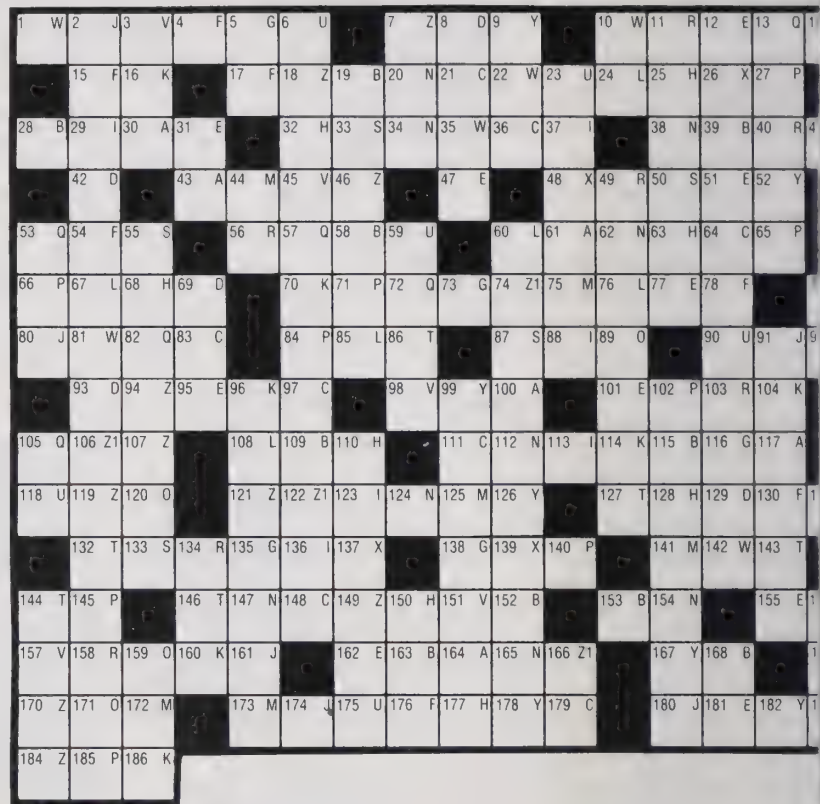


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 32

**T** by Thomas H. Middleton

he diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 79.



## CLUES

## WORDS

A. Cul-de-sac (2 wds.)

117 30 61 43 41  
164 100

B. "Packs and sects of great ones/That \_\_\_\_\_ by the moon" (3 wds., King Lear)

39 109 153 163 168 152 58 115  
19 28

C. North American ring plover

36 21 111 148 83 64 97 179

D. Pallid

42 93 8 129 69

E. Trailing perennial herb of the western coast of North America (2 wds.)

95 77 155 162 12 101 181 51  
31 47

F. Saw

176 17 54 15 78 4 79 130

G. Lofty; magnanimous

5 138 135 73 116

H. Shedding, getting rid of, giving the slip

63 25 177 32 68 110 128 150

I. Eng. philosopher (1588-1679; Leviathan, Behemoth)

29 88 113 123 136 37

J. Out of shape; not trim or spruce (chiefly Brit.)

2 180 80 174 91 161

K. Caresses

16 104 160 70 96 114 186

L. Resisted

108 67 85 76 60 24

M. Publishing abroad, displaying

141 125 172 44 75 173

N. Joe Palooka's manager in Ham Fisher's comic strip (2 wds.)

165 62 34 147 183 154 38 112  
124 14 20

O. Arab chieftain

171 120 159 89

P. Answer

185 140 66 84 71 27 65 145  
102

Q. Game of chance

72 82 53 105 57 13 131

R. Throw into confusion, entangle

11 134 158 40 49 103 56

S. Spiny shrub, also called, esp. in Brit., gorse or whin

87 133 33 50 55

T. O.K., go-ahead, permission (2 wds.)

86 144 127 132 146 143

U. Utmost degree

90 175 23 6 118 59

V. Yellowish fossil resin

98 45 157 151 3

W. Nonentity, unimportant person

142 35 22 81 1 10

X. Benefactor

48 26 139 156 137

Y. A rising ground; distinction

178 182 167 52 169 99 126 9

Z. Battological

18 184 121 46 94 149 7 119  
170 107

Z1. Type of bar of fairly recent popularity in the U.S.

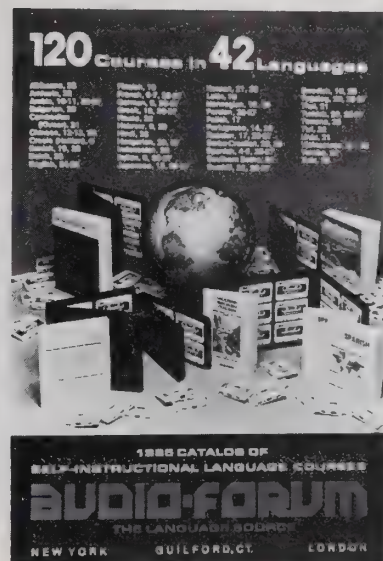
166 122 92 106 74



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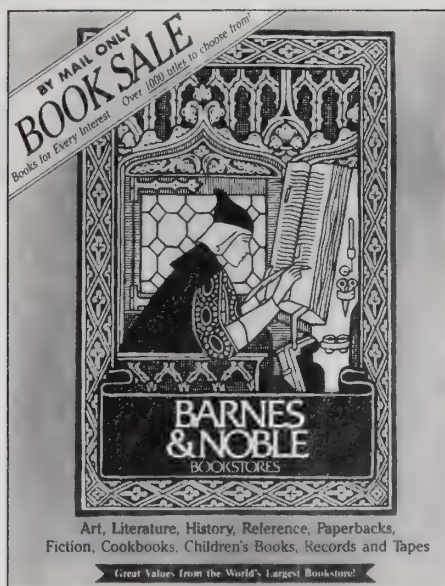
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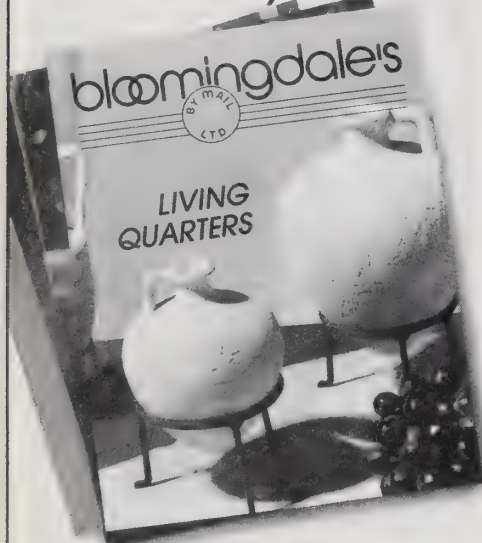
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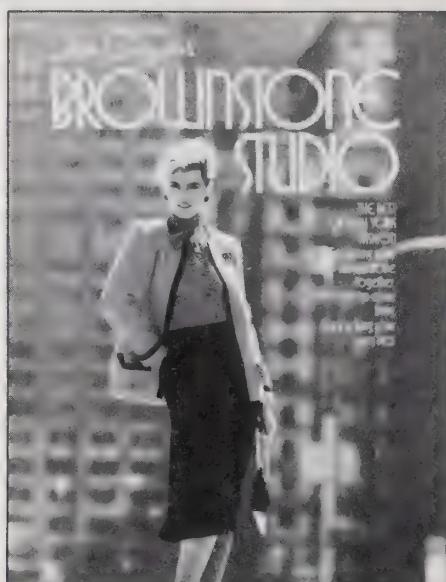


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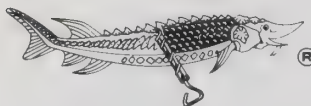
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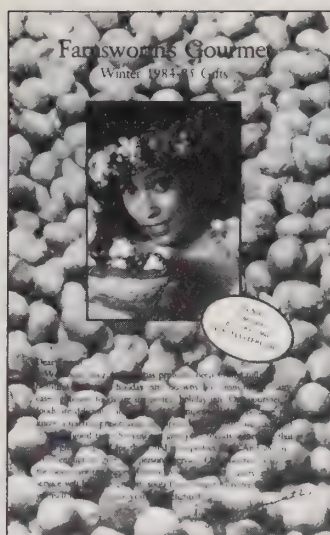
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## LETTERS

Continued from page 8

the weapons that far from Earth, there was no choice. But times have changed, and the technology now exists. Why not propose an agreement whereby *all* nuclear weapons would be placed in space, say, 20 million miles from our planet?

Out there, testing could go on; and monitoring the tests might give us a feel for how much room there really is out there. Putting the weapons in space might help us thwart the collective subconscious desire (a growing one) to use the damn things: each side might be allowed, say, ten successful "kills" a year against the other side's weapons.

This might sound like a nutty suggestion, but look what rationality has produced.

Robert Burruss  
Cabin John, Md.

In the entire discussion about nuclear weapons not one person mentioned that one of the factors that fuels the nuclear fires is profit. The building of new and more sophisticated nuclear weapons, missiles, and guidance systems is a multibillion-dollar business.

Corporations competing for the billions of dollars to be had for defense contracts pay handsomely for strategists who will keep the intellectuals debating and the politicians holding hearings. Meanwhile, the corporations make regular trips to the bank to deposit their profits. Do the gentlemen assembled for your discussion honestly believe that corporate board meetings and stockholder meetings are spent debating the "oughtness" of what is being done? Stockholders want bigger dividends, chief executive officers want to keep their profitable positions, and employees want to keep their jobs. It doesn't matter whether that job is building a bridge or a trigger for a nuclear device. Until the people of the United States, especially the intellectuals and the politicians, understand how large corporations work, nothing and no one is going to be able to stop the madness.

By pointing a finger at the business community, I do not wish to lay blame upon one sector of our society or reduce the complexity of the nuclear arms race to one simple cause. But to ignore the immense amount of money that flows into the pockets of people who produce nuclear weapons is to fail to see the forest for the trees. I suggest that the members of your panel take a lesson from Agatha Christie. As complex as any tale was and whatever the diversions, the plot always revolved around one issue: who had the most to gain. Until the production of nuclear weapons is no longer profitable, there will be no meaningful reduction of the fuel that fires the nuclear madness.

James E. Fox  
Rifle, Colo.

It is said that we need the "triad" of nuclear forces—land, sea, and air—in case one or another of them fails. But now that land-based systems and airfields can be targeted by the Russians with great accuracy—that is, now that the land and air legs of the triad have been severely weakened—we should move all our missiles to sea so that no nation can gain a significant military advantage by attacking us.

As things now stand, our missiles are a tempting first-strike target. Indeed, they are a kind of doomsday machine, since if we are attacked, there will be an impetus to launch our missiles in order to "save" them—a decision which will only bring more missiles down upon us in return.

Do we need land-based and airborne missiles to make deterrence credible? No. In his 1978 State of the Union Address, President Carter noted that a single Poseidon submarine can launch enough warheads to destroy every large and medium-sized city in the Soviet Union. We have thirty-one of these submarines and are now adding the much larger and more effective Trident. A few Tridents in the Alaskan fiords or deep under the Arctic ice cap would provide all the deterrent we need.

By declaring our land-based and airborne missiles obsolete, we would render the Soviet Union's land-based

missiles impotent; they would no longer have any strategic value.

Robert T. Jones  
Los Altos Hills, Calif.

*Editor's Note:* In addition to Gene Graham, *Harper's* invited a number of other prominent supporters of the Strategic Defense Initiative to take part in the discussion. These included several senior Reagan Administration officials, among them the director of the SDI program; advocates of SDI in the academic and scientific worlds; and strategists and military experts affiliated with organizations like High Frontier. All declined. Robert Jastrow was invited on the suggestion of General Graham's group. Jastrow agreed to take part but then declined to speak during the discussion, though repeatedly urged to do so by the moderator. Apart from minor editing changes, the published transcript contains his complete remarks.

## What Advertising Does

I'd like to remind Robert Hebroner ["Advertising as Agitprop," *Harper's*, January] that the primary objective of advertising is not to sell products but to build and maintain brands. However, good advertising can do a credible job of selling by creating awareness. One recent example is Clara Peller's thundering delivery of Cliff Freeman's now famous line, "Where's the beef?" This advertising campaign not only sold more Wendy's hamburgers (average per-store sales rose 13 percent); it brought Wendy's more recognition than anything else had in the fourteen years of the chain's existence. And there's Ogilvy & Mather's creative handling of Paco Rabanne men's cologne, which sent sales up over 100 percent during the first year of the new campaign.

David B. Zoellner  
Evanston, Ill.

## Why Were We in Vietnam?

It is a pity that *Harper's* April Forum, "What Are the Consequences of Vietnam?" did not include among



s participants a member of the generation that fought the Vietnam War, protested against it, and continues to suffer the consequences of —my generation. My generation lost its virginity during the war. For those of us who put on uniforms, this loss was more like rape.

My generation believed the comic-book version of world order that a young president—and our parents and teachers—gave us. We wore the white hats, the Russians wore the black, and God was on our side. The commies were taking Vietnam on their way to Waikiki.

Eventually we learned—firsthand, from TV—that things weren't so. We were being lied to, and probably had been lied to for a long time. We weren't pumping our lifeblood into the mud at Khe Sanh to defend anything more noble than the coffers of a corrupt government in Saigon.

Our idealism exploded like the dynamite mines we used. It was the end of youthful innocence. As we were told to say in the service, "Welcome to the real world."

ough O'Daly  
Northampton, Mass.

Too Much Monkey Business?

David Osselton ["Making a Monkey of Shakespeare," *Harper's*, February] takes issue with the idea that a large enough work force of monkeys trained to type in a random fashion, and kept at it for a long enough time, would sooner or later come up with a Shakespeare sonnet, or even his whole works." Osselton endeavors to show that the probability is so low as to render achievement of this not effectively beyond the bounds of possibility.

With all due respect to the author's incisive arguments against "the monkey fable," theory must give way to empiricism. It is true that there are no known examples of monkeys typing out any of Shakespeare's works, but one must hold out the possibility for the future. After all, didn't a Gibbon write *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*?

arc G. Schramm  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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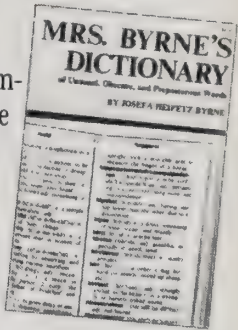
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1, 2 National Opinion Research Council (Chicago); 3, 4 U.S. Census Bureau; 5 National Broadcasting Company; 6 Columbia Broadcasting System; 7 Turner Broadcasting System; 8 Hay Group (Philadelphia); 9 Erdos & Morgan (New York City); 10 League of American Theaters and Producers (New York City); 11 National Hockey League (New York City); 12, 13 Japanese Ministry of Trade; 14 World Bank (Washington, D.C.); 15 Department of Trade and Industry (London); 16 Ivor Spencer School for British Butlers and Administrators (London); 17 American Council of Nanny Schools (Midland, Mich.); 18, 19 Levi Strauss & Company (San Francisco); 20 National Center for Health Statistics (Hyattsville, Md.); 21 Dickstein, Shapiro & Morin (Washington, D.C.); 22 Legal Services Corporation (Washington, D.C.); 23, 24 McGraw-Hill (New York City); 25 Occupational Safety and Health Administration; 26 Senate Labor and Human Resources Committee; 27 Japanese American Citizens League (San Francisco); 28, 29 Nuclear Control Institute (Washington, D.C.); 30 Nuclear Regulatory Commission; 31, 32 Roper Organization (New York City); 33 Waterbed Manufacturers Association (Los Angeles); 34 American Red Cross (Washington, D.C.); 35 Motion Picture Association of America (New York City); 36, 37 U.S. Department of the Interior; 38 R.H. Bruskin (New Brunswick, N.J.); 39 Solair (Southbridge, Mass.); 40 Nester's Official New York Taxi Driver's Guide (Nester's Map and Guide Company, New York City).



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## MISCELLANEOUS

**Whosoever Shall Call Upon the Name of the Lord Shall Be Saved.**

## SOLUTION TO THE JULY PUZZLE

### NOTES FOR "WORD SURGERY"

A SEX CHANGE OPERATION must be made on the clue answers which contain a male or female noun. Thus BUCK/RAM becomes DOE/EWE. Across: 1. A-NEATH (anagram); 5. I'M-PEDES (anagram); 11. TOFU, hidden; 13. STA(GGER), EGG reversed; 14. TO-N.Y.; 15. O-DDS; 17. SIRE-N-S; 19. CREE(d); 20. (la) SCALA-WAG; 22. SH-INDY; 24. TOP-I; 25. O-LOB-I, reversal; 28. (ba)RELY; 32. E(NAME)L; 34. RUNDOWNS, anagram; 36. S-CAD; 37. RE-BOARDED (anagram); 39. TROT, two meanings; 40. (s)WILL; 41. A-L-BED-O; 42. ANIS, hidden; 44. MO(MEN)TS; 45. TRIODE(t), anagram. Down: 1. A(SHE)N; 2. EXEDRA, hidden; 3. THERE-TO, anagram; 4. HAR(reversal)-M; 5. IN-TACT; 6. CO(BA-L)T; 7. ETYMA, anagram; 8. BUC-KRAM, reversal; 9. SU(rcharg)ES; 12. FIN-AG-LED; 16. SERIF, reversal; 18. DAIL, anagram; 19. CH-OKING; 21. G-ALL'S-TONE; 23. TRACT, homophone; 26. BA(W)D & Lit.; 27. INSU-(LA)R, anagram; 29. UNSHIP, anagram; 30. BULLION, homophone; 31. ANELES, hidden; 33. STUDI (anagram)-O(ctober); 35. DO(W)SE; 37. R(...E)AP; 38. D-ART.

A	N	E	A	T	H	I	M	P	E	D	E	S
S	E	X	C	H	A	N	G	E	T	O	F	U
R	O	E	G	E	R	T	O	N	Y	E	I	E
O	D	D	S	R	M	A	D	A	M	E	N	S
O	C	R	E	E	S	C	A	L	A	W	A	G
S	M	A	R	T	Y	T	I	T	T	E	G	U
T	O	P	I	O	B	O	L	I	R	E	L	Y
E	Q	U	E	C	A	A	E	N	A	M	E	L
R	U	N	D	O	W	N	S	S	C	A	D	S
R	E	S	O	W	D	E	D	U	T	R	O	T
E	E	H	W	I	L	L	A	L	B	E	D	O
A	N	I	S	O	P	E	R	A	T	I	O	N
P	O	P	E	N	T	S	T	R	I	O	D	E

**SOLUTION TO JULY DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 31):** I stand as on some mighty eagle's beak, / Eastward the sea absorbing, viewing, (nothing but sea and sky,) / The tossing waves, the foam, the ships in the distance, / The wild unrest, the snowy, curling caps—that inbound urge and urge of waves, / Seeking the shores forever.  
—Walt Whitman: "From Montauk Point"

**CONTEST RULES:** Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 32, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the September issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 30 (June) are Paul Abrahams, Deerfield, Massachusetts; Glenn Critton, St. Paul, Minnesota; and Mardi Steinau, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



# PUZZLE

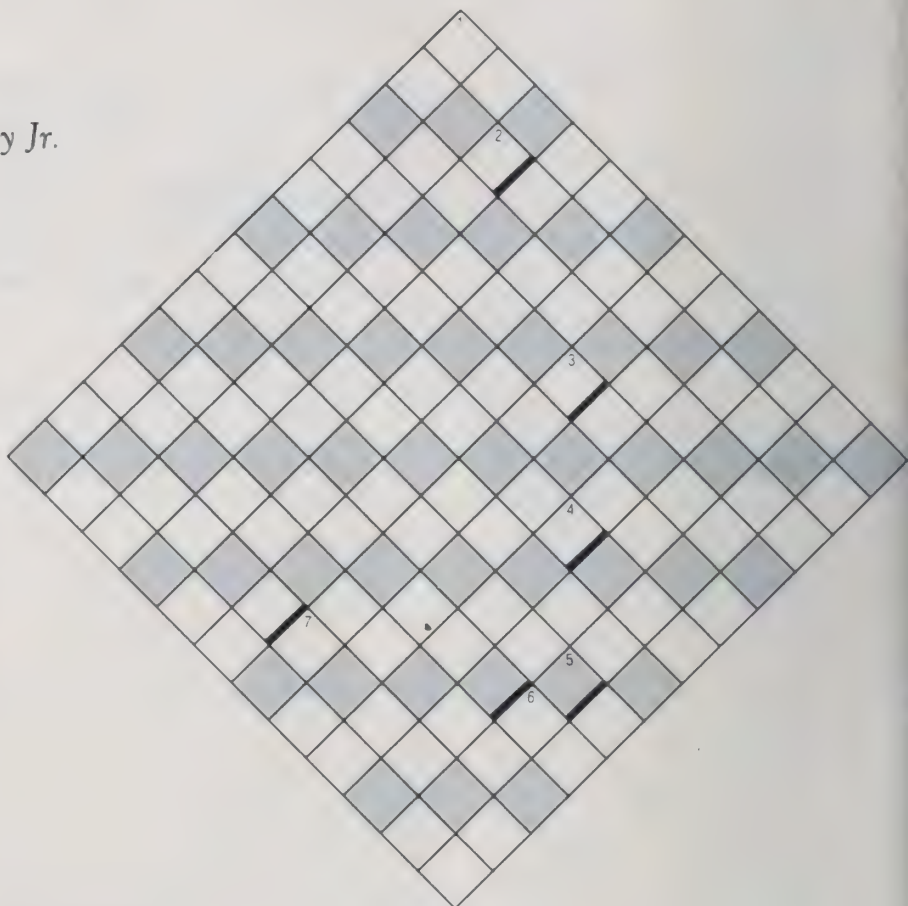
## Biased Opinion II

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**E**ach group of five or six clue answers can be overlapped to form a word chain (FOCUSCUSPIDORSALMS, e.g.). Each group is clued in order of answer length, not position in the sequence. Enter the word chains beginning at the appropriate number and following the arrows: diagonally down-right from the top, then up-left in the next row, etc., reversing direction with each row. When the diagram is completed, a twelve-word quotation, and its author, will be revealed in the shaded squares.

Clue answers include a combining form and three proper nouns (all of them uncommon). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 79.



1. a. Half of "Tico Tico" arranged in form for an organ (4)  
b. What's learned when you listen to shrink (6)  
c. A joint disease I got from rodent (6)  
d. Establish nothing's doubled during adjustment of rent (6)  
e. Real silver not in mixture (6)  
f. Flooring around dual pianos gets oiled (7)
2. a. I am around mosque primarily! (4)  
b. Become immersed in S & M, with wife and I taken in (4)  
c. Bachelor's in depression (5)  
d. One going in all directions shows resilient strength (5)  
e. Front part of vessel goes after personal interests (6)  
f. Lee was disposed to avoid obligations (6)
3. a. Spot for Eastern agent (4)  
b. Rascal heard in part of the church... (5)  
c. ... in spite of the fact that a choir member takes opening of Hosanna (5)  
d. Bit of heat winds travelers of the open road (6)  
e. One kind of psychology gets discredited a long time... (7)  
f. ... a long time after state finds the means (8)
4. a. Dug up tough material the wrong way (5)  
b. *Swan Lake* character to finally expire around lake (5)  
c. It's essential to curb ourselves in European market (6)  
d. This is regal stuff... so says Herman, totally without aspiration (6)  
e. Big birds, partially from Arab outbreeding (7)  
f. I'm mad—quite mad—about the French problem (7)
5. a. Curt is dancing frug with head of fraternity (5)  
b. He manages to take penny from policeman (5)  
c. Very keen to shoot wild hog (6, *two words*)  
d. Using a trump is being abusive, so it's said (7)  
e. Engineer chose poor method of forecasting (9)
6. a. Media broadcast without a bit of change (4)  
b. Obscure god in Dravidian language (5)  
c. Top place for sheltering rabbi (5)  
d. Nothing turns back to energy. This is difficult to understand (5)  
e. Employ too much unctuousness at first in love poetry (7)  
f. Jockey is legend, one just starting to grow (8)
7. a. In short, grand pronoun for ecclesiastics (4)  
b. A reward in the Moslem's paradise: head of unbeliever, in gold, in greeting (5)  
c. Breaks in as vet's replacement (6)  
d. This guy's been out in the sun—but I digress! (7)  
e. Article about Roman goddess in Zoroastrian language (7)

**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "Biased Opinion II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by August 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the October issue. Winners of the June puzzle, "Spiral Nebulas," are Michael Gibson, New York, New York; Cal Shepard, Winston-Salem, North Carolina; and Frank Zebat, Laguna Beach, California.



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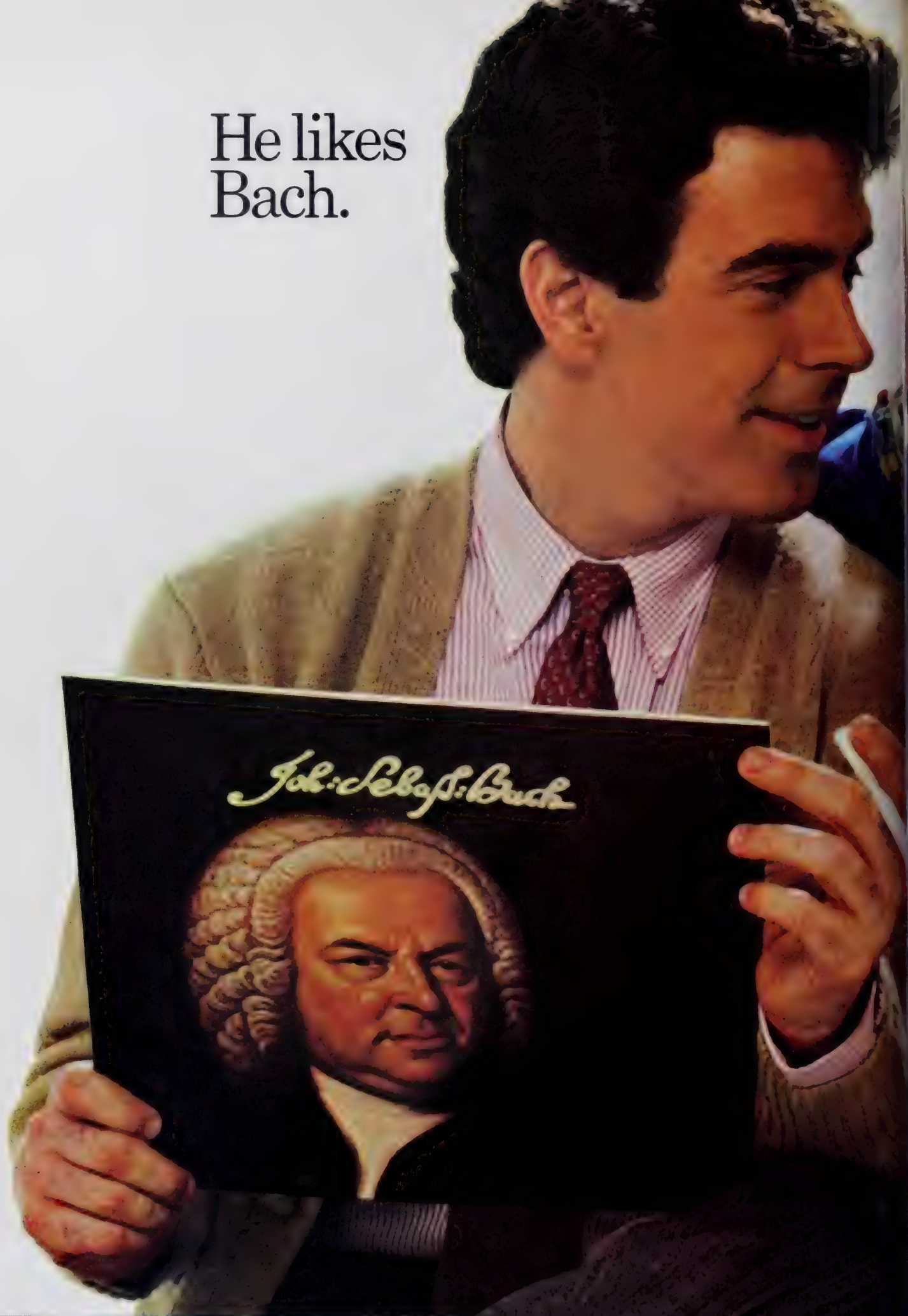
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She likes  
Rock.



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Cover: *Detail of Every Day Is D-day Under the El*, by Richard Merkin

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# LETTERS

## The Plausibility of Hope (II)

Amsterdam, 26 May, 7:10 A.M.  
 A sleepless dawn.

Thomas Powers, moderator of the symposium "Is There a Way Out?" [*Harper's*, June], says in his opening remarks: "I do believe that if the enmity between the two countries [the United States and the Soviet Union] goes on long enough, we will eventually have the war we are preparing for."

Focus on that word *enmity*, casually used but outrageously suggestive.

We, the people of the two great powers, are Enemies—people who hate one another, wish to kill or somehow exterminate the Other, firmly believe that *right* is on our respective side and that the Other, being therefore in the wrong, must be removed to make the world not just a better place, but plainly and simply habitable. The Other is a source of constant irritation. The Other is the devil and has the power to corrupt, poison, and destroy our self-granted godliness. The umbrella-word that covers all these notions of removal, riddance, and extermination (in short, murder) of the Other is *defense*. In the name of defense (is defense a concept, or a euphemism for a non-idea?) the Enemies are prepared to push fatal buttons—"eventually," Powers says, which could mean tonight, or next Thursday—and are prepared in the meantime to talk about arms reductions, parity, and so on. Prepared to talk: this "preparedness" means largely (if not wholly)

being ready to prepare the preparations for possible preparatory talks or reducing (slightly) military preparedness.

Nothing in this unprecedented Earth-crisis seems quite so meaningless as numbers. Yet reductions of numbers of weapons are what the Enemies are preparing to talk about. To study the numbers comparatively is in itself numbing.

The closest one can come to a sensible numerical meaning is to deal in generalities: More versus Less. But we all know that with proper timing (and the advantage of first strike) Less is more than enough to exterminate More. We can do our decimation in seconds with minimal numbers of weapons, crippling the Enemy and his vastly superior numbers in one concerted try.

In order, I ask (I *bellow*, as level-headedly as I can)—in order to do what? Win? First, there is no winning to be won: no one escapes all lose. But if we, or they, *could* "win"—in any sense of that word, which no language I know of permits—what exactly are the things to be won? A remnant of the race, perhaps, clinging to life, poisoned by radiation, bestial in its competition for food, food (if you can call it that) which is itself poisoned, or burned with the special fires with which the survivors were themselves burned. There could also be won a kind of vindication, a feeling of being in the right, of having rid the world of the devil. But the winners will clearly have become the devil. They can retire to their caves or underground shelters with whatever semi-survivors they wish for company—or do not wish for, but who are there anyway. They can then open their safely

*Letters to the Editor are welcomed by Harper's. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

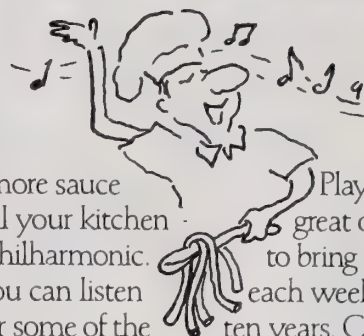


arded tins of tuna, hoping they're  
ean.

Who would these winners be? Not  
e, surely, nor those I know and care  
r, we who would float rapidly back  
our Creator, or return to whatever  
ty dust could provide us an inter-  
ent, blessed only by the sheer relief  
no longer existing. I would not  
oose to go on existing, armed day  
d night, burned, sick, cretinous,  
aybe reproducing (a big maybe)  
spring of an unimaginable and un-  
lcome mutation. And these would  
rimately perish, anyway, in the de-  
oyed, sterile, punishing environ-  
ent. I find this all most unattrac-  
e; not for *this* enemy the loaded  
otgun, the odd can of tuna, the  
nerations of horror-movie mutants  
come.

Mutation, of course, can be a good  
ing. Look at us, who have mutated  
a point of cool, sophisticated tech-  
cal know-how whereby our deep-  
ing intelligence brings better and  
ghter ways to live on the planet—  
ays marred only by the super-know-  
w of how to die by killing. I care at  
his moment more about an upcom-  
g performance of a Mahler sympho-  
than about anything else. I don't  
ow how many others care, in the  
ne way or even in different ways.  
t I do know that when I opened  
urper's and read this symposium,  
y consuming concern with prepar-  
g and performing the most truthful  
o Mahler's meanings) possible ren-  
ion, and the most revealing and  
mmunicative (to Mahler's listen-  
s), was suddenly not so consuming.  
this a provocative example of a mi-  
or mutation? Would I burn with  
ore glowing re-creative fires if I  
re to perform Mahler for audiences  
the Soviet Union? Could that  
ake us somewhat less "enemies"?  
That word again. Let's see: what do  
emies commonly do? Do they al-  
ys resolve their hostility by mur-  
r, invasion, occupation? Have  
ey always done so? What has hap-  
ned to talk, to visits, to under-  
standing the Other, to matching  
ods and musics, to learning to  
ow—and maybe even *like*—the  
ther? It's been done, and success-  
ly, and quite apart from formal ne-  
tiations in Geneva.

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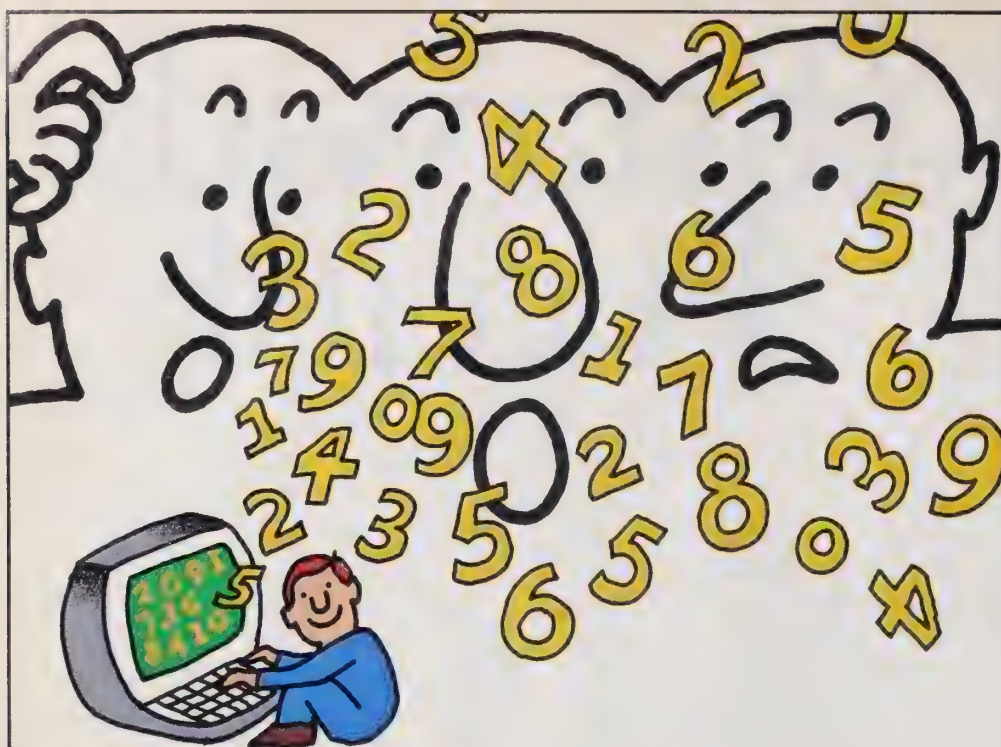
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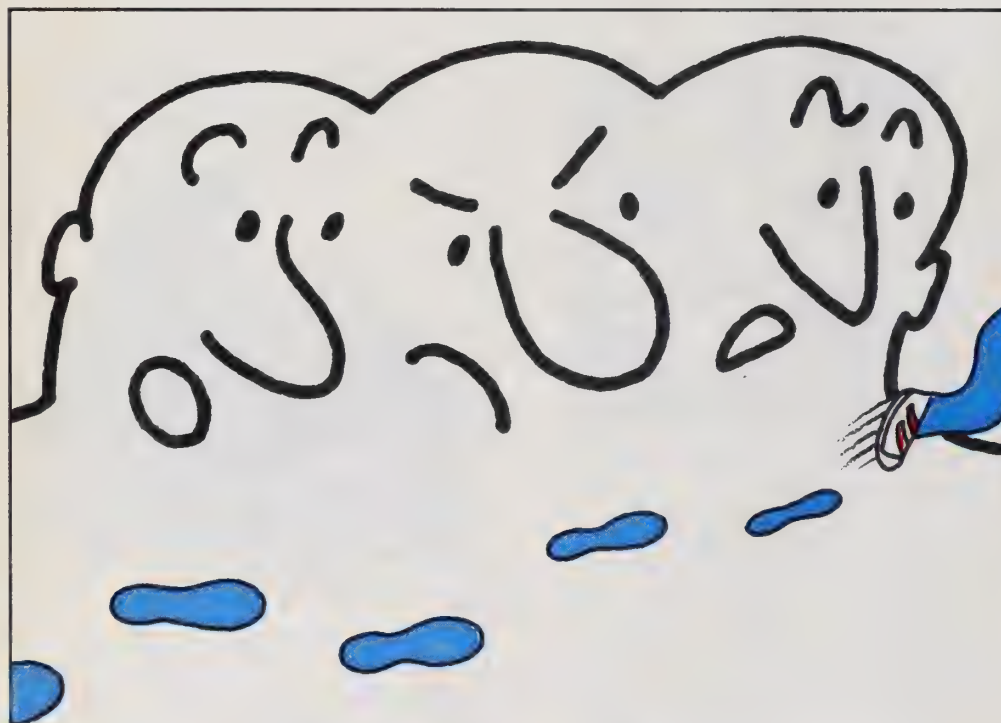
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But there are those Buttons. With those magic buttons, glowingly and invitingly and calmly waiting to be pushed, those teasing buttons, everywhere challenging our virility and patriotism and challenging us to produce more and more of them, our chance for reducing enemies to friends as themselves reduced.

Who are the enemies: we ourselves or the states that represent us? And what are states? Abstractions with authority and machines. Do they really represent us? Isn't it conceivable that we might represent *them*, and could and should? Has the time not now arrived (and how much is left?) to represent those nation-states that we have chosen to represent us?

Isn't it possible that we can watch children fighting, lovers quarreling, business rivals, competitors in the arts and sciences and professions—all of whom could be said to hate one another (and we ourselves, all of us must have experienced inimical feelings)—watch and thereby learn, and perform, the rituals of reconciliation? Why can't we simply quarrel, abuse, call each other dirty names—and then make up?

I pose this question to everyone of all faiths and administrations, hostile or not, and to all sovereign states representing them, and to all citizens of the world who would rather mutate into increasingly intelligent and compassionate beings than into loathsome forms of creeping things, or centaurs, or dodos, or Pithecanthropi erecti. I ask for a *moral* mutation. Man's noblest quality is his capacity to change, to grow in spirit, unlike the cat, which remains a cat. In this capacity man partakes of the divine but he is beginning to show signs of being bored with his divinity. More interesting seem to be greed, lust for power, the death wish. Meanwhile health, life, and literacy are at stake as are the infinitely possible developments of human thought as well as fascinating experiments in the part human.

And there is a Mahler symphony at stake, demanding not merely to be played but to be revealed.

Leonard Bernstein  
Amsterdam, The Netherlands



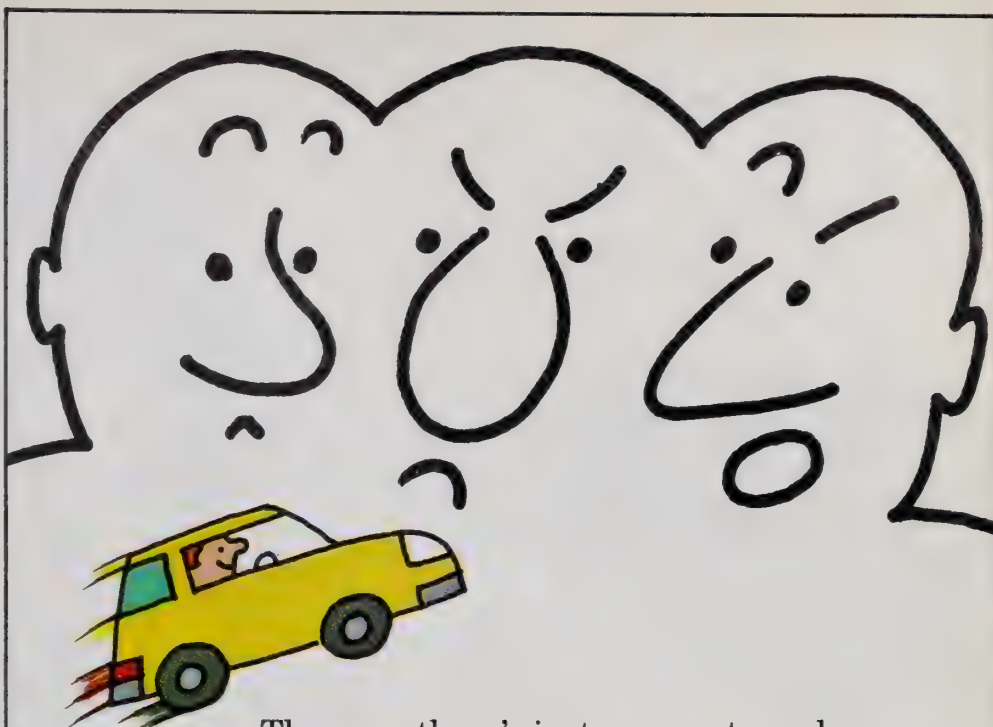
Up to the time President Reagan proposed that nuclear attack may be deterred by an effective defense, the Russians advocated such a defense. In 1967 Aleksei Kosygin, then Soviet premier, said, "I think that a defensive system which prevents attack is not a cause for the arms race. . . . Its purpose is not to kill people, but to save human lives." The Russians have developed and improved missile defense around Moscow, and there is evidence they are perfecting ground-based lasers for defensive purposes at their Sary Shagan test site. Having several years of experience in this field, the Russians do not consider missile defense a hopeless undertaking. Would they oppose American missile defense if they did?

The forum participants placed great emphasis on agreements between ourselves and the Soviet Union. Yet Andrei Sakharov, reporting on a meeting of Soviet atomic scientists with Premier Khrushchev in 1961, wrote: "It turned out that we were to prepare for a series of tests. . . . I wrote a note to Khrushchev saying, 'To resume tests after a three-year moratorium would undermine the talks of banning tests and on disarmament, and would lead to a new round in the armaments race. . . .' I passed it up the line. Khrushchev put the note in his breast pocket. . . . At the dinner table he made an off-the-cuff speech that I remember for its frankness, and that did not reflect merely his personal position. He said, more or less, the following: Sakharov is a good scientist. But leave it to us who are specialists in this tricky business to make foreign policy. Only force—only the reorientation of the enemy. We can't say aloud that we are carrying out our policy from a position of strength, but that's the way it must be."

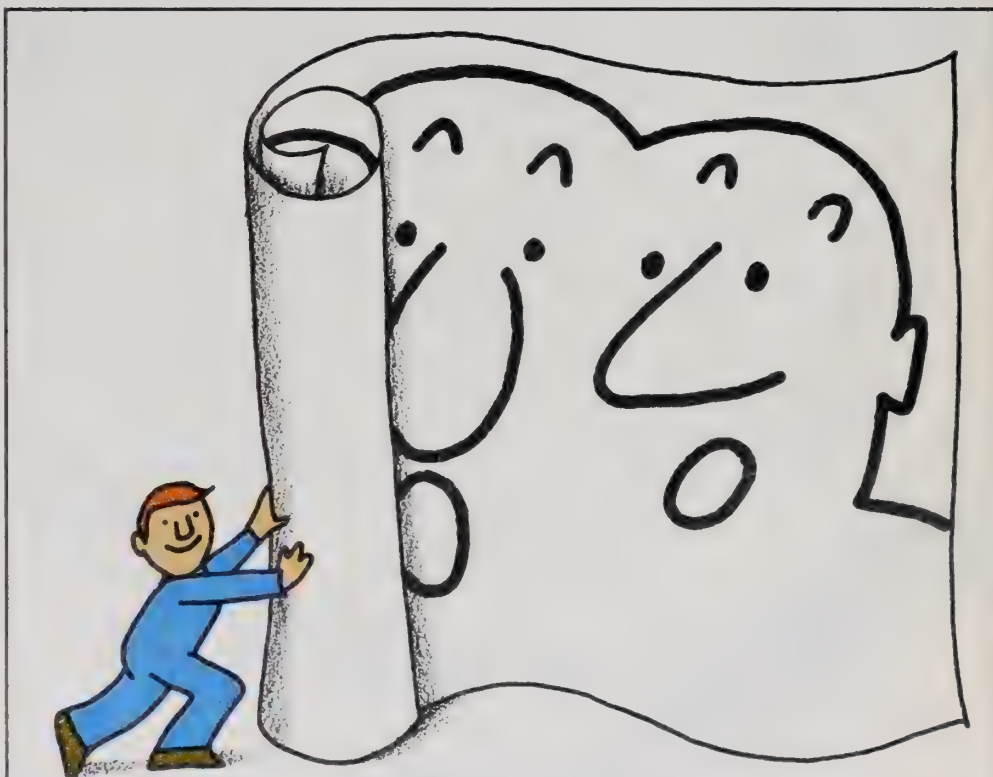
Edward Teller  
Livermore, Calif.

Edward Teller, a member of the Manhattan Project, is a senior research fellow at the Livermore Institution.

The forum "Is There a Way Out?" is an invaluable reading for anyone in-



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A FIRE RARELY SEEN.



rested in the U.S.-Soviet strategic relationship, for it clearly reveals the myths that have rendered American strategic thought hostile toward ballistic missile defense (BMD). The discussion sets forth the basic assumptions of U.S. strategic and arms control policy—assumptions now being challenged by the strategic defense initiative (SDI).

The participants offer numerous illustrations of the anti-BMD orientation of established strategic wisdom. Several express the view that deterrence must be based on a condition of mutual societal vulnerability. It is suggested that any other approach to deterrence "is to blatantly misuse the term." However, deterrence can be based on several conditions other than mutual societal vulnerability—indeed, deterrence may be more stable under other conditions. For example, the existence of mutual and satisfactory defenses could be an extremely effective basis for deterrence. Whether a condition other than mutual societal vulnerability is possible is a mistake to argue that U.S. vulnerability is a necessary condition for deterrence.

Herbert Scoville Jr. aired the oft-repeated argument that the deployment of defenses would be destabilizing because it might encourage the side without defenses to fire first in a crisis. This argument is questionable whether one assumes that "leaky" or very effective defenses are in place. If defenses are leaky, they are likely to be capable of protecting only strategic retaliatory forces. Assume the United States was uncertain of its deterrent capability because of leaky Soviet defenses. What incentive would the United States have to strike first when protected Soviet retaliatory forces surely could destroy the United States in reply? That would be akin to committing suicide for fear of death. If, on the other hand, one assumes that Soviet defenses are very effective, why would the United States strike first? A U.S. first strike under these conditions would be tantamount to unilateral disarmament—Soviet defenses would simply destroy the American weapons.

*Continued on page 29*

# IMMIGRATION

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# NOTEBOOK

## Terror by Deluxe By Lewis H. Lapham

*Terrorism is essentially the rage of the literati in its last stage.*

—Jacob Burckhardt

If it is true that life imitates art, then maybe it is also true that the terrorist melodramas playing in the international political theater (in Frankfurt, Paris, and El Salvador as well as in Beirut and points east) follow the scripts of Ronald Reagan's speeches and Sylvester Stallone's movies. Together with the best-selling American entertainment, American foreign policy rests on a belief in both the necessity and the beauty of violence. Why then should anybody be surprised, much less outraged, if the audience in the shadow of the American supremacy takes us at our word? Not that the Shiites, or the Tupamaros, or the Red Brigades need much instruction in the art or excitement of murder, but why has it not been possible to offer them anything but confirmation (in Deluxe color and Dolby sound) of their worst suspicions?

President Reagan, of course, makes of his sentimental *Realpolitik* the marrow of his politics and Administration. Like his principal ministers and speechwriters, he imagines a world ruled by men on horseback, a world in which the innocent homesteaders always need to be rescued by Clint Eastwood. The vast ransom paid to the Pentagon's armorers, the lines of diplomacy set forth in the Middle East and Central America, the brass-band jingoism implicit in the government's language, the shows of military splendor in Grenada and off the coasts of Libya and Lebanon—all the

instruments of power agree that only by force or the threat of force can men be made to obey the dictates of conscience or reason.

The belief is neither new nor unique to the Republicans. Over the last thirty years, the makers of American art and government gradually have abandoned their faith in a democratic future and the hope of a world in which practical men could afford to take seriously something so wimpish as the rule of law. The intellectual mercenaries attracted to Washington since the late 1950s have prided themselves on their toughness of mind, their lack of effeminate compassion, their willingness to sacrifice other people's lives to the purity of an idea seen at Harvard. The fierce courtiers applauding the geopolitical *tableaux vivants* of the Reagan Administration bear an unhappy resemblance to the clique of militant professors who took part in the imperial pageants staged by the Kennedy Administration. Like the advocates of the old war in Vietnam, among them McGeorge Bundy and Arthur Schlesinger, the preachers of a new war in Nicaragua, among them Jeane Kirkpatrick and Pat Buchanan, derive their zeal for adventure from their reading of books. They fondle the weight and heft of their threats as if they were boys playing with guns.

During the Eisenhower Administration, John Foster Dulles, a corporate lawyer turned Secretary of State, formulated the precepts of unremitting war. President Kennedy sought to prove the validity of those precepts in South Vietnam, imagining that he could endorse the removal of Ngo Dinh Diem with the impunity of a

Mafia chieftain ordering the death of a loan shark. President Nixon invented "the madman theory of diplomacy" as a means of showing himself as dangerous as any Shiite gunman and as willing to touch a match to the nuclear fire. The doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction, which has governed American strategy for twenty years, rests on what Alexander Haig, another warrior far more familiar with briefing rooms than with battlefields, once described as "the balance of terror." As calmly as if he were drawing a diagram on blackboard, Haig went on to explain that only by promising to obliterate civilization could the righteous children of the earth preserve civilization. The Shiite terrorists at the airport in Beirut, some of them belonging to their own Hezbollah, or "Party of God," offered the same paradox to the infidels on the Christian side of the balance.

As recently as December 1983, in a speech delivered to a conference in New York on international terrorism, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan observed that the example of the United States nurtured the causes of terrorism. The American "inattentiveness" to the ideal of law, he said, "allows other states to believe that we will not hold them accountable to standards of civilized and peaceable behavior." He reminded his audience that in February 1982, less than six weeks after an Iraqi terrorist group had set off a bomb in a West Berlin restaurant, the Reagan Administration removed Iraq from the official list of nations that support international terrorism. Because the United States favors the side of Iraq in its war



ainst Iran, the imperatives of *Realpolitik* in the Persian Gulf nullified any pious claptrap about moral or legal sanctions.

Justice Felix Frankfurter concisely stated the operative principle when, in 1914, as a young lawyer in the War Department, he was asked to search the question as to whether the American occupation of Veracruz constituted an act of war. He replied that he didn't need to look through the statutes. "It's an act of war against a great power," he said. "It's not an act of war against a small power."

President Reagan's speech eight days after the release of the hostages taken on the TWA plane confirmed the senator's pessimism and the justice's cynicism. Before an audience of several thousand lawyers attending a meeting of the American Bar Association in Washington, Reagan denounced a confederation of "outlaw states run by the strangest collection of misfits, Looney Tunes, and squalid criminals since the advent of the Third Reich." He named as members of this coalition the nations of Iran, Libya, North Korea, Cuba, and Nicaragua. He pointedly omitted any polite reference to Syria, which, like Iraq, had been counted in the list of the world's villains until it could perform a service to the United States. Nor did the President make mention of the terrorist acts committed by the Israelis or by the Nicaraguan guerrillas sustained in their rebellion by the CIA. His remark about "misfits" and "Looney Tunes" drew loud laughter and applause from the lawyers, who presumably were relieved to hear their President espouse a world in which their services no longer would be required.

As Senator Moynihan previously served in New York, American foreign policy is being conducted along the lines described in Wordsworth's poem "Rob Roy's Grave":

The good old rule  
The Simple plan  
That they should take who have  
the power  
And they should keep who can.

The portrait of the world on display in the movies, in the best-selling

fiction, and on prime-time television teaches the same bleak lesson. The season's hit film, *Rambo*, was grossing \$25 million a week at the box office when the gunmen, as well dressed as any of Don Corleone's subalterns, seized the TWA plane over Athens. In the movie Sylvester Stallone plays a talented if psychopathic terrorist pressed into the service of the American flag. Audiences cheer the spectacle of Stallone eliminating battalions of Russian and North Vietnamese soldiers with a merciless and fanatic devotion that undoubtedly would recommend itself to the Ayatollah Khomeini. Asked to define his patriotic state of mind, Stallone says, "To survive a war, you must become war." Henry Kissinger advocated precisely the same line of policy when asked, on at least two television networks, to explain how he would resolve the impasse in Beirut.

The romance of crime is as traditional as the Hollywood gangster movie. As often as not the violent man proves to be the hero of the piece. The James Bond and Clint Eastwood movies, *The A-Team* and *Miami Vice*, *Conan the Barbarian*, *The Terminator*, *Blade Runner*, *Star Wars*, *Beverly Hills Cop*—all the stories take place in a moral wilderness that resembles, in its emptiness and despair if not in its set decoration, the ruin of Beirut. The brutalization of the nation's artistic imagination over the last thirty years has reduced the media to the telling and re-telling of the bedouin's tale. Whether cast as a detective or a CIA agent, the wandering hero finds solace in violence, and his story always ends with a killing. It's the only plot he knows.

The history of philosophy and religion, in concert with the logic of modern physics, suggests that the world is as one conceives it, that mankind remains free to make the world in whatever image he chooses, according to the specifications of his own fear and desire. Maybe we have yet to learn that the world is something made, not found. If we begin to conceive and represent the world as something other than a dream of violence, maybe we won't find ourselves besieged by so many people who imitate our romantic example. ■

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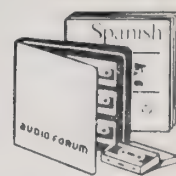
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# Silent partners in world health

Don't miss  
**"Quest for the Killers"**  
a PBS special series starting Monday, September 9.  
See local listings for further information

Recent triumphs in the field of tropical medicine will soon be celebrated in "Quest for the Killers," a documentary series to be aired nationally on PBS. One program will describe the fight against a worm infestation called schistosomiasis on the island of St. Lucia in the Caribbean.

Schistosomiasis affects as many as 200 million people in Africa, Asia, the Middle East, Puerto Rico and Latin America. It is often called "snail fever" because at one stage of their life cycle, *Schistosoma* worms infect snails that live on the bottom of rivers and streams. These parasites invade the skin of humans who drink, wash or swim in contaminated waters. They can cause severe itching, fever, diarrhea, and eventually irreversible damage to the liver. For 16 years, researchers visiting St. Lucia have been testing the practicality of various methods of control. Three approaches have proven to be most effective.

First, a public health team sprayed the rivers and streams of St. Lucia to get rid of infested snails. New plumbing facilities were constructed to assure a supply of uncontaminated water. Finally, treatment of people carrying the parasite was greatly facilitated by a drug developed and supplied by Pfizer. While previous treatments had to be given by injection, this drug was given orally only once, making it much simpler to reach a large number of people. The total control and elimination of the parasite is not yet a reality, but this combined medical and environmental program has done much to make life better for the people of the island.

Developing a drug such as this is a significant task that takes a decade or more and tens of millions of dollars. It generally involves the synthesis of hundreds of compounds in the organic chemistry laboratory. These compounds are then screened for antiparasitic activity. If one or more of them shows promise, the next step is to do toxicity studies and learn all about how the potential new drugs behave in laboratory animals. Only after completion of extensive, time-consuming animal studies can the drug be tested for safety and effectiveness in humans. And clinical trials in human patients can last for several years.

If the clinical trials indicate that the drug should be made available, new technology must be developed to produce it on a mass basis, and in cases like this, with little if any profitability for the developer.

Drug research and development isn't always "good theater." And it's largely a team endeavor generally without charismatic heroes. The days of Paul Ehrlich and his "magic bullet" are long past. The work of the pharmaceutical industry isn't usually the stuff of TV documentaries. But the drugs depicted in the various episodes came from the laboratories of pharmaceutical companies all over the world. The pharmaceutical industry has been the silent partner of government agencies, physicians, nurses and their associates who achieved public health miracles in St. Lucia and other developing countries.

In the Third World, pharmaceuticals are perhaps even more important than in advanced industrial countries. Often they are the only form of advanced medical technology which is practicable. Other forms of care, such as surgery, are often too cumbersome and too demanding of scarce resources. Drugs, by comparison, are portable, relatively inexpensive and comparatively simple to use.

The vast majority of drugs for the Third World and also for developed countries originate in the pharmaceutical industry. The government agencies do not have the broad expertise or resources for drug development, and medical schools and universities have different missions. Only the major research/pharmaceutical companies have the necessary skills and resources. Most manufacturers of generic drugs lack the research capabilities to create new drugs and test them for safety and efficacy. And that's only one reason an economically viable research-based pharmaceutical industry is important to all of us.

Pfizer is pleased to have been a partner in helping to reduce the hazards of one of the world's more widespread health problems. Pfizer is also pleased to have had an opportunity to help make it possible to tell this story. Therefore, we hope you will find time to watch "Quest for the Killers."



PHARMACEUTICALS • A PARTNER IN HEALTHCARE



# HARPER'S INDEX

Percentage change in the buying power of a Social Security check since 1970 : + 25

Of an Aid to Families with Dependent Children check : - 33

Percentage of men between the ages of 55 and 59 who were retired in 1970 : 10.5

Who are retired today : 20

Number of Chinese Communist Party and government officials forced to retire since 1981 : 900,000

Professional Ping-Pong players in China : 600

Percentage of white Americans who say that college athletes should be paid : 15

Percentage of black Americans who say this : 41

Number of Americans who commute from a suburb to a city to go to work : 13,900,000

Who commute from one suburb to another : 26,900,000

Percentage of U.S. oil imports today that come from Mexico, Canada, and Britain : 33

That come from Arab countries : 15

Percentage of Nicaragua's exports bought by Japan in 1980 : 3

In 1984 : 25

Pounds of frozen chicken Peru exported to the Soviet Union this year to help pay back a loan : 1,860,432

Number of U.S. banks classified as "problems" by the FDIC : 989

Percentage of all venture capital funds that were invested in leveraged buyouts in 1983 : 14

In 1984 : 21

After-tax profit margin of the average publicly held Japanese company (expressed as a percentage of sales) : 1.4

Of the average publicly held U.S. company : 5.6

Americans arrested for spying from 1965 to 1975 : 7

Since 1975 : 42

Number of the 48 commanders of the main *contra* force, the FDN, who did not serve in Somoza's National Guard : 2

Vietnamese and Russians killed on screen in *Rambo* : 75

Americans : 1

George Bernard Shaw's lifetime postage bill (at today's rates) : \$50,000

Portion of the personal mail sent in 1984 that consisted of greeting cards : 1/2

Copies of *The Catcher in the Rye* checked out of public libraries in Chicago and never returned : 7,500

Percentage of children born in 1961 who were firstborns : 25.8

Percentage today : 43

Cost of a week's tuition for two parents at Philadelphia's Better Baby Institute : \$980

Rejection rate of applicants for the 1985 kindergarten class at Manhattan's Trinity Episcopal School : 85

For the 1985 entering class at Stanford : 86

Percentage of fifth graders who say they think a lot about hunger and poverty in the United States : 52

Percentage of ninth graders who say this : 31 (see page 19)

Percentage of Iowans who say that music videos are one of the "least useful changes" in modern life : 67

Who say that front-porch swings "should be brought back" : 57

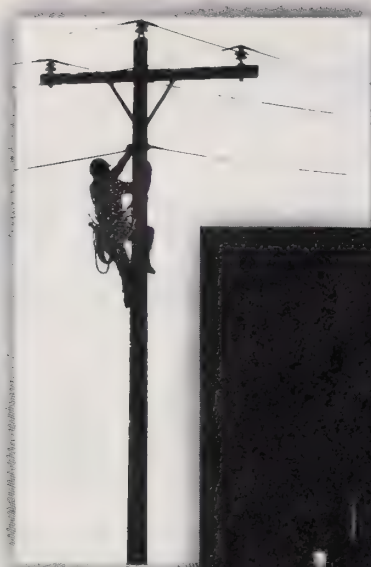
Percentage of refrigerators in American households that are either white or almond : 90

Average number of new recipes tried in American households every month : 1.6

Average number of Americans who drown in the bathtub every day : 1 (see page 29)

*Figures cited are the latest available as of July 1985. Sources are listed on page 81.*





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# READINGS

[Essay]

## THE ILLUSION OF THE THIRD WORLD

From "A Thousand Million Invisible Men," by Shiva Naipaul, in the May 18 issue of the *Spectator*, the English weekly. The article is based on a talk given on the English television show *Opinions*. Naipaul is the author of *Beyond the Dragon's Mouth*.

**W**e do not see people as they are anymore. Instead, we see—or learn to believe that we see—those ghostly entities we call relationships. There's me, there's you—and, somewhere in the middle, there's our relationship. And of all the relationships, none is more problematic or contentious than that between the rich and the poor, the developed and the underdeveloped, the advanced and the backward, the North and the South. Or, to employ one of the most entrenched buzzwords of our time, there is no relationship more problematic or contentious than that posed by those hundreds of millions of human beings lumped together by the term "Third World."

Whatever the confusion surrounding the term, we do, I believe, have a picture of the exemplary Third World denizen: he lives a hand-to-mouth existence, he is indifferent to the power struggles of the mighty ones, and he is dark skinned. I will return later to the vexing question of color. That such people do exist no one can deny. We live in a fantastical world; a world in which the divergences between different groups of men have become so great, have been so magnified, that there seems no possibility of bridging the abyss between those who can land men on the moon and those who would be hard put to invent a can opener. African famine, dramatic and horrifying, is today the pre-eminent symbol of Third Worldhood. Those slow-moving files of refugees in stony landscapes, those motionless babies with flies clus-

tered round the eyes—images like these belong to the realm of nightmare. They simultaneously arouse our compassion and debase our conception of the victim, who is seen as passive, dependent—the skeletal receptacle of what our charity can provide. I do not decry charity. If a man is drowning we must rescue him. But charity has its dangers. Chief among them is condescension. We have been kind, we congratulate ourselves, to the "starving millions." But who are they, these emblematic multitudes? Is it not possible that the abstractions in which we deal further diminish those whom we sincerely wish to help?

"Third World" is a term of bloodless universality which robs individuals and societies of their particularity. In the spirit of charity we go forth and denude them. Adapting the opening sentence of *Anna Karenina*, we might say that each society, like each family, is unhappy in its own way. Even Ethiopia, despite the almost abstract extremity of its condition, has its own unique tale to tell—a story of feudal monarchy, *coup d'état*, civil war. Blandly to subsume, say, Ethiopia, India, and Brazil under the one banner of Third Worldhood is as absurd and as denigrating as the old assertion that all Chinese look alike. People look alike only when you can't be bothered to look at them closely.

The promiscuous idea of a Third World does not stand up to close examination. Rather like Count Dracula confronted by the Cross, it crumbles away. It is a flabby Western concept lacking the flesh and blood of the actual. And that flesh-and-blood actuality, rising up out of dark recesses, frequently overrides and mocks what is apparently reasonable. We impute to the "starving millions" the elementary physical desires suggested by their elementary physical needs. But it is also important to understand their dreams, for these dreams may transcend the provision of unpolluted water supplies, decent roads, and hospitals. More regularly than we would like, other, obscurer needs and impulses emerge into the outer air as bats do from



their roosts at twilight. Yet again, Moscow and Washington are forced to look on impotently as the Third World created by their imaginations puts on the exotic robes suited to multifarious and unsuspected fantasies of redemption and self-expression; yet again they watch as carefully wrought foreign policies melt away into oblivion, as favored leaders fly off into exile or are killed in their palaces.

Men do not live by bread alone. In the Central African Republic, Jean Bokassa transforms his state into an empire and declares himself its emperor. He orders a golden crown, a bejeweled throne; he adorns himself in velvets. The French laugh, but they supply the goods. In the First World business is business. Nevertheless, are we entirely certain that Bokassa's subjects shared our sense of absurdity? Not all that far away from the Central African Empire—in Uganda—Idi Amin's staying power amounted to something more than just a freakish run of luck. The British, like the French, also laughed—and they also supplied the goods. Amin's genial obliviousness to what is sometimes called civilized opinion aroused admiration. He spoke to needs and instincts to which it is not always easy to give names. For many blacks, this one-time chairman of the Organization of African Unity became something of an alter ego. And this was so not only in Africa. For such as these, the relentless ruination of Uganda was neither here nor there. Economic indices were of no special interest to Amin's admirers. He offered release to pent-up emotions and fantasies; his sinister buffoonery became an intensely experienced spectator sport.

The examples derived from Africa could be multiplied. Still, it is far from my intention to suggest that Africa monopolizes the grotesque. Resurgent—one might also say insurgent—Islam has provided us with another contemporary example of behavior that seems to repudiate conventional interpretations of rationality, to obey standards other than those subscribed to by development economics. Limbs are being amputated in many parts of the Moslem world in the pursuit of Islamic justice and righteousness. The holy war has come back into fashion. Courting martyrdom on the battlefields of the Persian Gulf, holy warriors are dying by the hundreds. In Paradise, who needs filtered water, good roads, well-equipped hospitals?

What I am trying to show is that a Third World as such does not exist, that it has no collective and consistent identity except in the newspapers and amid the pomp and splendor of international conferences. Human beings don't come in convenient oven-ready packages. Islamic resurgence is one thing; the excesses of Idi Amin are another; a Marxist *coup d'état* in

Grenada yet another. A Sri Lankan massacre is a Sri Lankan massacre—nobody else's. It is not some vague Third World happening to be fitted into the off-the-rack categories manufactured by the Third World ideological rag trade. Matters have indeed reached a ridiculous pass. The other day I was looking at a biography, written by a French scholar, of one of the most illustrious philosophers of the Moslem world. The man about whom the French scholar was writing lived in the fourteenth century—a period of cultural splendor for Islam. The book is worth a little quotation. The thought of this fourteenth-century philosopher, it tells us, "can now be seen as a major contribution to the study of the underlying causes of underdevelopment." The blurb is less restrained. The book, it says, concerns "the birth of history and the past of the Third World." Well, well...there is no hiding from this Third World business. Down the ages we clank about like felons. Would the Grenadian be pleased to know that his Third World roots are to be found in the Islamic North Africa of 600 years ago?

**T**he longer I live, the more convinced I become that one of the greatest honors we can confer on other people is to see them as they are; to recognize not only that they exist but that they exist in specific ways and have specific realities. The idea of a Third World, despite its congenial simplicity, is too shadowy to be of any use. When, for instance, India is casually included in the unholy brood, what are we really attempting to say? That India is a hot country with many poor people? But the same India has launched satellites, has atomic power stations, has sophisticated research establishments. It is an old and complex civilization with old and complex problems. All poverty may look alike from a comfortable armchair, may seem susceptible to the same remedies. Nothing could be further from the truth. Poverty is even more varied in its causes and manifestations than wealth. Chinese and Indian poverty are not the same. What will work in omnivorous, centralized China will not work in fastidious, centrifugal India: neurotic Brahmanic sensibilities are very, very different from those engendered by a Mandarin bureaucratic tradition.

The Third World is an artificial construction of the West—an ideological empire on which the sun is always setting. What images come to mind when we think of it? Sunburned relief workers telling television interviewers how civilly they have been treated by their guerrilla captors...tempestuous confrontations with the International Monetary Fund...here a modest irrigation scheme...over there a wind-







founded with satanism and sorcery. With support from the Greater London Council, ideological Blackness threatens to engulf the life of the mind and the imagination. It is now fashionable to inform immigrants from India and Pakistan and Cyprus that they too, for the sake of solidarity, must simplify themselves into Blackness. This travesty unites the far left and the far right.

In the name of the Third World, we madden ourselves with untruth.

[Brochure]

## STIFF UPPER LIPS

*From a brochure for the British Club in El Salvador.*

**W**hat is the British Club?

The purpose of the British Club is to maintain a meeting place in the Republic of El Salvador where members of the English-speaking community and their friends may gather. The club has no political or profit-seeking aims; its object is purely social and its duration is indefinite.

*Who belongs to the British Club?*

English-speaking people may become members of the club. Those of British or Commonwealth nationality become active members; other nationals become associate members.

*What are the benefits of joining the club?*

Situated at 85 Avenue Norte No. 113, Col. Escalón, the club offers a pleasant bar, a game room, table tennis, billiards, snooker, a swimming pool, and a restaurant with a wide selection of plates. The staff at the club is pleasant and helpful and there is always a friendly face at the bar.

*What are some of the successful activities the club has sponsored?*

1. Summer ball
2. Family barbecue and games around the pool
3. Sadie Hawkins Night
4. Snooker and billiard tournament
5. Anglo-American Games Day
6. Indian Curry Night
7. World of Snakes presentation
8. Summer Survivors' Tropical Night
9. Country-Western Evening
10. Christmas ball
11. Anglo-American Indoor Games Night
12. Feature and sports films
13. London Pub Night
14. Bonfire Party Night

[Codicil]

## PRIVATE LIVES

*From "Attachment A to the Marital Separation Agreement Between Nora Ephron and Carl Bernstein." The document, which is signed by Nora Ephron, was filed in Superior Court in Washington, D.C., on June 26.*

**A**t the request of my husband, Carl Bernstein ("Carl"), I hereby agree to the terms set forth in this Statement, which shall become a part of our Separation Agreement. In 1983, I caused to be published under my name a book entitled *Heartburn* (hereinafter referred to as the "Book"). The questions raised by the fact of the Book's publication; by my subsequent decision to sell ancillary movie rights to the Book; and by my authorship of a movie screenplay based upon the Book go to the heart of this Statement and the Agreement it represents. The Agreement and this Statement are premised upon my pledge that I will do everything within my power to see that no harm is caused to our children as the result of the publication of the Book or a movie based upon the Book. This is especially true in terms of possible harm that might be caused the children through publicity regarding their lives or misinformation about circumstances surrounding their parents' marriage, separation, divorce, and roles as parents. . . .

The Book and the script which I have written based upon the Book are fiction. However, some of the events described in the Book are based loosely upon certain events that occurred in the lives of my husband, myself, and our children. Others are totally of my own invention and have no basis in fact. These include any and all scenes in the Book from which any inference might be drawn that Carl has ever been less than a caring, loving, and conscientious father. Any such inference would be contrary to the truth. The character of the father in the movie *Heartburn* will be portrayed at all times as a caring, loving, and conscientious father in any screenplay prepared or executed with my name attached to it. I will make my best efforts as a participant in the development and production of a movie by Paramount Pictures—or any other entity—based upon the Book to prevent any impression to the contrary from being conveyed. This is especially the case in regard to a scene in the Book in which the father portrayed therein demonstrates an attitude of inattention and disconcert toward his son during an illness on an airplane flight. Nothing remotely resembling these events or indicative of that parental



attitude has ever occurred in the lives of either of our children. I will exercise my best efforts to prevent any such scene from appearing in a movie.

From the birth of our first son, through the birth of our second, and to this day, my husband has consistently been a loving and devoted father to our children—regardless of difficulties and differences that have caused us estrangement as husband and wife.

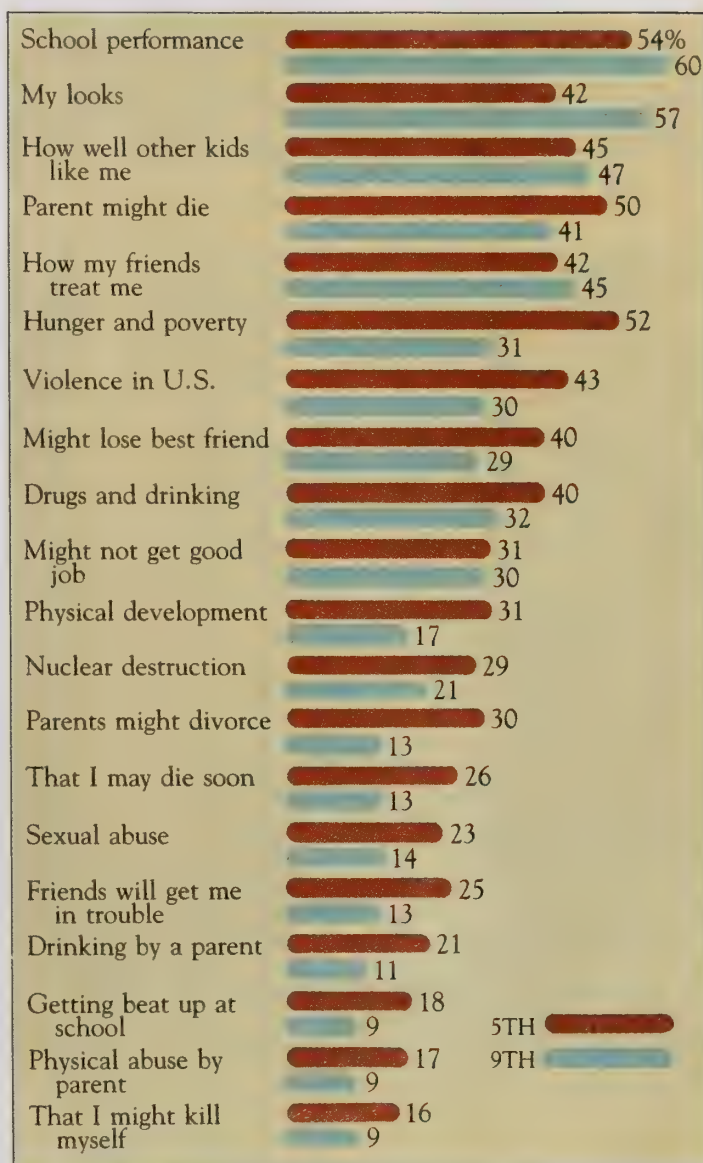
This is especially true of the events surrounding the birth of our second son. During that period, Carl, over the objections of the hospital staff, remained with me during the delivery of our child. During the following five weeks, in which our son was hospitalized, Carl spent almost every day feeding, holding, and caring for our baby. No scene surrounding events such as those described above in a screenplay or a movie based upon the Book will suggest anything to the contrary. Furthermore, no inference should be drawn from the Book or the movie *Heartburn* that anything to the contrary occurred. I will exercise my best efforts to prevent any misconceptions about these real events from appearing in a movie based on the Book.

I am sensitive to Carl's concern about the privacy of our children and to his preference that, in a movie version of the Book, there be no portrayal of individuals whose roles might in any way be associated by inference or otherwise with the actual lives of our children. Accordingly, I will exercise my best efforts to ensure that the depiction of children of the major characters in any screenplay of *Heartburn* with my name attached to it, and the movie based thereon, will be limited to the minimum necessary to accomplish the objectives of this Statement and the Agreement. Furthermore, I will exercise my best efforts toward ensuring that any children of the major characters depicted in the movie will be female.

Because of the reasonable concerns Carl has expressed about the effect of the movie of *Heartburn* upon our children, I will permit him to read the present version of the *Heartburn* screenplay as well as any subsequent drafts or polishes submitted to Paramount, so that he has the opportunity of providing me and the movie's present director, Mike Nichols, with written comments in connection therewith. Upon submitting these comments Carl will meet with me and Mike Nichols to discuss his concerns, if any. . . . In addition, Carl shall have an opportunity to view one of the first cuts of the movie produced based upon the Book so that he may submit whatever additional written comments he wishes. On this occasion there will also be a personal meeting with me and Mike Nichols, if Nichols is the director, to help ensure adher-

[Chart]

## YOUNG WORRIES



From *Young Adolescents and Their Parents*, a study conducted by the Search Institute, of Minneapolis. Eight thousand students were asked which of the following worried them "very much" or "quite a bit." The chart contrasts the responses of fifth graders and ninth graders.

ence to the terms and spirit of the Agreement set forth herein. I will be especially sensitive throughout this process to any points or objections that Carl may raise, particularly with regard to the presence on screen of a minor child, and, in the exercise of my best efforts, I will advise the director thereof and make the director sensitive to those points or objections. . . .

I am also aware that throughout the period of our separation Carl has been concerned about the effect upon our children of publicity about our private lives. I agree not to discuss with the media or encourage others to discuss with the



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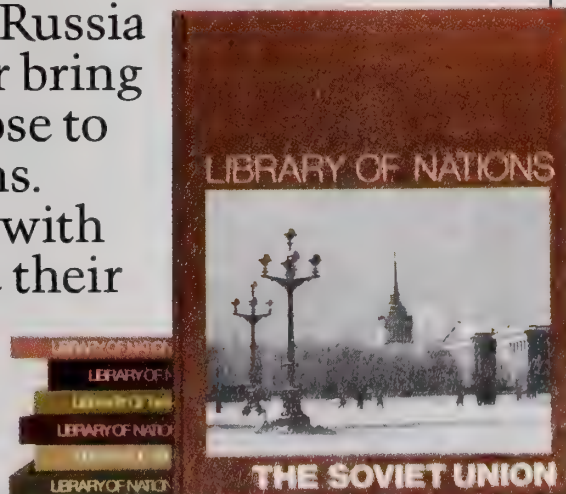
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media, for purposes of publication, the private lives of Carl or my children, including anything related to the deliberations that have led to this Agreement. I further agree as follows:

1. That any screenplay based upon the Book or any movie based upon the Book shall contain no references to or depictions of characters representing the parents of the leading male character. . . .

3. That I shall permit Carl's attorney(s) to review, without copying, all contracts relating to the Book and/or the sale or assignment of any ancillary rights emanating thereof.

4. That our children will attend no public or social events relating to any movie emanating from the Book; nor will they visit the set . . . without the express written permission of Carl.

5. That I will not willingly permit the photographing of our children for any commercial purpose or publication without the written permission of Carl.

6. That I will not discuss the lives of our children in interviews without obtaining the express written permission of Carl. However, nothing herein shall restrict my right to provide biographical information about myself and my children in connection with general interviews by the media or other publicity efforts in connection with my career. I agree that such biographical information, interviews, or publicity shall be discreet, tactful, and in good taste and shall be sensitive to the best interests of my children, their privacy, and the privacy and reputation of Carl. . . .

[Speech]

## OBSOLETE ECONOMICS

*From "Gnomons, Words and Policies," a speech given by Walter B. Wriston to the Executives' Club of Chicago on May 8. Wriston recently retired as chairman of Citibank.*

**I**t's no secret that in the last few years some of our best economists have badly missed in predicting the direction of the American economy. The puzzle is why. Perhaps their mistakes are a result of using words and concepts that were developed decades ago to describe a very different kind of economy. In many cases, these are no longer applicable today.

One familiar word that needs to be reconsidered is "capital." A software program that will make its author millions of dollars may require a trivial sum of money to create compared with

the amount needed to start, say, a heavy manufacturing business. The *knowledge* capital stored in that software writer's head, however, is very substantial and very real. A strong argument can be made that this new kind of capital is more critical to the growth of the American economy than is money capital. But knowledge capital does not show up in the numbers economists customarily look at (or quote) when evaluating capital formation.

I am not claiming that money capital will cease to be important; I am, however, suggesting that the accumulation of knowledge capital in the last twenty years is every bit as important. We have little or no control over the natural resources within our borders, but we do have control over the educational and cultural environment that produces the men and women who will lead the world. If we want better economic forecasting and better policies, we must find a way to factor the growth of knowledge into our equations.

Another word much in the news is "productivity." How does America stack up in the global marketplace? Is America's productivity growing faster or slower than that of Japan or some other nation? Granted, these are important questions; but what does the word mean? Productivity, in the crudest sense, means output per man-hour. That's a useful enough concept in manufacturing, but what does it tell us in an information-intensive age when the vast majority of our workers are employed in the service sector? Take the financial-service industry. Once you get past counting the number of checks cleared per hour or the number of insurance claims paid, you move into the realm of the subjective. How do you measure a loan officer's productivity? By the *number* of loans he makes? By the *size* of the loans? By the number of his loans that are repaid on time? By the quantity of bad debt he creates?

Finally, let's consider "overall productive capacity," a concept which plays an important role in the formulation of monetary policy. Some economists argue that if industrial production is at, say, 85 percent of capacity, we are approaching the physical limits of output and thus are in danger of accelerating inflation. But industrial production currently employs only about 20 percent of American labor; there is an almost infinite capacity to expand in the non-industrial sectors of our society. And while the proportion of workers employed in industry has sharply declined in recent years, there has been no corresponding drop in the *volume* of production. In 1960, the output of goods accounted for about 45 percent of our gross national product; it still remains in that range.

This relatively steady output in the face of a



# How to Become a "Black Belt" in Verbal Self-Defense

For anyone who's ever been pulverized by put-downs, rankled by reproaches, or irritated by insinuations, here's a revolutionary book that devotes itself *completely* to tactics of verbal self-defense. *The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* teaches you how to defend yourself *diplomatically* in delicate family situations and in the hard-nosed business world. And this book is so thorough and easy-to-understand that you can read it once and become the kind of person everybody admires—the person who stays unruffled during confrontations, who always says the right thing, and who enjoys good relations with everyone.

## Stop Them with a Few Words

This book explains the various ways that people will try to bait you and then it tells you how to *stop* them with a few carefully chosen words. It trains you to defend yourself with a simple eloquence that will subdue your verbal opponents. And it shows you how and when to use blunt honesty, agreement, humor, flattery, and distraction.

## Keep Cool During Arguments

*The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* also helps you avoid the self-defeating, overly emotional attitudes that many people assume during arguments. Once you've read this book, you'll *never again* lose an argument by being sullen, uncontrollably angry, peevishly defensive, or apologetic. You'll have gained enough savvy not to be thrown by hostile remarks.

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- The 8 Types of Verbal Attacks  
(and how to fight them.)
- The 4 Principles of Verbal Self-Defense  
(from *knowing* you are under attack to *following through* with your counter-attack.)
- The 5 Personalities & How They Communicate  
(Is your boss a "leveller?" Is your mother a "blamer?" Is your husband a "distracter?")
- Dialogues that Show Effective & Ineffective Defense Strategies
- Instructions on Voice Control & Body Language

These features will teach you how to deal with all types of people, including bullying bosses, backbiting co-workers, guilt-producing mothers, nagging wives, condescending husbands, and many others. And you'll

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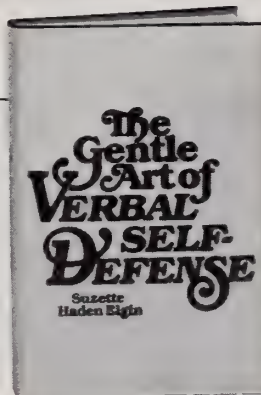
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*The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense* gives you a complete education in communication, an education that will improve the quality of your personal and professional relationships. On your own, it might take you years of trial and error, of fights and misunderstandings, to learn all the lessons of this book. So, why not wise up *now* by ordering your copy of the book today?

*The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense*, originally \$12.95, now costs only \$6.95. And, should you want to return the book, you can do so and have your money refunded with no questions asked.

### About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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massive exodus of workers from industry raises the question of whether the government's figures on percentage of industrial capacity utilized have the same implications for inflation as they once had. It's not an accident that the capacity utilization index played a key role in leading some forecasters to overestimate inflation in the current economic expansion. Moreover, this index deals only with manufacturing, mining, and utilities—businesses which account for a shrinking share of U.S. industrial output. So the key question may be: Can we construct a more reliable measure for the kind of economy we now have?

Like the lines on Form 1040, every number used to measure our economy has its constituency. Many labor contracts are tied to one inflation index or another; each shift in the contents of the government's market basket affects millions of people. But in rethinking the way we describe the shifting elements that make up our economy, we should take a leaf from the political book of the world. While the globe itself has not changed, the lines on the map of the world have been redrawn and dozens of countries have been created. It would be folly to conduct our foreign policy on the basis of the geopolitical map of 1930. It may well be that to conduct our economic policy on the basis of words and concepts that were valid in the 1930s carries similar hazards for us today.

## VARIETIES OF MEGALOMANIA

**Eric Gairy**—From "'The Americans' Man': A Talk With Eric Gairy," the former prime minister of Grenada, which appeared in the May-June issue of *Report on the Americas*. Gairy and his United Labor Party ruled the island for all but two years from 1952 to 1979, when Maurice Bishop and his New Jewel Movement seized power. Gairy returned to Grenada after the U.S. invasion and reestablished his party; it polled 36 percent of the vote in last December's elections but lost to a coalition backed by the United States. Gairy was interviewed earlier this year by George Black, editor of *Report on the Americas*. The magazine is published bimonthly by the North American Congress on Latin America.

**T**wenty-seven years ago, the Americans realized my leadership and my friendship for the United States. Listen, I was one of the three most important guests to be invited to the most important event in America—the Fourth of July—and to the most important place, Phila-

delphia. And do you know who the other two guests were? Red Skelton, who was sitting on my left, and John Glenn, who was on my right. That's an exalted position for a West Indian man to be in. They must have been impressed with me.

Another thing: every time the Americans came to Grenada, I would organize a function for them. I would take them to the beach, or prepare spice baskets with nutmeg and everything, or give them my car.

When I lived in the United States after the Bishop coup, my relations with the government were not very good. They were good to a certain extent with the Carter Administration—Carter himself was a personal friend of mine. But the lower echelons of both the Carter and the Reagan administrations imbibed the propaganda of Bishop and the communists. They believed what Bishop said about me—that I was corrupt, that I was involved in witchcraft, that I had a Mongoose Gang. The communists are very shrewd about propaganda. I would have believed some of the things they wrote about me if I didn't know myself so well.

I won seven out of eight elections. I'm the pro of the whole Caribbean area. The other politicians in the Caribbean are against me out of simple jealousy. I am the only man who has ever been elected prime minister of Grenada. Blaize [Herbert Blaize, the current prime minister] did not win the elections: he was placed in power by the Americans. The elections were handed to him, as he himself said, "on a silver platter."

Look, all these people are jealous of me. I have thirty-one honors on my shoulder—and I don't mean all that little stuff like the keys to the city. I've got hundreds of them. No, I mean the big ones. I have five knighthoods. I got the last one kneeling before Queen Elizabeth. Six months later she called me back and asked me to be a member of her Privy Council. So my proper title is The Right Honorable Sir Eric Matthew Gairy. For life! The first book ever written on the politics of the region had my profile on the cover. They could have had Sir Grantley Adams of Barbados, or Eric Williams of Trinidad, or Norman Manley, the father of Michael Manley in Jamaica. But no, they chose me instead. And it was Grenada that got the big Caribbean exposition—Expo '69. I was the first West Indian leader to be invited by President Carlos Andrés Pérez of Venezuela. He sent his private executive jet to pick me up and have lunch with him at his residence, Miraflores.

You see, the other leaders were glad to see me go, because Grenada overshadows the other islands when Gairy is in power. It was me who was invited to be a judge at the Miss World con-



# Giving...Caring

A proverb is a short sentence based on a long experience. There's an 18th century proverb that says one volunteer is worth two who are pressed into service. That's still true today.

People may give their time, or their money, or a bit of both. This much is certain: Whenever people volunteer, they give a part of themselves. Whatever they do, it is not the size of the gift that is important but the spirit of the giver.

The volunteer spirit has always been a special feature of the American character. The Pilgrims brought it with them when they landed on these shores. Neighbor helped neighbor in the common struggle to survive the first harsh New England winter.

When the West was being settled, barn raising became a common experience. Many families pitched in and built in a day and for free what might have taken the individual family months and great cost to construct. They recognized, as did the Pilgrims, that the worth of the individual and the worth of the community are intertwined.

People volunteer to help religious organizations, garden clubs, and hospitals. They give their blood to the Red Cross and their talents to the Peace Corps. They volunteer for military service. Volunteers are capable of great and unselfish deeds. People have voluntarily sacrificed their own lives so that others may live.

Children volunteer to help the UNICEF Halloween collection. Corporations each year give billions in support of education, health care, social services, community betterment, and the arts.

People volunteer in many ways and for many reasons. All who volunteer act with an energy that can be contagious. Many volunteer out of a spirit of generosity, social concern, religious conviction, or good citizenship. Some volunteer out of pity or guilt.

People may volunteer out of a sense of humanity.

They may volunteer to relieve the grayness in life.

People who volunteer recognize that the moral definition of our character exceeds any sort of legal responsibilities.

In America, particularly, people are given great opportunities. Voluntarism has to do with giving something back.



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lion in money, securities, currency transactions daily. Bankers Trust is today one of the largest primary United States government securities dealers.

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**Futures.** Our subsidiary, Bankers Trust Futures Corp., is a major participant in the interest rate, currency and precious metals futures markets. BT Futures Corp.

executed over \$400 billion in contracts in 1984.

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test in London in 1970. And Miss Grenada won, she became Miss World. They all looked at me and said, "What manner of man is this?"

They were happy to see my downfall. Dominican Prime Minister Eugenia Charles started it, the election fraud, I mean; then the other prime ministers—Compton of St. Lucia, Seaga of Jamaica, and Mitchell of St. Vincent—joined in. They're all mad. When I go to those countries, I get a bigger welcome than the local leaders. That's my own charisma. I can't stop that.

Everyone talks a lot about how I used to mention UFOs all the time. Well, it's true that I brought the matter up twice at the United Nations. But do people think I would have been awarded all those thirty-one honors, things like the Venezuelan Order of the Liberator Simón Bolívar, if I only talked about UFOs? Do they think I'm a clown? They forget all the other things I did. Who else did so much for Grenada? Who do they think it was who had the dancing horses flown in from Guyana?

**Charles Manson**—From "Manson at 50," an interview conducted by Keven Kennedy, in the May issue of California. The interview was originally broadcast by KALX-FM, the student radio station at Berkeley. Manson, who is serving a life sentence for his role in the 1969 Tate-LaBianca murders, approached the station to be interviewed because he regards Berkeley as "a bastion of open-mindedness."

CHARLES MANSON: It's like this, man: back in the forties, when I would be on the basketball court, all the kids would say, "Hey, your mom's calling you, Billy." So Billy would leave, and then John would leave, and Tom would leave. And I would be out there sitting on the basketball, smoking a joint. I was unaccepted. I was the outcast. So I ended up stealing a bicycle, and then I went to reform school.

And then I get out three years later and go back to the neighborhood, and everybody's grown up, and there's a whole new wave of kids there. So we sit and we talk.

I said, "Whatever happened to Johnny?"

"Well, he died in Korea."

"Whatever happened to Joe?"

"Well, he's an automobile engineer in Detroit."

"Whatever happened to so-and-so?"

"He moved to Chicago."

And then I steal a car. And I get a gun and go rob places.

And then I get out of prison after ten years. And I go back over to the basketball court. And

the time for Johnny to go home, Johnny doesn't go home. And on the basketball court there's ten or fifteen kids. And it's already after dark.

"What are you kids doing out after dark? Ain't you going to go home for dinner?"

"Oh, no, my mom kicked me out of the house. My mom's a drunk. She don't like me."

In other words, the last time I got out, in '67, the road that I was walking on, hey, there's a whole bunch of kids walking on the same road! I said, "Well, I didn't know you knew this place."

KEVEN KENNEDY: So you feel you had your bed made for you early on?

MANSON: No. When I heard Timothy Leary say "Tune in and drop out," I knew where they were dropping out to because I had been under that, on the under road, on the backside of what's happening, in other words, in the darkness.

KENNEDY: Do you resent the types of things that you encountered when you were a child? You did have a deprived childhood.

MANSON: No, I don't waste my time with those silly little resentments and hate and all that bitterness and all that.

KENNEDY: Do you want to be released from prison?

MANSON: Released? I just want to be left alone. You see, I dismissed the world a long time ago. Really, I did. I dismissed it. It's gone from my mind. It comes over and says, "You pay me some attention!"

I say, "No."

"Will you accept our God as being the God?"

I say, "All right, I'll accept anything. Now, can I get on with my business?"

They say, "Well, we want you to."

I say, "O.K., man, you're all right. I accept everything you say. Everything's perfect. All right, you guys go your way. Can I leave now?"

And they say, "No, we want to hold you."

I say, "Why?"

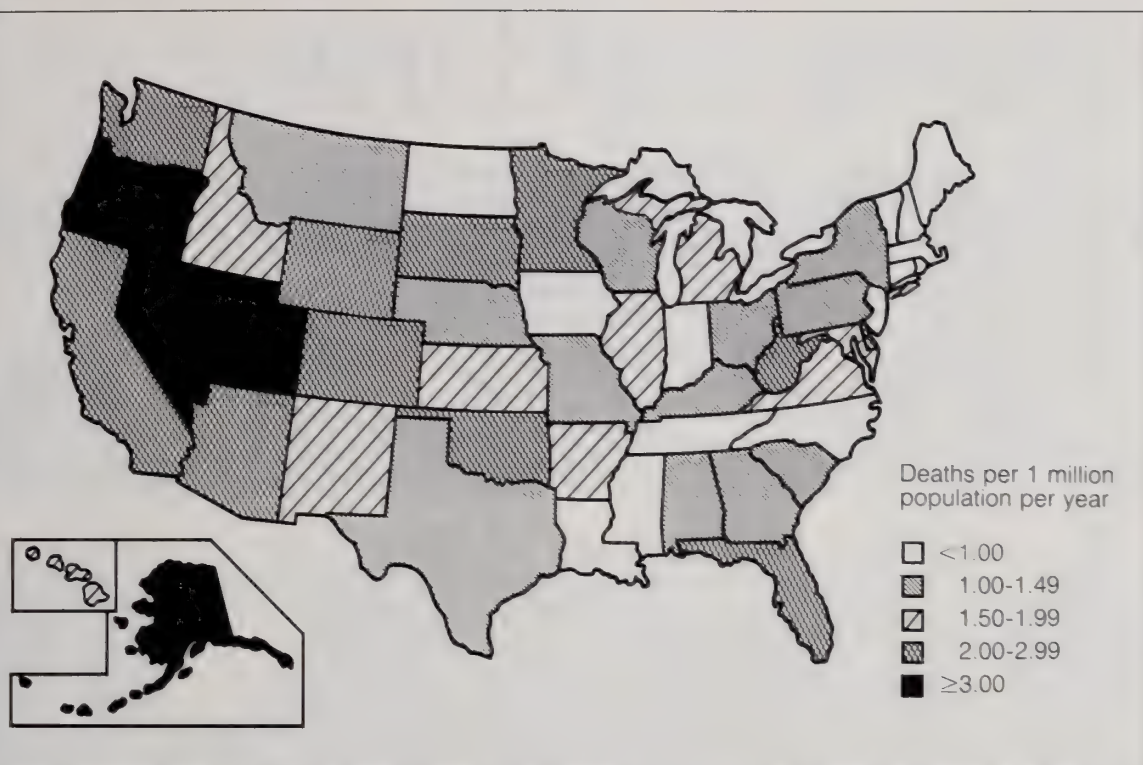
"Because we want to pick arguments with you and throw fire on you and drag you up and down the hallway and blame you for everything we don't understand and everything we don't know."

I say, "Hey, look. You sit down and I'll explain it to you. But you can't relate to me unless you're me."

Policemen raised me, convicts raised me. Administrators raised me. I'm an inside person. They did a thing on *Star Trek* that was like that. There was a parallel universe. They had these two guys, and they had to get one guy to the other side. Well, I'm like a parallel universe in a



## TALE OF A TUB



from "Bathtub-Related Drownings in the United States, 1979-81," by Lawrence D. Budnick and David A. Ross, in the *American Journal of Public Health*. Using government data, the authors found that the incidence of bathtub drownings is higher in the West than in the East. (The same holds true for other types of fatal injuries.) Nationwide, one person drowns in the tub every day. The authors conclude that "the common bathtub is potentially dangerous."

lot of ways, because I don't fit what you guys do. And I never tried, even though I see over the edge. I'm looking up over Universal Studios, and I see up over Malibu. And I see all the way over to Ireland. I see the IRA and the Briscoe Bay and the bomp, bomp, bomp. And then I get on my bike and I go back in the mountains, and I smoke a little grass and play a lot of music. And if anybody comes, I say, "Hi," and they say, "Hi."

They say, "How are you?"

I say, "How are you?"

They say, "I'm fine."

I say, "I'm fine."

They say, "I like you."

I say, "I like you."

They say, "I don't like you."

I say, "O.K., I don't like you."

I just learn to reflect people back at themselves. Because man is not working—why tell anybody? If you start informing people that are misinformed, you'd spend the rest of your life informing people that are misinformed. I would feel I had achieved something if we could stop the misinforming of people and inform them properly.

[Study]

## OPENING LINES

From "The Language of Singles Bars," by Thomas E. Murray, in the Spring 1985 issue of *American Speech*. Murray visited fifty singles bars in the St. Louis area and collected some 3,000 opening lines, which he divided into three principal categories: compliments, advertisements/declarations, and questions. Below are examples of each and a chart that correlates the type of opening line with the hour at which it was deployed. The number of times a line was recorded appears in parentheses.

COMPLIMENTS: Almost 500 compliments were recorded, or one sixth of the total, making them the least popular form of opening line. Many of my informants told me that a compliment used in this context is a sign of desperation.

I like your [article of clothing]. (104)

You have good taste in drinks. (5)

You're a pretty good dancer. (11)

Nice body. (27)



Nice bod. (21)

Nice ass. (21)

*Male to female only:*

You got a great pair of boobs. (25)

Best boobs I've seen all night. (25)

You got great hair. (17)

*Female to male only:*

I like your ass. (22)

I like what I can see. (14)

What skillful (or masterful) looking hands. (15)

ADVERTISEMENTS/DECLARATIONS: It is often impossible to distinguish between the two: "I'm hot," for example, is clearly both. I collected 1,000 advertisements/declarations.

My name is... (199)

Nice place. (11)

Nice band. (7)

I see we're drinking the same thing. (7)

It's sure hot in here. (9)

I know French. (16)

I'm hot. (69)

I'm in the mood. (6)

I want you. (59)

I love chocolate. (21)

*Male to female only:*

I'm a retread. (17)

I'm a cannibal. (8)

I'm a monkey tamer. (7)

My dong is two feet long. (1)

My yard is hard. (1)

*Female to male only:*

My monkey's wild. (7)

My ears are warm. (9)

I want to play. (31)

My bunny really hops. (1)

QUESTIONS: More than half of the opening lines I collected were questions. Some were conversational openers, others were propositions.

Come here often? (54)

Having a good time? (25)

How about it? (24)

How about a slow screw? (17)

Wanna fuck? (53)

Wanna play? (39)

Wanna saddle up? (16)

Okay? (5)

*Male to female only:*

Wanna bang my wang? (3)

Wanna honk my horn? (5)

Wanna collar my bishop? (1)

Can I pet your monkey? (1)

Can I warm my ears? (2)

*Female to male only:*

Is [masculine name] home? (37)

Can [masculine name] come out and play? (31)

Like art? (9)

Like cats? (3)

Type or Function of Opening Line	8:00- 9:00	9:00- 10:00	10:00- 11:00	11:00- 12:00	12:00- 1:00
Compliments	11	14	51	127	240
Advertisements/ declarations	136	151	211	214	256
Questions	207	214	302	329	373
Conversational openers	273	240	127	123	195
Propositions	81	139	437	547	674

[Essay]

## BEWARE OF PURE LOVE

By Alain Robbe-Grillet. From the June 27 issue of *Le Nouvel Observateur*. Translated by Christopher Benfey.

**Y**ou ask Mr. X what he finds essential in a girl. He replies without hesitation: purity, innocence... Meanwhile, in the depths of his serene gaze, a ghost is raping a virgin. But wait. He didn't see a thing, and if you pointed it out to him he'd object and be right to do so. For fantasy is, in a sense, innocent.

Sexual fantasy is rarely visible on the surface. It hides, it wears masks, it assumes disguises. It has always been there, in my head and in my whole body, from childhood on, but I could die without ever having looked it in the face—because of puritanism, fear, laziness, because of what people might say. It holds itself aloof from the sort of oral and written responses you might assemble from a questionnaire. Such methods of inquiry, rational and declarative by nature, can reflect only the sort of values that fantasy pokes fun at, indeed that it aims to destroy.

In the film *Trans-Europ Express*, Jean-Louis Trintignant paid a young prostitute to pretend she was being raped after he'd chained her to a brass bed. Now that arrangement showed a certain critical detachment. And one noticed, in the movie theater, a masculine murmur of carnal frustration when Marie-France Pisier got up afterward, very professional, and asked her client with a smile if he was satisfied with his purchase. Fantasy has a hard time with distancing. If you point to it, it evaporates. Its density subsists only in the quiet shadow of moral order.

It has often been said that the pervert (me, you) has an absolute need of the law: he lives with it in a kind of symbiosis. We don't know which comes first. Does the law produce crimi-



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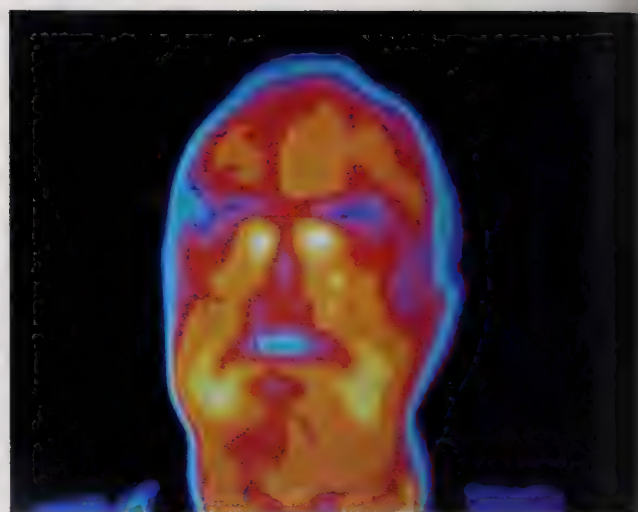
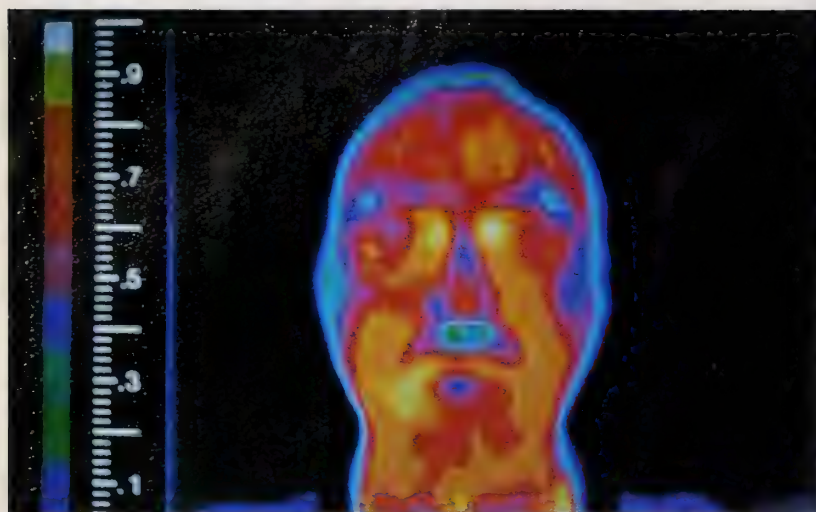
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[Thermograph]

## THE HEAT OF EMOTION



From Science News, July 6. These infrared photos by Robert Zajonc show the temperature of a subject's face when he is relaxed (left) and angry (right); angry expressions generate more heat (hotter areas are orange, cooler ones pink and red). Zajonc, a University of Michigan psychologist, is testing a theory that facial expressions create, as well as convey, emotions by regulating the blood flow to (and hence the temperature of) the brain.

nal desire through some natural aspiration to freedom? Or did the perverted mind secrete the moral law, thus making room for, and at the same time forbidding, its own pleasure?

Everyone remembers the censor who, in the golden age of Hollywood, declared war on the navel. So intransigent was he in expurgating the navel from movies that his severity stunned the studios. After his death they found in his home the most bewildering collection of photographs depicting female navels—his only passion. But maybe he thought of these images as hunting trophies: rather than masturbating while he contemplated them, he reassured his puritan soul with the thought that he had thus cleansed the world of a hideous evil. He didn't realize that the evil was in himself.

Dostoyevsky's obsession with stories of molested little girls, or Michelet's with overly sensual witches subjected to torture, is just as ambiguous despite, or beneath, the high moral conscience we've attributed to these eminent perverts. And it is said that Ingres fell from the heavens when it was whispered that he had a certain weakness, under the alibi of academic mastery, for the fleshy adolescents displayed in his harems, or for the succulent and defenseless Angélique, who surrendered as much to Roger's spear as to the marine monster at the foot of the painting which represents base turpitude. Desire is constantly and insidiously on the move, between its fulfillment, which we consider normal, and the exorbitant excess of fantasy.

From the fetishist's fixation on just one detail of the body or clothing (spike heels, navels) to

the piercing obsession of the sex crime, often played out on a grand scale (the games in the Roman circus, the tortures of the Inquisition), one of the dominant characteristics of fantasy is precisely its excessiveness. Such grandiose yearnings draw from society little more than nervous snickers—a reaction tantamount to sanction. In our great Republic, freed from taboo, the newspapers and magazines—even those most determined, at least ostensibly, to respect the madness of desire—never fail to take refuge behind a lascivious laugh or a lewd smirk as soon as there is the least indication of an obsession that exceeds or subverts the law of the group. "Is your love from the heart or the haunches?" the cover of *Le Nouvel Observateur* gaily asks. Good God, what a choice! The only thing the human species can reclaim is fantasy, with all its monstrous and fragile grandeur.

Of course fantasy can never be realized. Its absolute beauty and freedom are incompatible with the little imperfections and contingencies of life. Only a simulacrum (in the work of art or the athletic feat) succeeds, on occasion, in providing a fleeting approximation of fantasy. And we are right to fear its repression, by laughter as much as by censorship: banished from our imagination, it is all the more likely to break out without warning—in the impunity of solitude or the excitation of the crowd—in the odious form of vulgar "realist" crimes, with all the sadness and mediocrity they bring with them. Let us watch out for those good children who march beneath the banner of pure love, the angelic heart, and carefree chastity.



[Essay]

## THE AGE OF THE GHOSTWRITER

*From Easy Pieces, a new collection of essays by Geoffrey Hartman, published by Columbia University Press. The excerpt below is from an essay entitled "The Humanities, Literacy, and Communication." Hartman is the Karl Young Professor of English and Comparative Literature at Yale.*

**W**e teachers in the literary humanities are members of the only profession that asks people to do their own writing—and reading. It is not our function to build a class of clerks who do the writing and reading for the other professions: to edit, revise, and secretary for them. Indeed, to do so may be dangerous.

Too many in our society try to graduate from the work of writing (not to speak of reading): just as it is a status symbol to have a chauffeur, so it is becoming a status symbol to have a writer. Ghostwriting and ghostreading are all about us; they obviously weaken the sense of what it means to write, and they make the appreciation of literary study harder.

In the eyes of the government or business or those who make essential decisions, we are often a specialized service. Our function is to help others write or to provide writing skills on call. They would like our motto to be, "Let us clean up your prose." Or, "Leave the writing to us." This attitude dehumanizes thinking by separating thinking from writing. Thinking becomes "executive thinking." Only those who do their own writing know how problematic "communication" is, what unexpected thoughts and issues may arise, what a struggle it is to sift and winnow ideas, to find one's way back, or to find a new way.

In fact, writing teaches, paradoxically, that someone else seems to write for us: that there is a ghostwriter in every hand. Serious writing is an uncanny thing. A society built on ghostwriting hires a ghost to get rid of the ghost who takes over your hand as you write, who makes your clichés unhappy or reminds you that even your ambition to write comes from deep down or expresses something not quite as objective or unpersonal as you think.

There is nothing harder than to face a blank page, to start—when you can't rely on a joke or have someone else do a first draft that you edit. That blankness of starting is essential, and in a scrupulous writer it recurs; it compels the one who writes to relive not only the first panic at going public but also the queasy feeling that the definitive statement one is about to make is sub-

ject to interfering thoughts that seem to come from nowhere—and often subject to words rather than thoughts, words that turn you this way or that. The very instant of writing, Pascal's fly buzzing, the book your eye chances to light on, a telephone call, the hangover of a dream, a literary echo—these are the stuff guiding the pen that claims authority. We notice, and are amused by, a slip of the tongue, and we have learned to study such parapraxes; but who can tell a slip of the pen that is always slipping on the pathless page?

I will go further: the compositional skills we learn are indeed important, but they deal primarily with the task of subordinating, with a judgment about what is to be excluded, or what has priority, or in what order and with what emphasis things are to be put. These skills defend the writer against what Durkheim called anomie, which writing more than any other activity makes us feel as a matter of course. Durkheim used the term "anomie" to characterize a state of mind in which the rule or norm seemed lost, to the point where the mind despaired of finding it. Today, I think, the word "surnomie" is equally appropriate: there are so many principles of order, so many directives, such a tangle of laws and advices. Each year we discover a new formula for teaching reading and writing. It would be better to admit at the outset that these activities are anarchic in the sense that either too many rules guide them, as in a bureaucratic context, or no sure rule at all, as in creative reading and writing.

The genuine writer knows that practice never ceases: you don't graduate from writing any more than you do from thinking. Writing is an activity that takes place in time and cannot leave time. The conclusion to be drawn from what I have alleged is twofold.

First, the literary humanities cannot be reduced to a school for a specific skill. Composition may be a skill, editing may be a skill, but writing is something more. We can teach composition and we can give courses—bigger and better—in expository prose; but it all remains a come-on to introduce the student to the discipline of writing by making it habitual. Too great an emphasis on skill may actually limit the ability to write for oneself. It suggests, as I have said, a secretariat that might put thoughts—executive thinking—into the proper form. This depersonalization of writing, this subtle and gradual proliferation of a class of ghostwriters, is the one really dangerous development in contemporary intellectual life. It leads to the point where the decision makers delegate the writing—and therefore, whether they know it or not, the thinking—to others.

Second, the literary humanities not only make



writing available to each person but maintain the essential link between reading and writing. Again, reading is more than a skill, especially when it reaches the level of philosophic or legal or cultural interpretation. It is almost a mode of life, something you cannot shake off, something that follows and pursues you. Reading is fate: we are like characters in a mystery story who are drawn unwillingly into a plot that we alone, rather than the official investigator, can unriddle. Leaving writing and reading to specialists is like leaving interpretation to the police department.

Imagine a world in which you cannot think except by reading and writing. That is our world.

[Historical Fiction]

## THE BIRTH OF LATIN AMERICA

*From Memory of Fire: Genesis, by Eduardo Galeano, to be published by Pantheon in October. The first volume of a three-volume history of the Americas, Genesis covers the period from the late fifteenth century to the year 1700. Galeano, who is Uruguayan, writes in his preface: "Through the centuries, Latin America has been despoiled of gold and silver, nitrates and rubber, copper and oil: its memory has also been usurped. Official Latin American history boils down to a military parade of bigwigs in uniforms fresh from the dry-cleaners. I am not a historian. I am a writer who would like to contribute to the rescue of the kidnapped memory of all America, but above all of Latin America, that despised and beloved land: I would like to talk to her, share her secrets, ask her of what difficult clays she was born, from what acts of love and violation she comes." Quotations from original sources are printed in italics. Translated by Cedric Belfrage.*

1492: Guanahani

He falls on his knees, weeps, kisses the earth. He steps forward, staggering because for more than a month he has hardly slept, and beheads some shrubs with his sword.

Then he raises the flag. On one knee, eyes lifted to heaven, he pronounces three times the names of Isabella and Ferdinand. Beside him the scribe Rodrigo de Escobedo, a man slow of pen, draws up the document.

From today, everything belongs to those remote monarchs: the coral sea, the beaches, the rocks all green with moss, the woods, the parrots, and these laurel-skinned people who don't yet know about clothes, sin, or money and who gaze dazedly at the scene.

Luis de Torres translates Christopher Columbus's questions into Hebrew: "Do you know the kingdom of the Great Khan? Where does the gold in your noses and ears come from?"

The naked men stare at him with open mouths, and the interpreter tries out his small stock of Chaldean: "Gold? Temples? Palaces? King of kings? Gold?"

Then he tries his Arabic, the little he knows of it: "Japan? China? Gold?"

The interpreter apologizes to Columbus in the language of Castile. Columbus curses in Genovese and throws to the ground his credentials, written in Latin and addressed to the Great Khan. The naked men watch the anger of the intruder with red hair and coarse skin, who wears a velvet cape and very shiny clothes.

Soon the word will run through the islands: "Come and see the men who arrived from the sky! Bring them food and drink!"

1498: Santo Domingo

The Guaraos, who live in the suburbs of Earthly Paradise, call the rainbow *sneak of necklaces* and the firmament *overhead sea*. Lightning is *glow of the rain*. One's friend, *my mother heart*. The soul, *sun of the breast*. The owl, *lord of the dark night*. A walking cane is a *permanent grandson*; and for "I forgive," they say "I forget."

1511: Guauravo River

Three years ago, Captain Ponce de León arrived at this island of Puerto Rico in a caravel. Chief Agüeynaba opened his home to him, offered him food and drink and the choice of one of his daughters, and showed him the rivers from which gold was taken. He also gave him his name. Juan Ponce de León started calling himself Agüeynaba, and Agüeynaba received in exchange the name of the conquistador.

Three days ago, the soldier Salcedo came alone to the banks of the Guauravo River. The Indians offered their backs for him to cross on. When he reached midstream, they let him fall and held him down against the river bottom until he stopped kicking. Afterward they laid him out on the grass.

Salcedo is now a glob of purple contorted flesh squeezed into a suit of armor, attacked by insects and quickly putrefying in the sun. The Indians look at it, holding their noses. Night and day they have been begging the stranger's pardon, for the benefit of the doubt. No point in it now. The drums broadcast the good news: *The invaders are not immortal.*

Tomorrow will come the rising. Agüeynaba will head it. The chief of the rebels will go back to his old name. He will recover his name, which has been used to humiliate his people.

"Co-qui, co-qui," cry the little frogs. The





From the National Law Journal.

drums calling for struggle drown out their crystal-counterpoint singsong.

1511: Yara

In these islands, in these calvaries, those who choose death by hanging themselves or drinking poison along with their children are many. The invaders cannot avoid this vengeance, but know how to explain it: the Indians, *so savage that they think everything is in common*, as Oviedo will say, *are people by nature idle and vicious, people who do little work. For a pastime many kill themselves with venom so as not to work, and others hang themselves with their own hands.*

Hatuey, Indian chief of the Guahaba region, has not killed himself. He fled with his people from Haiti in a canoe and took refuge in the caves and mountains of eastern Cuba.

There he pointed to a basketful of gold and said: "This is the god of the Christians. For him they pursue us. For him our fathers and our brothers have died. Let us dance for him. If our dance pleases him, this god will order them not to mistreat us."

They catch him three months later.

They tie him to a stake.

Before lighting the fire that will reduce him to charcoal and ash, the priest promises him glory and eternal rest if he agrees to be baptized.

Hatuey asks: "Are there Christians in that heaven?"

"Yes."

Hatuey chooses hell, and the firewood begins to crackle.

1513: Gulf of San Miguel

With water up to his waist, he raises his sword and yells to the four winds.

His men carve an immense cross in the sand. The scribe Valderrábano registers the names of those who have just discovered the new ocean, and Father Andrés intones the *Te Deum laudamus*.

Balboa discards his fifteen kilos of armor, throws his sword far away, and jumps in.

He splashes about and lets himself be dragged by the waves, dizzy with a joy he won't feel again. The sea opens for him, embraces him, rocks him. Balboa would like to drink it dry.

1522: Seville

No one thought they were still alive, but last night they arrived. They dropped anchor and fired all their guns. They didn't land right away, or let themselves be seen. In the morning they appeared on the wharf. Shaking and in rags, they entered Seville carrying lighted torches. The crowd opened up, amazed, for this procession of scarecrows headed by Juan Sebastián de Elcano. They stumbled ahead, leaning on each other for support, from church to church, fulfilling pledges, always pursued by the crowd. They chanted as they went.

They had left three years ago, down the river in five elegant ships that headed west, a bunch of adventurers who had come together to seek the passage between the oceans, and fortune and glory. All fugitives, they put to sea in flight from poverty, love, jail, or the gallows.



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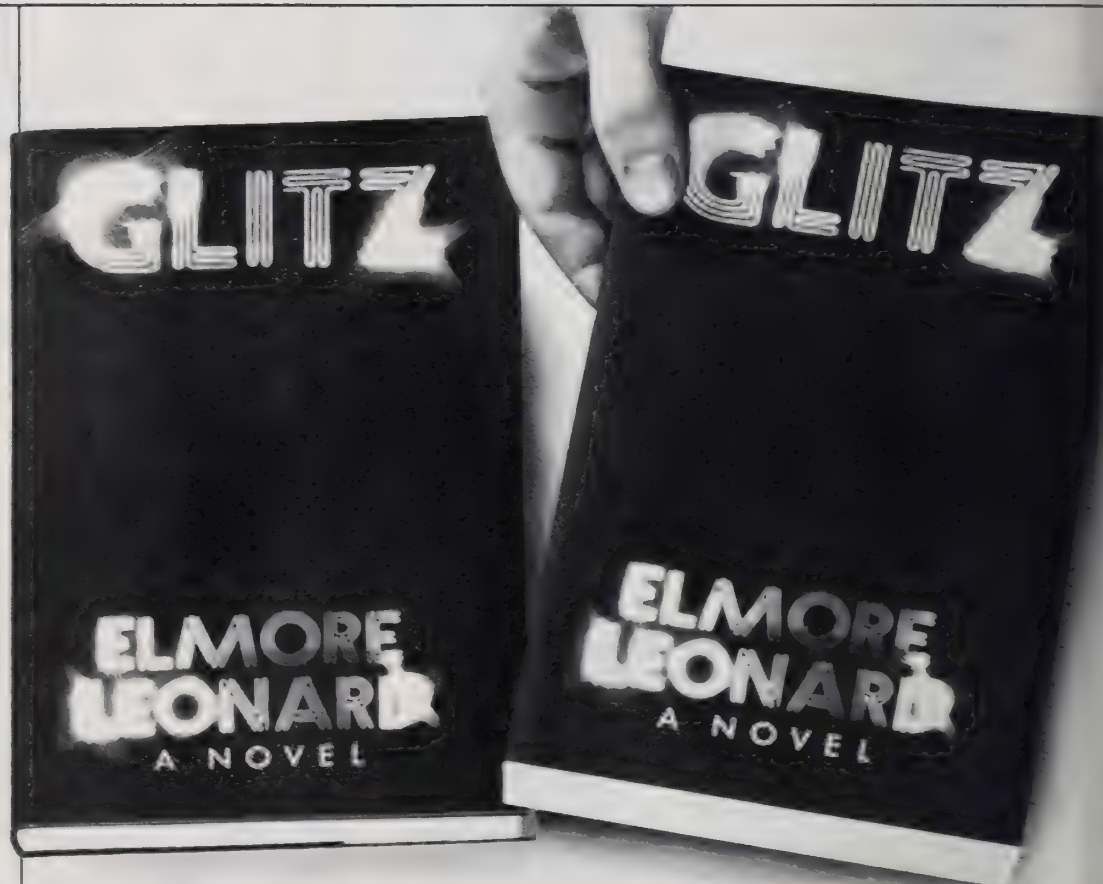
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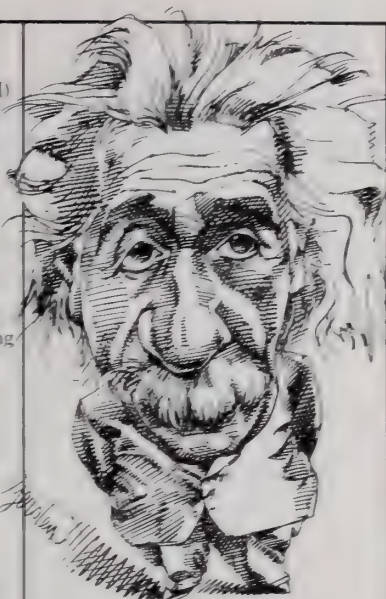
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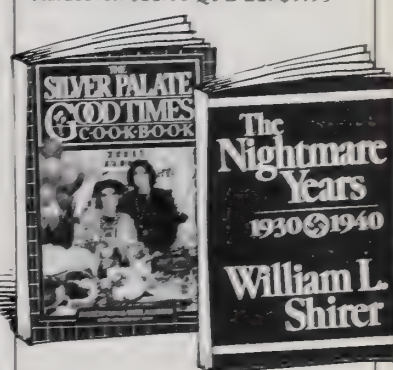


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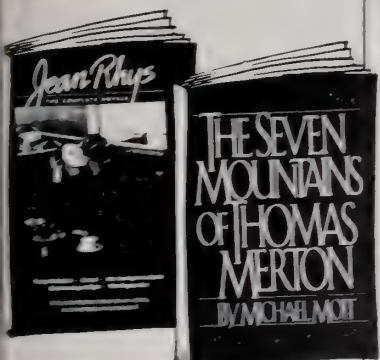
  

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**The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**



Now the survivors talk of storms, crimes, and marvels. They have seen seas and lands without map or name; six times they have crossed the zone where the world boils, without ever getting burned. To the south they have encountered blue snow and, in the sky, four stars forming a cross. They have seen the sun and the moon moving backward and fish flying. They have heard of women whom the wind impregnates and met some black birds like crows that rush into the open jaws of whales and devour their hearts. On one very remote island, they report, live little people half a meter tall, with ears that reach down to their feet. So long are their ears that when these people go to bed, one serves as pillow and the other as blanket. They also report that when the Molucca Indians saw the small boats launched from their ships, they thought the boats were small daughters of the ships, that the ships had given them birth and suckled them.

The survivors say that in the South of the South, where the lands open up and the oceans embrace, the Indians light huge bonfires night and day to keep from dying of cold. Those Indians are such giants, they say, that our heads hardly reached their waists. Magellan, who headed the expedition, caught two of them by putting iron fetters on their ankles and wrists as adornments; but later one died of scurvy and the other of heat.

They say that they had no alternative to drinking stagnant water, holding their noses, and that they ate sawdust, hides, and the rats that showed up to dispute with them the last wormy biscuits. Anyone who died of hunger they threw overboard, and as they had no stones to sink them, the corpses remained floating on the water: Europeans with faces to heaven and Indians face down. When they got to the Moluccas, one sailor traded the Indians a playing card, the king of diamonds, for six fowls, but couldn't even take a bite of them, so swollen were his gums.

They have seen Magellan weep—tears in the eyes of the tough Portuguese navigator when the ships entered the ocean never before crossed by a European. And they have known his terrible tempers: he had two rebellious captains beheaded and quartered and left other rebels in the desert. Magellan is now carrion, a trophy in the hands of Filipino natives who shot a poisoned arrow into his leg.

Of the 237 sailors and soldiers who left Seville three years ago, 18 have returned. They arrived in one creaky ship with a worm-eaten keel that leaks on all four sides.

The survivors. These men dead of hunger who have just sailed around the world for the first time.

#### 1523: Cuauhcapolca

He delivers food and gold and accepts baptism. But he asks Gil González de Avila to explain how Jesus can be man and god; and Mary, virgin and mother. He asks where souls go when they leave the body and whether the Holy Father in Rome is immune to death.

He asks who elected the king of Castile. Chief Nicaragua was elected by the elders of the communities, assembled at the foot of a ceiba tree. Was the king elected by the elders of his communities?

The chief also asks the conquistador to tell him for what purpose so few men want so much gold. Will their bodies be big enough for so much adornment?

Later he asks if it is true, as a prophet has said, that the sun, stars, and moon will lose their light and the sky will fall.

Chief Nicaragua does not ask why no children will be born in these parts. No prophet has told him that within a few years, the women will refuse to give birth to slaves.

#### 1534: Riobamba

When news of Atahualpa's gold reached Santo Domingo, everyone went looking for a ship. Alonso Hernández, dealer in Indians, was among the first to take off. He embarked in Panama and on arrival at Tumbes bought himself a horse. In Tumbes the horse cost thirty times more than in Santo Domingo.

The climb into the mountains has put Hernández back on foot. To complete the journey to Quito, he buys another horse. He pays ninety times the Santo Domingo price. For 350 pesos he also buys a black slave. In Riobamba a horse costs eight times more than a man.

All is for sale in this realm, even the flags smeared with mud and blood, and everything is priced sky-high. A bar of gold is charged for two sheets of paper.

The merchants, newly arrived, defeat the conquistadors without drawing a sword.

#### 1537: Rome

Pope Paul III stamps his name with the leaden seal, which carries the likenesses of St. Peter and St. Paul, and ties it to the parchment. A new bull issues from the Vatican. It is called *Sublimis Deus*, and reveals that Indians are human beings, endowed with soul and reason.

#### 1553: Tucapel

There is a fiesta around the cinnamon tree.

The vanquished, clad in loincloths, are watching the dances of the victors, who wear helmet and armor. Lautaro sports the clothes of Valdivia: the green doublet embroidered with gold and silver, the shiny cuirass, and the gold-



# HOW TO TALK TO TEENAGERS ABOUT DRINKING AND DRIVING.

KEEPING OUT OF HARM'S WAY.

Teenagers can get into a lot of trouble with alcohol. Even teenagers who don't drink. Often they aren't aware of the facts.

A new view of the statistics shows where part of the problem lies, and can lead to a better communication between adults and teenagers.

**Teenagers are in the high-risk group.** People between the ages of 16 and 24 represent only 20 percent of the licensed drivers of our country. But that same group is involved in 42 percent of all the alcohol-related fatal crashes. When you think about that, two tragic things are revealed:

First, not all teenagers killed in such accidents are themselves drunk at the time. Often they have had nothing to drink at all, but are passengers in cars driven by teenagers who have been drinking.

Second, teenagers are often on the roads late at night, especially on weekends, when most crashes involving alcohol occur. They are targets for cars driven by people who have had too much to drink.

**Some facts about alcohol** you might want to discuss with teenagers are often surprising to adults:

- A 12-ounce can of beer, a 4-ounce glass of wine, and a 1.2-ounce drink of 80-proof liquor are all equally intoxicating. The risk is the same regardless of what you've been drinking.

- The legal definition of intoxication is based on "Blood Alcohol Concentration" or "BAC." If you have a BAC of .10 percent, you are legally drunk in most states. But for drivers or drinkers who are less experienced, a BAC of .05 percent, or sometimes lower, can be dangerous.

- Even relatively low levels of alcohol can reduce your tolerance to injury, increasing the danger in an accident.

**Arm your teenagers with the facts** and give them time to reflect on them.

If expected to show good judgment, teenagers are more likely to live up to it.

Please discuss the problem of drinking and driving with your teenagers now, and if you think this advertisement will help, ask them to read it.

And keep in mind, that the best way to teach young people—as they may tell you—is by example.

The people of General Motors care, and urge teenagers, and their parents, to give serious thought to the dangers of drinking and driving. It's something we all can do.

*This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.*



Chevrolet • Pontiac  
Oldsmobile • Buick  
Cadillac • GMC Truck



visored helmet topped with emeralds and elegant plumes.

Valdivia, naked, is bidding farewell to the world.

No one has blundered. This is the land that Valdivia chose to die in thirteen years ago, when he left Cuzco followed by seven Spaniards on horseback and a thousand Indians on foot. No one has blundered except Doña Marina, the wife he left behind in Extremadura, who after twenty years decided to cross the ocean and is now aboard ship, with a retinue worthy of her rank as governor's wife, silver throne, blue velvet bed, carpets, and all of her relatives.

The Araucanians open Valdivia's mouth and fill it with dirt. They make him swallow dirt, handful after handful. They swell up his body with Chilean soil as they tell him: "*You want gold? Eat gold. Stuff yourself with gold.*"

1596: London

Choreographer of tobacco, swaggering military artificer, Sir Walter Raleigh emits snakes of

smoke from his nose and rings and spirals of it from his mouth as he says: "If they cut my head off, it will fall happily with my pipe between my teeth."

"You stink," comments his friend.

There is no one else in the tavern except a small black slave who waits patiently in the corner. Raleigh is telling how he discovered Earthly Paradise in Guyana the previous year, over there where El Dorado lies hidden. He licks his lips recalling the flavor of iguana eggs and closes his eyes while describing the fruits and the leaves that never fall from the treetops.

"Listen, brother," he says. "This play of yours about the young lovers... yes, that one, set in those forest glades, just marvelous. Set it in Verona and it smells of the cage. You got the wrong background, my dear man. That air over there..."

Raleigh's friend, a baldhead with mischievous eyes, knows that this Guyana is a swamp where the sky is always black with mosquitoes, but he listens in silence and nods his head because he also knows that Raleigh isn't lying.

1699: Macouba

To put some gusto into his slaves' work in this land of sluggishness and drowsiness, Father Jean-Baptiste Labat tells them he was black before coming to Martinique and that God whitened him as a reward for the fervor with which he served his masters in France.

The black carpenter of the church is trying to make a difficult dovetailing of a beam and cannot get the angle right. Father Labat draws some lines with a ruler and compass, and he orders: "Cut it here."

The angle is right.

"Now I believe you," says the slave, looking him in the eyes. "No white man could do that."

1700: Madrid

He could never dress himself alone, or read fluently, or stand up by himself. At forty, a little old man without descendants, he lies dying, surrounded by confessors, exorcists, courtiers, and ambassadors who dispute the throne.

The doctors, defeated, have removed the newly dead doves and the sheep's entrails from on top of him. Leeches no longer cover his body. They are not giving him rum to drink or the water of life brought from Málaga, because nothing is left but to wait for the convulsion that will tear him from the world. By the light of torches a bleeding Christ at the head of the bed presides over the final ceremony. The cardinal sprinkles holy water from the hyssop. The bedchamber smells of wax, of incense, of filth. The wind beats at the shutters of the palace, badly fastened with cord.

[Chair]

## SEAT OF POWER



"Apartheid Chair," designed by Paul Ludick, from a recent exhibit at the Art et Industrie gallery in New York.

KRISTIAN GIVANNI



They will take him to the Escorial morgue,  
 where the marble coffin with his name on it has  
 awaited him for years. That was his favorite  
 journey, but it is some time since he visited his  
 own tomb or even stuck his nose outside. Ma-  
 drid is full of potholes and garbage and armed  
 vagabonds; and the soldiers, who keep alive on  
 the thin soup of the monasteries, do not put  
 themselves out to defend the king. The last  
 time that he dared to go out, the Manzanares  
 washerwomen and the street urchins ran after  
 the carriage and hurled insults and stones at it.

Charles II, his bulging eyes red, trembles and  
 raves. He is a small piece of yellow flesh that  
 runs out beneath the sheets as the century also  
 runs out. And so ends the dynasty that con-  
 quered America.

[Ballad]

## THE BALLAD OF THE IMAM AND THE SHAH

*By James Fenton, from the Times Literary Supple-  
 ment, May 17. Fenton's most recent collection of  
 poetry, Children of Exile, was published by Ran-  
 dom House.*

### *An Old Persian Legend*

It started with a stabbing at a well  
 Below the minarets of Isfahan.  
 The widow took her son to see them kill  
 The officer who'd murdered her old man.  
 The child looked up and saw the hangman's work—  
 The man who'd killed his father swinging high.  
 The mother said: "My child, now be at peace.  
 The wolf has had the fruits of all his crime."

*From calumny to calumny to spite  
 From felony to felony to crime  
 From mystery to mystery to fate  
 From destiny to destiny to doom*

All this was many centuries ago—  
 The sort of thing that couldn't happen now—  
 When Persia was the Empire of the Shah  
 And many were the furrows on his brow.  
 The peacock was the symbol of his throne  
 And many were its jewels and its eyes  
 And many were the prisons in the land  
 And many were torturers and spies.

*From tyranny to tyranny to war  
 From dynasty to dynasty to hate  
 From villainy to villainy to death  
 From policy to policy to grave*

The child grew up a clever sort of chap  
 And he became a mullah like his dad,

Spent many years in exile and disgrace  
 Because he told the world the Shah was bad.  
 "Believe in God," he said, "believe in me.  
 Believe me when I tell you who I am.  
 Now chop the arm of wickedness away.  
 Believe in me. I am the great Imam."

*From heresy to heresy to fire  
 From clerisy to clerisy to fear  
 From litany to litany to sword  
 From fallacy to fallacy to wrong*

And so the Shah was forced to flee abroad.  
 The Imam was the ruler in his place.  
 He started killing everyone he could  
 To make up for the years of his disgrace.  
 And when there were no enemies at home  
 He sent his men to Babylon to fight.  
 And when he'd lost an army in that way  
 He knew what God was telling him was right.

*From poverty to poverty to wrath  
 From agony to agony to doubt  
 From malady to malady to shame  
 From misery to misery to fight*

He sent the little children out to war.  
 They went out with his portrait in their hands.  
 The deserts and the marshes filled with blood.  
 The mothers heard the news in Isfahan.  
 Now Babylon is buried under dirt.  
 Persepolis is peeping through the sand.  
 The child who saw his father's killer killed  
 Has slaughtered half the children in the land.

*From calumny  
 To felony  
 To mystery  
 To destiny  
 To tyranny  
 To dynasty  
 To villainy  
 To policy  
 To heresy  
 To clerisy  
 To litany  
 To fallacy  
 To poverty  
 To agony  
 To malady  
 To misery*

The song is yours. Arrange it as you will.  
 Remember where each word fits in the line  
 And every permutation will be true  
 And every combination will be fine:

*From policy to felony to fear  
 From litany to heresy to fire  
 From villainy to tyranny to war  
 From tyranny to dynasty to shame*

*From poverty to malady to grave  
 From malady to agony to spite  
 From agony to misery to hate  
 From misery to policy to fight!*



# How to count on





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With a Premier Visa Card, cash advances can be arranged at more than 157,000 bank offices around the world.

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And soon you'll be able to count on cash from thousands of teller machines in the global Visa ATM Network.

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**The Global Premier Advantage.** All this, plus a card that provides a premier welcome at more than 4 million places in 156 countries on six continents.

In a world of places, that's a lot to count on.



## ALL YOU NEED.



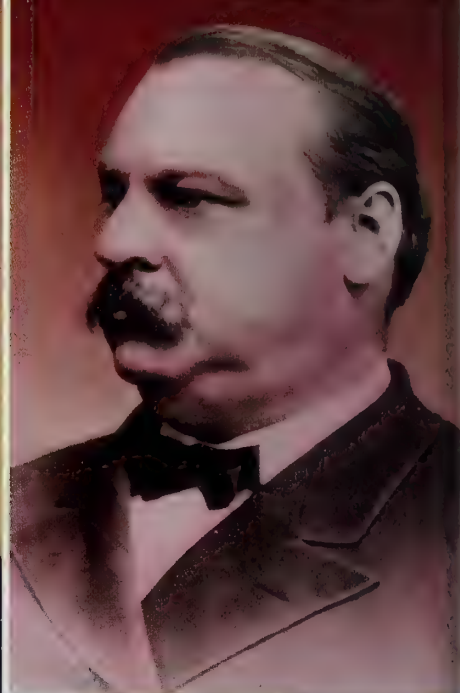
"Everything that can be invented has been invented."  
Charles H. Duell,  
Director of U.S. Patent Office, 1899



"Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?"  
Harry M. Warner,  
Warner Bros. Pictures, c. 1927



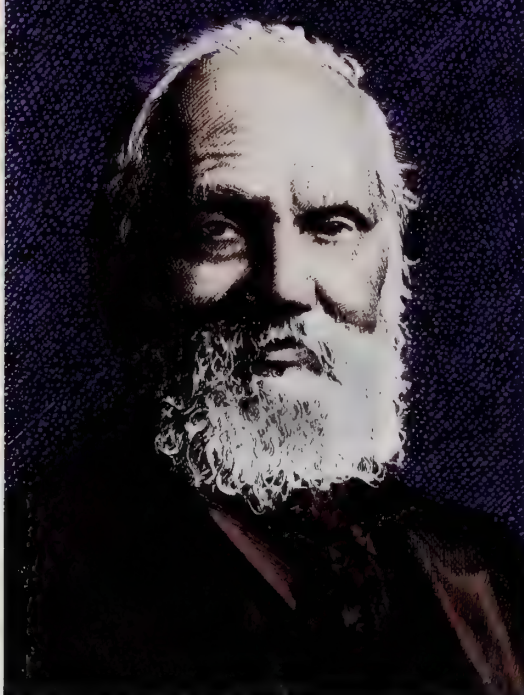
"Sensible and responsible women do not want to vote."  
Grover Cleveland, 1905



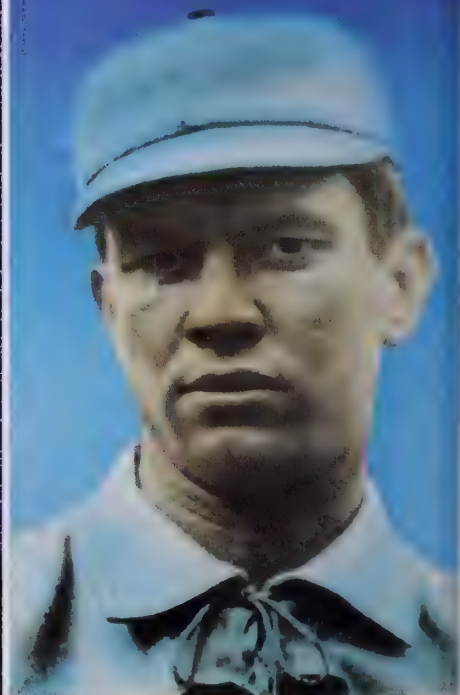
"There is no likelihood man can ever tap the power of the atom."  
Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize in Physics, 1923



"Heavier than air flying machines are impossible."  
Lord Kelvin, President, Royal Society, c. 1895



"Ruth made a big mistake when he gave up pitching."  
Tris Speaker, 192



**The future isn't what it used to be.**

There's no future in believing something can't be done. The future is in making it happen.

A company called TRW has built a business by asking people to tackle the impossible. TRW people created the first spacecraft to leave the solar system, Pioneer 10. We fit up to 100,000 electronic parts on a single computer chip. We built a financial and data service that handles 350,000 inquiries a day.

Along the way, there were those who knew all the reasons these things couldn't be done. Fortunately, there were those who knew enough not to listen.

Tomorrow is taking shape at a company called TRW.

**TRW**

A Company Called TRW



# SPORTS: HOW DIRTY A GAME?

**I**n an age when the peccadilloes of all the traditional idols, from presidents to Miss Americas, are gleefully exposed, athletes totter on their pedestals as the last American heroes. No longer unsullied gladiators—their fabled lives now tend to include the great contract-signing scene and even the occasional drug scandal—athletes nonetheless remain the principal role models of young Americans, who spend their days shooting baskets and dreaming of televised miracles.

Behind the heroic metaphors, however, sports is very big business. Television makes possible the dazzling paychecks of the pros: sports broadcasts deliver with admirable dependability the audience of young males so prized by makers of cars, beer, and power saws. But the pros hold no monopoly on the business of sports: great universities now pay their bills with the fat television contracts a winning athletic program brings in its train. Not for nothing are high school stars avidly pursued by the most prestigious universities, and half-literate youngsters coddled, pampered, and bribed.

What does all this money mean for American sports? What is the corruption bred by sports doing to American universities? Is it still possible to clean up so-called amateur sports? *Harper's* recently invited a group of athletes, coaches, sports officials, and journalists to consider the future of America's dirty game.



*The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the New School for Social Research in New York City. George Plimpton served as moderator.*

GEORGE PLIMPTON

*has played quarterback for the Detroit Lions, forward for the Boston Celtics, and goal tender for the Boston Bruins. He is editor of the Paris Review and author of Paper Lion and Fireworks, among other books. Open Net, his book about professional hockey, will be published in November.*

HOWARD COSELL

*is the host and executive producer of ABC Sportsbeat. He has been involved in sports journalism since 1953 and was one of the original commentators on Monday Night Football. His latest book, I Never Played the Game, will be published in October.*

ROBERT LIPSYTE

*is the sports correspondent for the CBS news program Sunday Morning. He was a sports columnist for the New York Times and is the author of SportsWorld: An American Dreamland and Assignment: Sports, among other books.*

HARRY EDWARDS

*is a professor of sociology at the University of California at Berkeley and the author of The Revolt of the Black Athlete, The Sociology of Sport, and The Struggle That Must Be.*

TOM SANDERS

*played forward for the Boston Celtics from 1960 to 1973 and was a member of eight NBA championship teams. He was head coach of the Celtics during the 1978-79 season and is currently associate director of the Center for the Study of Sport in Society at Northeastern University.*

DIGGER PHELPS

*has been head basketball coach at the University of Notre Dame since 1971. The teams he has coached have won 69 percent of their games.*

BILLIE JEAN KING

*has won twenty Wimbledon titles and nine U.S. Open titles. She founded the Women's Sports Foundation and the Women's Tennis Association and is currently commissioner of Team Tennis.*

DAVID J. STERN

*is commissioner of the National Basketball Association. He was the architect of the NBA's 1983 collective bargaining agreement, which provides for revenue sharing, salary limitation, and anti-drug measures.*

GEORGE PLIMPTON: Our subject today is a very large one—the place of sports in America. We hear a great deal about corruption in sports. Hardly a week goes by that some college coach is not accused of bribing a star high school athlete to come to his school or of paying his supposedly amateur players under the table, or that some professional athlete isn't arrested for possession of one controlled substance or another. Sportswriters seem more concerned with drugs, gambling, and corruption than with won-lost records or hard-fought championship games. Many Americans persist in thinking of sports as a heroic realm where brave men and women battle for glory, but this realm seems to have been invaded by the sordid facts of everyday life.

My own attitude about this, as what's called a

“participatory journalist”—Satch Sanders will remember my feeble play as a power forward with the Celtics—has been to adhere largely to the heroic spirit. The players, whether on the Celtics, the Lions, or the Bruins, were heroes before I joined them and even more so in my eyes afterward. Drugs, money, the iniquities of the college system that brought them to the pros, the autocratic behavior of the owners—the underside of sports, in a word—at that time did not concern me as much as they perhaps should have.

I suppose our first question should be: How much has sports changed in recent years? Did this heroic realm ever really exist? Have we entered an era of unheard-of corruption, or have we simply begun to look at sports without illusions? If the latter, what exactly were those illu-



sions that blinded us in times past? How has the role of sports changed over the years? What changed it? Television, and the huge sums of money associated with it? Greed? Drugs? Finally, can anything be done to correct some of the problems that seem to bedevil sports these days?

Howard, what's your impression of today's sports scene?

HOWARD COSELL: In my view, sports is a deeply perverted element in American society. The frequently touted uplifting qualities associated with sports have become but a murky blur in a morass of hypocrisy, corruption, and deceit that I like to call the sports syndrome. Of course, the inherent rewards of sports are the same as they have always been: the fulfillment of discovering one's own athletic skills, of taking part in a team effort, of learning one's physical limits and pushing those limits back. But these values have become subservient to the sports syndrome, which has at its heart a number of very doubtful postulates that in my view delineate the problems facing sports today. First, sports is a wholly separate and deeply necessary refuge from the daily travail of human existence—a charmed, magical world. Second, victory is cosmically important. Today, winning is truly the only thing—a phrase Vince Lombardi, by the way, never uttered. Third, these games are so utterly complex that only those who have played them can possibly transmit their mysterious essence to mere mortals. Finally, the fan is an entitled being, with inalienable rights not set forth in any constitution. He pays the price of admission and is thereby entitled to enter the stadium and do whatever the hell he wants, including commit violent acts.

Of course, our great player-commentators don't deign to discuss these trivial matters. Instead, they analyze grave issues like the deportment of one tennis player or another. I, for one, can think of nothing less consequential in the scheme of human existence than whether or not a goddamn tennis player loses his temper with an umpire.

PLIMPTON: Bob Lipsyte, has sports really changed as radically as angry sports lovers like Howard suggest?

ROBERT LIPSYTE: Frankly, I don't think sports itself has changed much at all. Although the problems you and Howard mention may seem new, they all have clear antecedents. For example, there is a great deal of publicity about athletes' use of recreational drugs—the cocaine busts and so on. Drugs seem to have invaded sports like a plague. Yet alcoholism was certainly a comparable problem among athletes during

the early part of the century. To give another example, the sports columns today are full of talk about the greed of superstars. But the attitudes of the stars of the 1920s could easily be discussed in the same terms.

So what is different today? By far the biggest difference is the enormous amount of money at stake in sports, a development we owe largely to television. We examine sports more closely today than we did in the past because the higher stakes have made sports much more worth examining. So we discover to our surprise that our heroic professional athletes—like many people—have a fondness for money and drugs. But where this infusion of money has profoundly changed the basic situation is not in the professional ranks, where it is most visible, but in college sports. Because of the huge sums colleges stand to make from television contracts, many schools have virtually mortgaged themselves to their sports programs. They have expanded their athletic departments, recruited the best coaches and athletes, and built huge stadiums—palaces they now find they *must* keep filled. These colleges have no choice but to compete among themselves for athletes who will draw crowds to those stadiums, and that has corrupted the entire recruiting system.

All the money involved has helped sports transcend its accustomed status as part of the toy department. Sports affects decisions made by governments—decisions about land that must be appropriated for a new stadium, roads that must be built to reach it, legislators who must be manipulated to get it built. Sports affects the entire educational system—both directly, by shaping our so-called student athletes, and indirectly, by spreading corruption and hypocrisy throughout the schools. On the most basic level, athletes are routinely given special privileges because of the barely disguised hope that they will someday make a lot of money for their colleges or communities. As early as junior high school, kids see certain of their classmates, the ones who happen to run faster or throw a ball more accurately, given a free pass, waved through the tollbooths without having to pay the price.

PLIMPTON: Harry, would you agree with that evaluation?

HARRY EDWARDS: Sports inevitably reflects the character of the larger society, particularly the ideological justifications people use to explain what happens in that society. American sports—the huge commercial enterprise Americans have made of both professional and amateur sports—tells us something important about our country: about what is happening to us as a



nation and as a people. This is especially so today, when television lets us really see sports—the corruption and drugs and crass commercialism—for the first time, just as, during Vietnam, television let us see the blood and mess and destruction of war for the first time. We are able to watch at close range the systematic ripping-off of our best nineteen-year-old athletes. The glorification of athletics on television, especially in extravaganzas like the Olympics, encourages parents to push their seven- and eight- and nine-year-old kids through horrendously grueling practice programs in swimming, gymnastics, skating—whatever sport looks like it might lead to a gold medal, if not to some other kind of gold somewhere down the line.

TOM SANDERS: Dollars have definitely become the crucial element in college sports—those big dollars have made winning *necessary*. But the corruption starts much earlier. High schools are recruiting in junior highs today. Coaches recruit parents, persuade them to move to different school districts, even different towns, so their kids can play for them.

As soon as a kid shows some athletic talent, he gets that first thoughtful C from an instructor. "You've got a future, kid," he says, "and I'm going to give you a C even though you failed. We're going to help you along." That kid learns right then that here's his reward. He—and his parents—are paid *then*, not later, with that first C. By the time the kid gets to junior high, he expects that reward; by the time he gets to college, the rewards have become much greater.

DIGGER PHELPS: I think people are getting tired of all this corruption. They read about the player at Baylor who tape-recorded a conversation with his coach in which the coach promised to make the kid's car payments and they discussed the steroids the kid was taking. They read about the kid who was paid \$200 a week to play center for the Southern Illinois basketball team. People keep reading these stories, and eventually they will demand that action be taken.

SANDERS: It's true that investigative reporting has had an enormous impact on our perception of sports. Not so very long ago, sportswriters were mainly cheerleaders and elegists; they were there to add to the glory, to help create the legends. Today journalists see their job as truth-telling: they are taking a good, hard look at the sports world.

COSELL: Do you really believe that, Satch? Do you really think the media are taking a good, hard look at sports?

SANDERS: Well, more plain truth is coming out today than in the past. All athletes used to be heroes, and the job of the press was to depict them as such—gods, larger than life, out there performing miracles.

BILLIE JEAN KING: Right. Remember the hype around Red Grange and Babe Ruth?

COSELL: Don't you think sports coverage is still mostly hype?

SANDERS: No. Today, sportswriters mention the hero's .350 batting average only so they can go on to describe his latest cocaine bust.

LIPSYTE: That isn't investigative reporting. A story about an athlete's cocaine habit is just an extension of the entertainment of the sports event itself; it sells tickets just as surely as tawdry gossip about a movie star sells tickets. We hear a lot about which star athletes are using cocaine, but the serious drug issues in sports—the abuse of pain-killers and anti-inflammatory medicines, the fact that "well-meaning" parents and coaches are feeding steroids and other drugs to high school kids—are pretty much ignored. It's not that sportswriters go too far—they don't go far enough, and most of them aren't even pointed in the right direction.

COSELL: Yes, "investigative" reporting about sports is mostly gossip-column stuff. Sports in America confronts us with deep questions about law, politics, economics, education, medicine. Real investigative reporting would explore these issues. For example, a real investigative sports reporter would look into the fact that the National Football League fields one of the most powerful lobbies on Capitol Hill, and he would describe in detail the NFL's efforts to win exemptions from the antitrust laws.

Don't be fooled: as far as sports is concerned, we don't get truth from the media. It's still mostly celebratory prose and Hollywood gossip, a style of reporting which, as Billie Jean observed, thrived during the twenties with all the baloney about Babe Ruth—who was nothing but a lush—and Red Grange. The writers of that era—Grantland Rice, with his Four Horsemen dramatically etched against a grim October sky—created a picture of sports that persists to this day. The stock of images they built up still forms the basic lexicon of American sportswriting, and the failure to replace those images, or at least to revise the celebratory attitudes they represent, is the essential failure of sports reporting today. Sports journalists are promoters, not reporters.

The reason for this failure is not only lack of



talent, although that problem should not be underestimated. No, my friends, the reason is even more simple: corruption. Television, my medium, is overtly corrupt, openly for sale to the highest bidder. And the print medium, however sober and austere by comparison, is covertly corrupt. Why should these institutions jeopardize the huge sums to be made from sports by examining it seriously? Are you crazy?

EDWARDS: But most people like it that way. The average American doesn't give a damn how many lobbyists the NFL has on the Hill. He wants to watch his heroes *perform*.

COSELL: It's a cop-out to say the American public doesn't give a damn. The American public has to be taught.

DAVID J. STERN: Harry's right. This image of sports survives because Americans like it. Look at the surveys. As soon as subjects like drugs, strikes, and contract disputes are raised, great numbers of fans turn around and walk away. People aren't looking for hard news about sports; they don't want to know how it "really is." They go to a game to see a contest, to watch highly skilled gladiators battling it out—in a word, they want the *metaphor*. They want to see hard work, discipline, teamwork, sacrifice, and heroism *succeed* before their eyes, on a playing field

where all struggles are resolved in a few hours. That's what sports gives us, that's why people go out and watch.

The question we should be discussing is: What can professional athletes do to have a positive impact on all those people who want nothing more than to watch their every action and hang on their every word?

COSELL: But why choose an athlete as a role model in the first place? That's the worst thing to do.

SANDERS: Athletes *are* role models, whether we like it or not. Kids take them as such, and we have to accept that fact. Our job is to do what we can to make sure professional athletes are the best possible role models.

PLIMPTON: David, do you feel the athlete has an obligation to society? Is he obliged to set an example?

STERN: Frankly, I think that an athlete, once he joins the professional ranks, accepts that big salary, and thereby becomes part of the business, does have obligations. He has press conferences to attend, interviews to give, appearances to make. He doesn't do these things as a favor to journalists. They are obligations designed to sell his image as an athlete and to promote his business.

## The Atrophy of Play

Ever since the last quarter of the 19th century games, in the guise of sport, have been taken more and more seriously. The rules have become increasingly strict and elaborate. Records are established at a higher, or faster, or longer level than was ever conceivable before. . . .

Now, with the increasing systematization and regimentation of sport, something of the pure play-quality is inevitably lost. We see this very clearly in the official distinction between amateurs and professionals (or "gentlemen and players" as used pointedly to be said). It means that the play-group marks out those for whom playing is no longer play, ranking them inferior to the true players in standing but superior in capacity. The spirit of the professional is no longer the true play-spirit; it is lacking in spontaneity and carelessness. This affects the amateur too, who begins to suffer from an inferiority complex. Between them they push sport further and further away from the play-sphere proper until it becomes a thing *sui generis*: neither play

nor earnest. In modern social life sport occupies a place alongside and apart from the cultural process. The great competitions in archaic cultures had always formed part of the sacred festivals and were indispensable as health- and happiness-bringing activities. This ritual tie has now been completely severed; sport has become profane, "unholy" in every way and has no organic connection whatever with the structure of society. . . . The ability of modern social techniques to stage mass demonstrations with the maximum of outward show in the field of athletics does not alter the fact that neither the Olympiads nor the organized sports of American Universities nor the loudly trumpeted international contests have, in the smallest degree, raised sport to the level of a culture-creating activity. However important it may be for the players or spectators, it remains sterile. The old play-factor has undergone almost complete atrophy. . . .

—from *Homo Ludens* (1939), by Johan Huizinga



The fact is, a third of the people in this country will be illiterate within fifteen years, and a disproportionate number of them will be minorities. Athletes are the most visible role models we have. They are a huge resource, they have an unlimited capacity to do good. Sports is still the metaphor. Without pretending we're something we're not, why not use it to help solve some of these problems?

COSELL: Here is David, commissioner of the NBA, proudly declaring, in effect, that people don't care about the truth, that ignorance must prevail, that we must resign ourselves to living in a mobocracy. Well, I disagree. When Harry says college sports has polluted the whole American educational structure, he's absolutely right—and people are starting to admit it. Attitudes toward sports have changed; they're changing every day.

EDWARDS: Yes, attitudes are changing. Athletes used to be perched on a pedestal high above society. But we're beginning to recognize that athletes can't be isolated. If the society is drug-saturated, athletes will have drug problems. If the society is plagued by debauchery and corruption, athletes will be plagued by them as well. The simple fact is that it is irrational for an athlete or a coach to behave ethically today. Perhaps Americans have grown up enough to face that.

PHELPS: At least they recognize that the prime issue in sports is materialism and money. We do not seem to know how to put money in perspective, not in professional sports, and certainly not in college sports.

EDWARDS: That's true throughout our society: ends have utterly outstripped not only means but legitimate process itself. Sports is only the most visible manifestation of the voracity that now characterizes all social relationships. The number of attorneys and doctors brought before professional associations for unethical behavior increases every year. Malpractice suits have become a growth industry. Americans snort eighty-five metric tons of cocaine a year; they drop twenty tons of aspirin a day; they consume more drugs in greater variety than any other people on the face of the earth. America's drug problem goes a bit deeper than a few athletes taking steroids or speed. Athletes and sports institutions bear the brunt of people's general dissatisfaction with the ethical bankruptcy of their society.

COSELL: What you say may be true, but let's start with some facts. Everyone is talking about tele-

vision, but no one has pointed out that sports viewing is declining in this country.

STERN: No, it isn't.

COSELL: On the networks it sure as hell is. The reasons for that are many and varied. Market fractionalization—competition from cable and the superstations—is one factor. But much more important is the fact that Americans are deluged with sports presentations, presentations which in their packaging and design have become utterly stereotypical and banal. Television now has goddamn clowns providing "insights." I'm a student of television like few others in this country, and I can't even bear to watch a baseball game anymore. A kid from Commerce, Oklahoma, a kid I've known all his life, Mickey Mantle, is now an announcer. He's never been prepared to be catapulted into national prominence in that role. I mean, you laugh at the absurdity of it.

LIPSYTE: But the sort of programs you're criticizing don't constitute all of televised sports. You're talking about what I call rock-and-roll sports, a mixture of celebrity chitchat, sports analysis, and simple entertainment. That's Mickey Mantle announcing, and that's fine.

STERN: Or Dan Meredith.

COSELL: His name is Don.

STERN: Whatever. Look, you're a demanding critic, Howard, but we're talking about entertaining the masses here. Have you looked at prime-time television lately? And don't be so high and mighty. You've participated in rock-and-roll sports yourself.

COSELL: I think what you're calling rock-and-roll sports is a lot purer than so-called serious sports presentations. At least when I do *Battle of the Network Stars* there's no pretense that it's anything other than entertainment.

STERN: I was talking about *Monday Night Football*.

COSELL: *Monday Night Football*—Christ, what do you expect? The whole goddamn game is a stereotype. "They're lining up: two setbacks, two receivers go wide, a zone defense"—try repeating that fifty times a game. Look, my point is simple: the hyped-up, mythologized image of American sports won't change until there are more *journalists* capable of commenting intelligently about it. We don't need more has-been athletes with pretty faces. We need reporters who can win the Pulitzer Prize.



STERN: People don't care about Pulitzer Prize winners today, Howard. They want best sellers. With all due respect, I think most people would prefer to watch Dr. J and Larry Bird go at it in the NBA playoffs than tune in *ABC Sportsbeat*, as good as your show is. Not everyone watches *Masterpiece Theatre*; most people watch sitcoms, which is why the networks do so well.

COSELL: But the networks are *not* doing well with sports.

STERN: Yes, they are. The declining numbers are evidence of a simple, very American phenomenon: sports sells, so everyone wants to carry it. WTBS, ESPN, USA, and independent syndicators are battling it out with the networks, and the marketplace will ultimately decide the winners. But people can't get enough sports. I get hate mail from fans complaining they get "only" fifty-five NBA games a season on cable.

PLIMPTON: I'm inclined to agree with David that most people don't really care about the issues Howard is raising. I think people watch sports events to see something we've not even mentioned: very highly developed physical skills. After all, what do you look at when you watch the Olympics?

LIPSYTE: That's a good question, and I don't think the answer is so simple. I've got this crazed vision of a "planet of the jocks," where all the athletes pour off the field and into the stands and kill the spectators. What I'm trying to get across is the alienation of athletes—particularly professional and college athletes—from the rest of the people out there. The reason this subject is so very important, the reason sports is more than a mirror or a microcosm and is really a thread running through all our lives, is that people first learn about themselves through sports. Very early in their lives, in elementary school at the latest, boys and girls are judged by their bodies—by their performance in sports—as worthy or unworthy. Those children who don't make the team, who are "cut"—a term I have always found provocative—end up with a great deal of emotional baggage toward athletes and toward the athletic system that rejected them. They tend to have very strong feelings about what athletics means in this society, whether they are aware of them or not. I think the reason so many people watch all these games, apart from the skill or beauty of the performers, is that they remind them of something they failed to attain very early in their own lives.

The privilege of the athlete is in a sense the first privilege. In the fourth and fifth and sixth

grades athletes are more likely to be popular, to be picked first—and this is an age when all kids are so vulnerable. The scientists and the poets, the other talented kids, haven't emerged yet. The only way kids can judge themselves is by the worthiness of their bodies—by their performance in sports.

PHELPS: Parents today encourage their kids to go after that privilege; their attitudes are truly indicative of what the world of sports has become. The Texas legislature recently passed a law requiring high schools to impose a "no pass, no play" policy: if a student fails a course, he can't play sports. This rule was designed to put at least some of the emphasis of supposedly educational institutions back on academics. How has the rule been received? About fifty parents brought lawsuits claiming that their kids have a right to play sports—whether they fail a course or not. The Texas Supreme Court disagreed, and declared the rule constitutional.

EDWARDS: As a matter of fact, blacks especially hate the no-pass, no-play rule, because they see sports as their escalator up and out of poverty—which is about the worst self-delusion there is. A while back, I talked to some of the black parents in Houston who are fighting the rule. I spent two hours explaining what the chances were of their children becoming pros—about one in a hundred, if they're good college players—and, if they were lucky enough to make it, what the chances were of their having a job ten years after they'd played their last professional game. As the rewards become greater and greater, children are putting more and more time into sports at an earlier and earlier age. The game becomes everything. But one day it's all over, and the athlete has to face the realities of life after sports.

I tried to explain all this to these black parents in Houston. Finally, one mother stood up and said: "To me, this rule sounds like another racist trick. Where were the no-pass, no-play rules when Babe Ruth was playing?"

Our society has not yet reached the point where a sportswriter can really investigate the plantation structure of American sports. Whites dominate the authority positions and blacks supply a disproportionate amount of the labor in football, basketball, track and field, and boxing. This racial division will inevitably exacerbate the antagonism between labor and management that already exists in the sports world. Increasingly, black athletes are complaining that the outcry over drug abuse in sports is really racially motivated: the hierarchy is white, and the players being publicly reprimanded are disproportionately black. And the



complaints about player salaries are also seen by many blacks as racially motivated; after all, the loudest complaints focus on sports in which blacks are making extraordinary amounts of money.

The plantation structure also hinders efforts to clean up high school and college athletics. Black leaders, even black college presidents, have condemned the NCAA's Proposition 48—which mandates minimum academic standards for freshman athletes in college—as a racist attempt to undermine the advancement of blacks in collegiate sports, when in fact blacks stand to benefit the most from it. Because blacks are involved in sports in such disproportionately large numbers, people are reluctant to take the steps necessary to clean up the situation.

STERN: You're struggling too hard to fit a lot of diverse facts into a preconceived theory. Most of what you've said may be accurate, but I don't think it all derives from this so-called plantation structure.

EDWARDS: There are only nine black head basketball coaches in the 269 traditionally white Division I schools; there is not a single black head football coach at the professional level; there is not a single black manager in professional baseball; there are fewer and fewer black assistant coaches in football. It will be impossible to reform athletics, even at the college level, as long as the social distance between black athletes and the front offices persists. That distance is underscored by blacks' distrust of white-initiated reforms such as Proposition 48 and Texas's no-pass, no-play rule for high school athletes. But these rules, inadequate as they are, deserve support because they clearly communicate to young athletes, black and white, that they must achieve academically as well as athletically.

STERN: I happen to be head of the sport where this so-called plantation structure was first pointed out. A number of years ago Walter Cronkite asked on national television: "Can the country abide a predominantly black sport?" I think the intervening years have shown the answer to be positive. Surveys tell us that three of the top role models among kids are Larry Bird, Magic Johnson, and Julius Erving.

EDWARDS: Yet the evidence indicates that a team that is overwhelmingly black must win at least 70 percent of its games to maintain its viewership and its attendance. A substantially white team can afford a much worse record before its attendance begins to decline.

KING: Maybe the best thing we can do to clean up sports in this country is to reduce the hypocrisy that underlies the whole system, not just the racial divisions you're talking about. Think of our romance with so-called amateur sports. Look at the Olympics, for God's sake—the biggest, grandest spectacle of hypocrisy imaginable. None of those kids are amateurs! They all live on "athletic scholarships," a misnomer if there ever was one. Colleges want top athletes because they help build winning teams. And winning teams fill the stadiums, make the television deals more lucrative, and put the alumni in a generous mood. But do we tell parents or children the truth? No, we tell our young athletes, "You must win a gold medal at any cost. You must set records and make the pros at any cost. Meanwhile, of course, you have to attend classes and get an education—which, after all, is why you're in college in the first place."

That's a lot of baloney. Colleges want these kids because they're highly skilled in a particular sport, pure and simple. Why keep lying about it? What's wrong with it? Athletic scholarships should be called contracts: you have a contract with this college to play this sport, period.

PLIMPTON: Do you really want that?

KING: Look, these kids are playing football in front of 80,000 people, and millions more are watching on TV. Tickets are sold—and products are sold—because of the entertainment these kids provide. They should get a percentage of the gate. They're out there killing themselves every Saturday, with no guarantee of making it to the pros, while the coaches are making \$200,000 a year.

If I were attending college on a tennis scholarship and I played in a Virginia Slims tournament, I wouldn't be allowed to take any money. In what other field of endeavor does such a bizarre stricture exist? If I were in law school, I'd be encouraged to work for a law firm during the summer, and I'd get paid for it.

The NCAA is supposedly concerned that these kids not be corrupted, that they receive an education. Maybe colleges should concentrate on teaching them something useful—for example, that less than one percent of them will make it to the pros. They should tell them: Look, this is a real high-risk situation you're getting yourself into by signing this contract to play college sports. You want to take that risk? Fine, here's the ups and downs of it.

PHELPS: But what about the 99 percent who sign the contract and then don't make it to the pros? My real concern is with the kid who doesn't



make it. After all those years of being told he's a star, he's the greatest, he'll be taken care of, that kid has used up his college eligibility and is suddenly out on the street without a pro contract or a degree.

KING: But if the kid had made some money during the four years he was in college, at least he'd have something to show for all that work.

PHELPS: I disagree. It's true that in some sense athletes become professionals as soon as they accept free room, board, and tuition. But it's also true that there are degrees of professionalism. The real tragedy in college sports is that most of these young athletes are intellectually incapable of understanding what's happening to them. Look at the basketball scandal at Tulane last spring. Hot Rod Williams, the team's star player, accepts \$10,000 in cash to enroll at Tulane. He then allegedly becomes involved with gamblers who pay him to help fix games. Finally, he's arrested. And when he's booked—and this is to me the most shocking part of the story—this senior at Tulane University can't even read his rights.

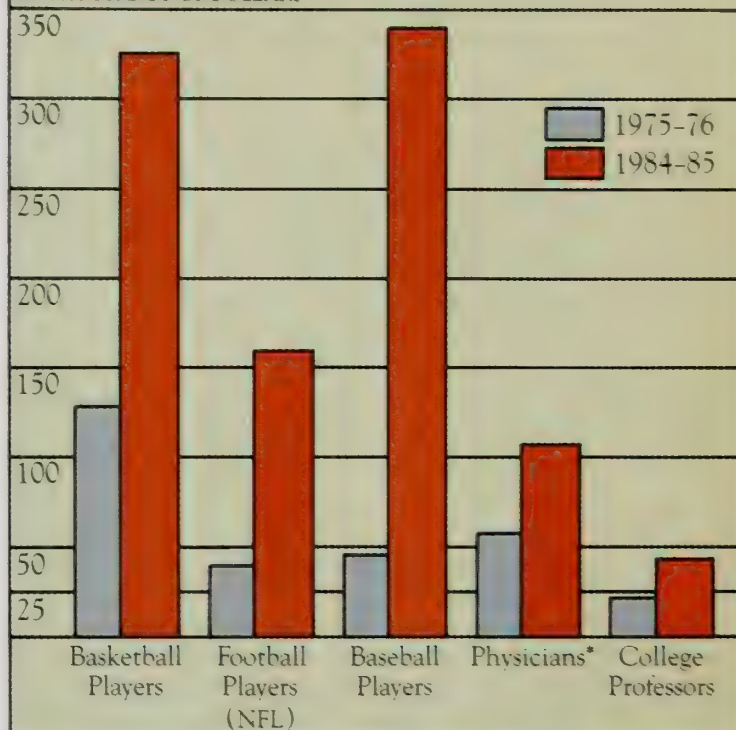
COSELL: Tulane is by almost every yardstick one of the more selective universities in this country. Its record for Rhodes scholarships has been surpassed in the last two years only by Yale, Harvard, and Stanford. How under Dr. Eamon Kelly, a former officer of the Ford Foundation, how could John Williams have been admitted to that university?

EDWARDS: Because the athletic departments of our major universities have become separate empires. They are completely autonomous; college presidents are so cowed by boards of trustees and alumni that they have abdicated their supervisory responsibilities. Of course, you always hear that the profits from athletics will be used to build chemistry buildings and to endow chairs in the English department. At most campuses this is utter nonsense. That money goes to pay for stadiums and so forth. The athletic tail has truly begun to wag the educational dog.

We have to recognize that these are educational institutions, not athletic institutions. Until we begin to fire coaches for unethical behavior just as we would fire a professor for unethical behavior, until we hold coaches and athletic departments accountable for academic integrity, nothing will change. At the University of California at Berkeley, seventy-two athletes were admitted under the "Chancellor Special Admit" policy between 1971 and 1981—the chancellor simply signs a paper admitting athletes who don't qualify under normal re-

## The Rewards of the Sporting Life

AVERAGE YEARLY EARNINGS  
IN THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS



\*1983 figures are latest available.

quirements. Two have graduated to date. There are no records available on the others.

KING: If I were a college athlete, you know what I'd want to learn? About agents and contracts.

PHELPS: These kids can't even read a contract. What good is knowing about agents and contracts if you don't make the pros?

KING: That's precisely why college athletes should get paid.

PHELPS: What should we do, Billie Jean? Sell these high school kids to the highest bidder?

KING: But we already do that. That's the way it is. Why not be realistic about it? Or at least start to clean it up.

PHELPS: That's what we're trying to do. This past May, for example, the NCAA penalized an athlete from the University of Georgia—in the past, the athletic department or the school was penalized.

KING: Look, let's be honest. What do we want these kids to be? Academics, or athletes?



PHELPS: I want them to be both—student athletes. And Notre Dame produces them. Seven former players of mine are now in the NBA—and all of them have their degrees. What's wrong with that?

EDWARDS: The discussion of whether athletes should be paid a reasonable proportion of the money they make for their schools bypasses the central problem in college sports, which has to do with education. What Billie Jean proposes would in effect take all the labor-management problems now plaguing professional sports and pile them on top of the educational problems, the corruption, and the recruiting scandals that now afflict the colleges. We'll stop debating whether a college athlete should be literate and start arguing about how much money a star college running back should earn compared to the guy blocking for him; whether the quarterback should be paid more than the coach; whether colleges should try to outbid one another or whether they should set up a high school draft. And what about when colleges and universities start to go broke trying to maintain their athletic programs?

We're talking here about seventeen-, eighteen-, nineteen-year-old kids. Christ, the average black athlete coming to college on a scholarship has never even had a checking account! We will compound all the problems of college sports if we make these kids professionals. If we don't come to grips with what we are doing to kids in collegiate and high school programs, the situation will only get worse. Throwing more money at these kids is not going to solve the problem.

KING: We're *already* throwing money at them. Coaches are working out deals with these kids every day. All of a sudden their parents have a new car in their driveway. All of a sudden everyone in the family's wearing fancy clothes.

EDWARDS: For better or worse, colleges and universities have become farm clubs for professional basketball and football teams and the principal training ground for our Olympic teams. These kids do not come to college looking for an education; most of them lack the basic preparation that would allow them to benefit from one. What can Digger Phelps do with a kid who, while he may be the greatest basketball player in the world, can't read, can't write, can't add or subtract, can't figure out his change at the grocery store? What do you do with this one-dimensional human being on a college campus?

PHELPS: First of all, we have to shift the focus to academic credibility. Colleges should admit

only those athletes who have maintained a C average in eleven college-prep units. Once a college accepts that youngster, it should be responsible for him.

People are starting to realize the importance of academic standards, particularly on the high school level. We mentioned the no-pass, no-play rule in Texas. A better approach is that taken by the Los Angeles school system: two years ago it passed a rule requiring high school athletes to maintain a C average with no failing grades in order to compete. Well, about 6,000 kids immediately became ineligible to take part in extracurricular activities—including sports—in Los Angeles, and everyone was up in arms. But lo and behold, a year later over half of those kids had improved their grades enough to be eligible to play.

These rules *can* work—but parents and educators must have the nerve to demand them. On the college level, a rule requiring that the holder of a scholarship graduate before it can be used for another athlete would put a lot of pressure on the admissions office, which in turn would put pressure on the athletic department to award scholarships only to qualified youngsters. And this would put pressure on the high schools and the junior high schools.

Finally, the NCAA should suspend or revoke the eligibility of athletes involved in recruiting violations or on-campus corruption. College athletes are old enough to know what's right and what's wrong. They shouldn't be allowed to compete after committing a violation. As it is now, the NCAA doesn't even slap their wrists. Look at the University of Florida. The NCAA put the school on probation for two years, which meant the football team was barred from appearing on national television or going to a bowl game. Last season the team was ranked third in the nation in one of the two major polls. Those athletes played in eleven football games; the team's ranking guarantees them national exposure. They all have agents and a chance at pro contracts. Are they being penalized?

EDWARDS: Look, we're talking about minors. The most powerful universities in this country have gone out and recruited these kids, who are usually the first in their families to attend college.

PHELPS: Harry, it's inevitable that some youngsters will get burned while we try to clean up the system. But we've got to start *someplace*.

EDWARDS: Start with those who are culpable, not with kids who don't even know what their rights are. Hell, half the coaches can't understand the NCAA rule book. How is a freshman



who can neither read nor write supposed to understand what the rules are? Particularly when the coach tells him, "Hey, don't worry about it." And when he knows his grades were changed so he could get into the school in the first place. The kid is the most victimized element in the whole system, and he's the only one producing a damn thing. Now you want to penalize *him* because the coach and the college president and the professors and everyone else involved are trying to pay their mortgages through the exploitation of his athletic talents.

COSELL: The obvious conclusion is that big-time college sports should be abolished. But David and his colleagues wouldn't like that at all. All David's worried about is the NBA. He wants those college superstars, those highly trained properties, to keep on coming. But I suspect Western civilization would survive the demise of the NBA.

STERN: I'm not concerned about the NBA. It will survive. We might have to scout a little bit harder, and look beyond the schools that get paid three quarters of a million dollars for making it to the final four of the NCAA tournament.

As a matter of fact, I'm a little jealous of the college programs. We're basically in the same business, but the colleges make more money at it than we do. And, as Bob Lipsyte said, college sports does more than just pay for the stadiums. Success in sports tends to put alumni—and state legislators—in a giving mood.

PHELPS: What about the almost 800 colleges and universities that manage to survive without being ranked in the top twenty?

EDWARDS: No one *expects* them to compete at that level. When a school puts a lot of money into its athletic program, the administration and the alumni expect it to compete. The president of the University of Oklahoma proclaimed last year: "We're going to develop an institution that the Oklahoma Sooners football team can be proud of."

PHELPS: As long as we have that mentality, we're going to have the same problems. College presidents get fired today because they've turned in their schools for recruiting violations. That's what happened at SMU. Those heavyweights on the board of trustees who feel their school must be number one at any cost said, "Get rid of that president." But *why* do they have to be number one at any cost?

STERN: Because of the rewards, obviously.

PHELPS: Big deal. At Notre Dame we grossed \$6 million this year in sports. It costs \$130 million a year to run the place. And I don't want to hear that Notre Dame's unique. We're only one of several hundred schools that continue to survive as institutions of higher learning. Our football program has not been that successful during the last four years, but there are still people willing to give millions for a faculty office building.

EDWARDS: The same is not true at Santa Fe State.

PHELPS: It should be. We have to begin with a clear idea of what's right and what's wrong. I disagree that youngsters should not be penalized when they violate the rules. They are told when they're recruited that all they will get is room, board, and tuition; they know when they're receiving money and benefits they shouldn't be. I believe coaches should be dealt with more severely as well. They should at least be suspended, if not fired outright.

STERN: Consider the coach who's brought in to a school like Santa Fe State. He's given a six-figure salary, a rent-free home, a local television show, and told to turn the program around. His job depends on making the team a winner—fast. If the team makes the final four, the school gets a million bucks to build a new field house. And for ten grand he can recruit a player who will take him there. Tough choice, isn't it?

EDWARDS: And the NCAA's pitiful enforcement procedures almost guarantee that he will get away with it. The NCAA is one of the most corrupt organizations in America. It has eleven full-time enforcement agents to police almost 800 institutions. Under the circumstances, the chance of them actually catching anyone violating a rule is virtually nil.

Since enforcement is so lax, and since a coach looks at kids every day whom he could recruit for a lousy ten grand and who might mean as much as \$3 million a year to his school, that coach would have to be irrational not to cheat. It is the whole system that must be disciplined and reformed, not the kids victimized by it.

To clean up athletics we first have to develop a movement involving athletes, high schools, colleges, the media, sports personalities, sociologists, and so on—something like a civil rights movement that would transcend sports itself, that would extend from the family up through professional sports.

SANDERS: The Center for the Study of Sport at Northeastern University has a program that sends pro athletes to talk to high school kids



about the importance of education. The pros also go to school banquets and PTA meetings to impress on parents the need to emphasize a balance between education and athletics. Meanwhile, the center encourages the media to recognize the academic as well as the athletic accomplishments of youngsters. And it recently set up a consortium of universities that will duplicate these programs across the nation. We believe that encouraging all schools to confront these problems is the first step in solving them.

PHELPS: This nation did a great job of alerting people, particularly young people, to the dangers of smoking cigarettes. That is the sort of educational effort needed in sports. Everyone must get involved, not only pro athletes: coaches, principals, city chancellors of schools, state legislators, state superintendents of schools, the secretary of education. Above all, we need to encourage individual responsibility. When I recruit a high school All-American, I tell him: "The only thing I want you to thank me for is your degree. You're going to get an opportunity here to try to make it to the pros. But if you don't make it, you'll have a degree that means something."

I let my kids know that there are guys in the NBA who have their degrees, guys who are going back to summer school to get degrees. But the kind of effort I'm talking about has to begin *before* college. We have to use our imagination. Every July, New York hosts the Big Apple Games, a five-week program funded by Mobil Oil in which junior high and high school kids are organized to play in basketball leagues at night. Now, a lot of high school teachers are looking for summer jobs. How about hiring them to work every afternoon, teaching those kids an hour of reading and writing, an hour of math, an hour of computer science? The educational program would be closely linked to the athletic program: if a kid doesn't show up for class, he doesn't play that night. At the end of the summer, you reward them by having Jabbar or Dr. J visit the school for an afternoon.

Television also has a part to play. Howard's *Sportsbeat* piece on the Tulane scandal should be shown to every young athlete. But in the end, the system has to impose some discipline on itself. My athletes know they need a 2.0 average to play basketball at Notre Dame. They know that academic requirements are not a game. And our guys *know* they're not supposed to take \$10,000 under the table. And they don't take it, either—even though plenty of them have the opportunity.

KING: That sort of education really has to begin before school. Athletes giving speeches are no

substitute for parents imposing discipline. Mine were very strict. My dad once threatened to saw my racket in half because I had been a bad sport. When I got less than a 3.0 average at school one year, I knew I couldn't play tennis the next semester—and I didn't.

If professional athletes have one thing to say to young people, it is this: making it as a pro is very difficult—only one percent of college stars break in. It's important that the top athletes tell them that.

STERN: In my view, a strong commitment by university presidents to take control of their athletic departments is more important than Harry's cleanup campaign. They have to be made accountable. Corruption in sports is an extension of an attitude that has become pervasive in our society: winning is what's important, winning at any cost. Blood doping, steroids, payoffs—all of it can be traced to that attitude. The rewards in big-time sports are so enormous that the problem is bound to get worse. Drug use and grade-fixing are only the beginning; the Frankensteins of the future will be one-dimensional, drug-built, blood-doped athletes who know nothing but how to win at whatever game they happen to play.

PLIMPTON: Do the athletes themselves think about these problems? Do they sit around the locker room talking about them?

SANDERS: Athletes in general see themselves as protected *from* the world. Most of them, particularly the very good ones, have been protected all their lives. Basically, they've learned how to sign their names on the dotted line. They are only too happy to avoid the reality they've been helped to avoid. When I was playing for the Celtics, I had roommates who refused to discuss *anything* political. What do you think about politics, drugs, this or that issue? "Sorry, man, I don't get into that."

KING: It's pretty much the same in professional tennis. Players today are more protected than ever, surrounded by coaches, trainers, agents, and so on. And of course the coaches and agents have a stake in protecting those players from "distractions," in keeping them playing tennis—that's where the money comes from, after all.

I remember a discussion I had with Chris Evert Lloyd. She had just picked up a \$100,000 check for winning a tournament. I asked her if she knew how hard a small businessman would have to work to earn that kind of money. She just gave me a blank look. She's done nothing but play tennis since she was in grade school—how would she know?



# HOLDING TO THE LAND

A rancher's sorrow

By Ralph Beer

W

ind-driven snow weathervaned cattle in my calving lot as large-animal veterinarian Les Pannetier walked to the polled Hereford bull clamped in my squeeze chute. In the wind, which chilled me through my coveralls, Pannetier pulled off his coat and rolled his shirt sleeves to the elbow; he dipped his hands in soapy water and ran his fingers along the bull's swollen jaw. Concentrating on the softball-sized knots beneath the hide, he lanced and washed each one clean. "Lump jaw," he said. "Well along at that." And he seemed a bit apologetic as he ran through my options: lengthy and expensive treatment, selling the bull as a canner at the local auction ring, or slaughtering him for home meat. At best, he said, treatment might stop the infection (actinomycosis) from progressing further, but the real damage had already been done. The jawbone had been honeycombed by the bacteria; the bull would be permanently disfigured, and was likely sterile, too, a result of fever accompanying the infection.

Pannetier pried open the animal's mouth and pulled the heavy tongue to one side. "Take a look here," he said. So I looked. Not real nice right before lunch. Pockets of infection were embedded in the decaying gums, and it was obvious at first glance that it wouldn't be long before my bull began to lose his teeth. As I stared into that gullet, I saw how I'd be losing more than just an expensive animal. He was to have been the key to upgrading the grass-fed range stock my father and I raise here in central Montana. He'd been a gamble and a sacrifice, and, gentled by good treatment, he'd become a 1,500-pound buddy. A registered Hilger bull, he couldn't be replaced: the Hilger family ranch, where his line had been developed, went under last year, the old folks bowing to the pressures of rural development and age.

"Handsome animal," Pannetier said. "But you can't do much with him like this. They'd just take him away from you at the auction in Butte."

"Then let's treat him," I said. "Give him the works, if it's that or the rifle."

Five weeks later, with the infection now stopped, the bull began to lose his teeth. Rather than watch him starve, I butchered him. The dream

*Ralph Beer runs a ranch in central Montana. His first novel, *The Blind Corral*, will be published next spring by Viking.*



*In the 1980s, the  
name of the game in  
the heart of Montana  
has become change  
—rapid change  
which is accelerating  
beyond our wildest  
whiskey dreams*



dressed out to 400 pounds of hamburger. Bull meat: hard chewing and tough to swallow.

Most Americans have notions about farming, that tilling of soil and spring branding of calves, vague notions, nostalgic or romantic, perhaps of hardy folks handling land and livestock in careful and considered ways of energetic, weathered men; of people who live in the quiet dignity of fields and pastures; guided, perhaps, by personal ethics more elevated than those of, say, real estate salesmen. And we know from newspapers, magazines, and the evening news that these same people are right now facing any number of serious economic problems. Farmers are in debt: they owed just under \$50 billion at the start of the 1970s, and now owe about \$200 billion. Perhaps 40,000 farmers (there are roughly 650,000 full-time farmers in the country, and many more part-time ones) have debts equal to 70 percent or more of their assets. And those assets are shrinking: the value of farmland dropped 12 percent in the United States last year, and more than 20 percent on the Northern Plains. It was the steepest drop since 1933 in the middle of the Depression. The agricultural sector is slower to get into a recession, but also slower to come out of one—there has been little recovery on the farm. The worldwide recession of 1981 slashed demand for American products, and the strength of the dollar continues to make the cost of buying American too great for many countries.

Here in the semi-arid West, where farmers more often call themselves ranchers, we also face the special tests of a severe climate: the wind in most of Wyoming, the hard winters along the length of the Continental Divide, especially harsh in places like Winter Park and the Big Hole Valley. And there is the everlasting threat of drought on the eastern plains. Yet hundreds of small outfits somehow manage to stay in business, struggling along in debt or at least not making much money—in 1983, the average Montana farmer netted \$13,083. These are the family places, where two or more generations have owned and worked the same land, where small may be 400 or 4,000 acres, where jobs in town often support the ranch in lean years.

In Montana, most ranchers, along with raising cattle, do a certain amount of farming, growing grain and hay to feed the livestock in the winter. But just imagine farming this: a steep, windburned landscape littered with boulders the size of banks, where even during wet years the hills and fields burn brown in July, where the only source of water, other than deep wells, is an aspen-lined creek, so shallow in summer you're hard pressed to water a saddle horse. Call this Jefferson Creek. Imagine it in the heart of Montana, where my father and I ranch, and where we farm a hundred acres of dry-land hay ground—land cleared one stump at a time by my grandfather and his father with two-man crosscut saws, dynamite, and teams of Belgian horses.

This has been cattle country for a hundred years, though in certain places terraced buffalo trails still contour the muscled hills. It's country that can wear you out and make you proud, make you exult in what is and what isn't there. Until recently, the only signs of man in vast stretches of this country were the grassed-over berms of backfurrows turned by long forgotten walking plows, and lonesome lilac bushes that bloom each spring, reminders of homesteads gone bust. In the 1980s, however, the name of the game has become change—rapid change which is accelerating beyond our wildest whiskey dreams. As if rocky soil, Dust Bowl summers, and killing frost weren't enough, we now see just beyond our wire boundary fences power lines, new roads, and modular homes on grasslands that had remained unchanged in most senses in recent geological time. And what is happening here is not an isolated, quirky accident; it exemplifies, rather, trends almost everywhere in the West today within a twenty- or thirty-mile radius of small cities—from the outskirts of Cheyenne and Jackson, Wyoming, to Montana's Paradise and Bitterroot valleys, to places like Idaho Falls and Coeur d'Alene.



It is happening just beyond the tree line on the far side of our creek—at Idaho farmer Burt Trueblood calls “the people problem.” It goes like this: in the mid-1970s, young professionals with salaried jobs in town decided they would rather be young professionals with homes in the country. Toward this end, they borrowed heavily to build expensive houses on short pieces of land in one or another recently subdivided stand of pine. Contractors roaded the country to death and built, built, built, until today those subdivided stands of pine look just like town. Thousands of acres of big-game habitat and pasture have been destroyed by people who, for the most part, consider themselves conservation-minded. Their conservation, however, has most often focused on the extremes of pristine wilderness and ecological disasters, while ignoring the farmland in between.

Lately, local developers have come up with a new wrinkle: “Limerock Country Living.” This living takes place on twenty-acre parcels of open white-rock ridge land with covenant restrictions so lax a school bus might qualify as a permanent dwelling. These parcels are for people who like a view, so first thing, after signing their thirty-year mortgage, they get a D-8 terpillar and cut a road up through the buffalo trails to the highest, driest point on their property. From there they can gaze down at the daily demolitions in the new open-pit mine off north . . . and make plans to chop their twenty acres into five-acre plots in order to avoid the sinister mathematics of high-interest, long-term loans.

The native bunchgrass, which sustained the buffalo and forty generations of cattle, is fenced into squares too small to support a goat year-round. Erosion begins with each new excavation. Knapweed, leafy spurge, and Dalmatian toadflax get started in every patch of disturbed soil, and their seeds are spread by wheeled vehicles which drive everywhere in that open country that wheeled vehicles can drive. But as each twenty-acre parcel gets fenced or subdivided into smaller pieces, less and less space is left for new folks to roam. Their ATVs, Jeeps, and saddle horses soon stand as the horrors of Banvel, Tordon, Roundup, and 2,4-D are brought to bear on the weeds.

A landscape once capable of supporting a wide variety of wildlife, upland birds, and domestic stock begins—as soon as it is arbitrarily partitioned, without consideration for the lay of the land—to die. Country once full of life declines into a pastel-sided desert, glittering with the accumulated junk of humanity and patrolled by bands of feral dogs. A way of life requiring dry grass and space is squeezed out in favor of one requiring only ramps to town. Unlike the ranchers who preceded them, these country-dwelling city workers produce little or nothing for themselves from the land they so arrogantly occupy. Instead, they turn their new homes in the country

into castles of consumption. And what they consume, they bring from town—reversing the symbiotic farm/town relationship dating back probably to the invention of the plow.

Change, of course, is nothing new in America. Progress, and rural suspicion of it, have been constant themes in our history and literature. Early in the nineteenth century, when much of the continent still remained unexplored, James Fenimore Cooper had Natty Bumppo, the venerable trapper of the *Leatherstocking Tales*, declare in disgust:

What the world of America is coming to, and where the machinations and inventions of its people are to have an end, the Lord, He only knows. I have seen, in my day, the chief who, in his time, had beheld the first Christian that placed his wicked foot in the region of York! How much has the beauty of the wilderness been deformed in two short lives!

The trapper, looking back toward better times, saw that from the very beginning of our history there had been no harmony—nor could there ever be—between untrammelled progress and the natural landscape.

Development, in the form of economic colonialism, first arrived in the West in the 1820s, as fur traders poled their way upriver from St. Louis to

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take what wealth they could from the natives and the land. The French boatman Jourdannais, in A. B. Guthrie's panoramic novel *The Big Sky*, was just such a man, out for a fast buck in raw materials that he intended to process and ship back to the growing towns and cities as cheaply as possible. This sort was followed by mine owners, timber cutters, and then utility consortiums—all seeing the land as a source of quick wealth, and not as the source of life itself. As the glory days of the fur trade dim in Guthrie's novel, a man named Peabody arrives from the East, itching to bring more people, to settle the country. Unlike Jourdannais, Peabody looks not to what can be quickly taken, but to the future:

When country which might support so many actually supports so few, then, by thunder, the inhabitants have not made good use of the natural possibilities. . . . That failure surely is justification for invasion, peaceful if possible, forcible if necessary, by people who can and will capitalize on opportunity.

That sounds fine if you're an invader, not an invadee, and lots of folks out West have taken Peabody's advice over the years, including a coal company bearing his name that is currently razing eastern Montana—a company which insists that Montana's grassland is a price worth paying for neon light and video game arcades in distant towns. If you haven't had the opportunity to watch a GEM (Giant Earth Mover) in action, scooping sixty cubic yards of coal and sod at a bite, believe in this: it is a wondrous reaping of "natural possibilities." All that power, efficiency, and technology, all that alien iron brought to bear on one grassy spot, makes you tremble. And it makes you wonder, too, how much coal would have to be dug

Since World War II, trends in farming have "progressed" along much the same lines. In the 1940s, my grandfather traded the draft horse he and his father had depended on for thirty-five years for Ford tractor that turned out a mind-boggling twelve-drawbar horsepower. Progress. He could plow all day and not have to fuss with harnesses and hot horses when he came home in the dark. In the 1960s, we moved on to twenty-horsepower tractors, and then, in the 1980s, to forty-five-hp models. Peanuts Up north, the wheat farmers are using four-wheel-drive brutes equipped with air conditioning and TV and with engines rated from 600 horsepower on up. This is good, we've been led to think; or, more accurately, to accept without thinking. And if big is good, then the bigger the better.

As the idea of bigger machines gained acceptance in the 1950s and 1960s, so did the notion of bigger farms. We came to believe that one man farming 400 acres with one tractor was more efficient, and thus better than four men farming 100 acres apiece with smaller machines. Those who could and felt so compelled expanded, buying or leasing smaller, poorer farms and "modernizing" them into ever larger units. In the process, folks who were content with what they had came to be seen in the same light as the smaller machines with which they farmed: outmoded, inefficient, expendable. Insurance companies, entertainment conglomerates, petroleum chemical corporations, high-tech industries, even paper cup and candy companies bought ranches in the West and invested heavily (wrote off heavily too) in their modernization, this at a time when rapidly rising land values made buying agricultural land increasingly more difficult for farmers and ranchers. Large farming became known as agribusiness, the business end often operated by executive non-farmers in distant cities. The family farmer, who lived where he worked, came to be seen as a picturesque anachronism, his antiquated way of life often seeming to stand in the way of progress.

During the 1950s and 1960s the myth that scientific advances and increased efficiency would enable America's farmers to feed the world really



hold. We were assured that advanced farming techniques would increase yields, that technological "breakthroughs" could perpetually improve harvests. In the 1970s, especially, as the threat of worldwide famine became clear, big farmers were encouraged to get bigger, to produce at maximum capacity by plowing down even their windbreaks and ditch banks (and replacing them with automated sprinkler systems, which operate not by gravity but on expensive electricity). Our government urged us down the path of maximum size, maximum specialization, maximum mechanization, and maximum production—to be achieved, however, with a minimum of farmers. Only now are voices beginning to be raised that all this maximizing is exhausting our topsoil, and that by century's end we may be witnessing shortages, not surpluses.

The great dream of American agriculture has been to make the desert bloom. And it has been done. Yet in the semi-arid West, where rapid population growth and water-hungry industries have greatly increased the demand for clean water, aquifers have begun to show signs of depletion. In *Quench Our Thirst*, a study of the nation's growing water shortage, David A. Francko and Robert G. Wetzell write:

Throughout the West, these varied and enormous demands for water have resulted in chronic water shortfall conditions unparalleled since the Dust Bowl days of the 1930s. In many areas of the region the situation has become so acute that choices between food production and energy development may have to be made.

Expansionism and production-oriented reliance on supermechanization, as well as an increasing dependence on expensive oil and electricity, have hurt farmers, except perhaps the very small operators who have clung to what they know will work over the long run. Good farming practices, including the spreading of manure and the rotation of crops, have been ignored by progressive-thinking agribusinessmen who have favored—thus increasing their dependence upon—expensive chemical fertilizers and sprinkler irrigation. Yet higher production often creates surplus, which in turn leads to lower prices. As with the GEM coal shovels, one wonders when, exactly, that point of diminishing returns is reached, when farmers must increase their debts and ruin their soil to produce more of that which is progressively worth less.

There are so many snags like this in our thinking these days, so many Catch-22s. As a people, we have accepted the routine condemnation of small farms for their smallness, yet we casually condone the subdivision of these places into even smaller "ranchettes." We fear the millions of unemployed, hungry, and homeless in our cities, yet do little to prevent the ranks of displaced farmers from adding to their numbers. Indeed, we seem to take a kind of patriotic pride in the knowledge that fewer of us can produce more, just as fewer of us with advanced weapons can kill more. We store great quantities of surplus food in warehouses and hide cheese in caves, yet the Physician Task Force on Hunger in America recently reported that hunger is at epidemic proportions. The five o'clock news shows us not only the starving multitudes in Africa but farm families in Iowa who subsist on potatoes rejected by local wholesalers *because they can't afford to buy food*. How could things have gotten so out of hand in our land of plenty that farmers have to worry about buying food, when it's farmers who raise the food?

We drown in statistics yet have little hope of finding the truth. But last fall, back at the ranch, my father and I took two truckloads of 600-pound feeder calves to market, calves which in 1972 went for more than ninety cents a live pound. Last September we got sixty to sixty-five cents and felt plenty lucky. During those twelve years, gasoline prices increased 300 percent and the price of machinery went up 250 percent or more. And of course everything else we bought, from boots to toothpaste, went up too.

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swather shed

to break even has taken on a new edge this past year. Montana now has a suicide hotline for people in agriculture: (406) 653-2492. It's not toll free. Last November, the Montana Department of Agriculture released a study showing that 45 percent of the state's farmers and ranchers believe they will go out of business in the next five years if current conditions persist. It's no wonder farmers are found hanging from the rafters in their barns.

Most small farmers don't want subsidized solutions or temporary bail outs; they want a price for their product that at least keeps pace with inflation, interest rates, and production costs. Farmers receive less than thirty cents of every dollar consumers spend for food—the remaining seventy cents being added for transportation, processing, packaging, marketing, and advertising. Together, these activities take only a fraction of the time required to produce the food in the first place.

One night last winter, while looking for a lame calf, I met my downstream neighbor, on foot too, trying to find a cow he figured would calve that night. At a distance he looked like the scarecrow in *The Wizard of Oz*, his canvas jacket, jeans, and rubber boots a patchwork of home-sewn thrift. Despite the cold we stopped to chat over the top strand of our boundary fence, and when the talk turned to ranching he said, "Well, we're sure not in it for the money."

His remark has come to haunt me at odd times, like when I'm on my knees in the mud, up to both elbows inside a cow, trying to turn her calf. Although I might not tell him this to his face, it sometimes seems we're in it because of dreams: the faithful, ongoing dreams that come with being the third or fourth or fifth generation to work the same heartbreaking piece of ground. For many of us there is a continuous myth-making process, a steady reinventing and renewal of ourselves which is generated and defined by one aspect of our rural lives more than by anything else: our sense of place.

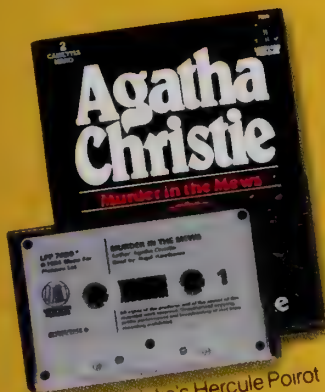
But the myths are wearing thin. The lonesome horseman, once the central image of Western myth, now lives in an Airstream out behind the swather shed, and he leaves, when his skills are no longer needed, not for the wilderness but for a job that often seems demeaning in town. "Successful" ranchers have evolved into country club trustees with winter homes in Arizona and pilot's licenses to help them keep track of the land they own.

At night, satellite television brings a stream of Western imagery so incompatible with our experience we wonder if we're ranching on the same planet. Yet the domestic power plays of *Dallas* are just plain more interesting than Grandpa's stories about the coming of the two-bottomed plow. But when Grandpa dies . . . when he's gone, so are most of his tales about how things were when the land was young—stories about men and horses, about feuds and friendships, about bloodletting and forgiveness, about brute strength and dumb courage; stories which became, somehow, part of our own lives—stories which, in pre-TV times, magically sustained us by fostering local legends, personal myths, and our ideas about how we, as Westerners, ought to act. And, without much thinking about it, we let these mythic notions lead us toward a commitment to stay on, to invest our loyalty and dreams in the places from which we grew, even as these places changed before our eyes like a conjurer's trick.

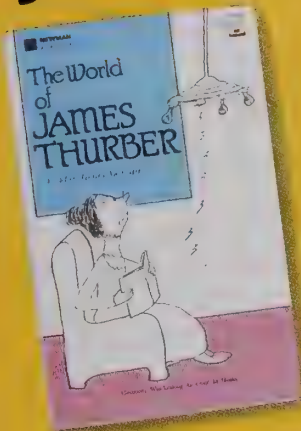
Last spring I attended the Montana Myths Project conference in Helena, our state capital. Perhaps three hundred people met at the Colonial Inn to explore the effects Western myths have had on our sense of ourselves. One of the speakers, a Crow Indian named Jeanne Peace-Windy Boy, described eloquently the savage process of dispossession that her people still face, emphasizing that today's contracts and agreements often seem to be no more binding than those signed in the 1870s. As she spoke, I remembered a story fragment I'd heard twenty-five or thirty years before. In the winter of 1909-10, my grandfather and his father witnessed on their



# From Classic Murders To Undying Prose



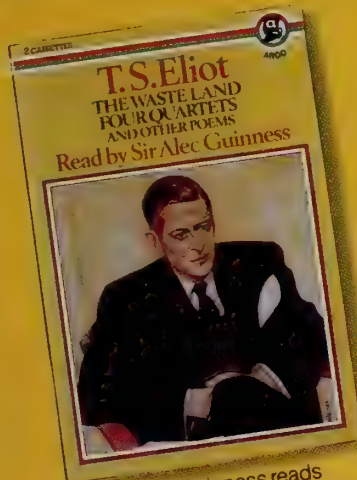
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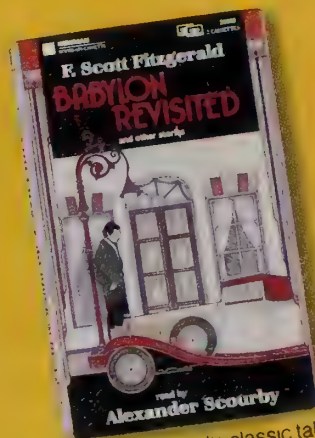
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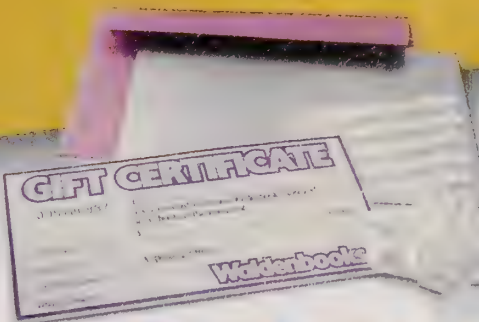
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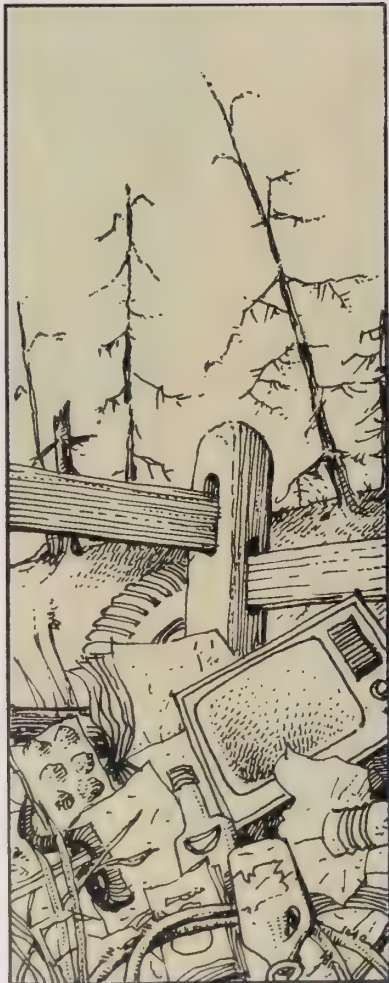
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We find we have  
skills no longer valued  
by the vast majority  
of Americans. Our  
isolation grows



weekly trips to town a large encampment of Indians on the outskirts of Helena. The Indians were kept under military guard for the duration of that winter, on the ground where the Colonial Inn now stands. These people were en route to reservations, having been forced from land they'd owned for centuries by the governmental processes homesteaders believed would safeguard *their* rights of private ownership. As I listened to Jeanne Peace-Windy Boy, I realized how many farmers and ranchers I know who feel certain—whether they will openly admit it or not—that they are facing the same dispossession that cost those Indians their land only a hundred years ago. “Invasion,” as Peabody said, “peaceful if possible, forcible if necessary...”

Since we do without many of the things most Americans take for granted—weekends off, new cars, up-to-date appliances—we have come to think of ourselves, by comparison, as poor. My father worked six days a week for thirty years before he bought his first new vehicle, which, fifteen years later, he uses every day and still refers to as his “new” truck. My old pickup, which I use almost every day, is thirty-five years old. Stories about the repossession of \$100,000 tractors have become commonplace on the evening news, yet there has been little mention of the thousands of farm and ranch families who have for years sacrificed a standard of living most Americans would see as ordinary, even minimal. These families—who may have no indoor plumbing, central heating, or telephone, who work by lantern light in the barn because there is no electricity except at the house—run operations where earnings get plowed back into the place, where outbuildings may be in better repair than bedrooms. While often free of debts, these families are usually considered poor, their living conditions dismissed as backward, even embarrassing for youngsters who bring friends home to visit Mom and Pop on the farm.

Most embarrassing of all, perhaps, is that we still work with our hands. Hand labor in our culture has become associated with the most pejorative terms in our language: *wetback*, *redneck*, *nigger*. Farmers are perceived as inarticulate, unsophisticated, dull, and incapable of doing much else besides farming. Our society's emphasis on upward mobility, hypercleanliness, and ease serves to draw ever greater distinctions between farmers and middle- and upper-class Americans. The belief that handwork is undignified, dirty, even disgusting is reinforced by our schools, our television, and our advertising. To like working outdoors in all kinds of weather, often using tools invented centuries ago, seems downright simple-minded.

We find we have skills that are no longer valued by the vast majority of Americans. In spite of a mushrooming rural population, our sense of isolation grows. We see ourselves as a few, surrounded by many, with more on the way. We feel less secure, more vulnerable to violence from outside.

And here on Jefferson Creek, we've come to worry not only that greedy outsiders will try to take control of our land, but that one of the adjoining ranches will sell, opening the floodgates for development right on the creek. We vacillate: one day we swear we'll tough it out, maybe circle up our balers and defend the old homestead with Grandma's pearl-handled Colt; a few days later, we speak seriously of selling to anybody with that kind of cash. Increasingly, we don't know how to act; we are surrounded by an alien culture which we see as oppressive and beyond our power to understand. And there will be no moving farther west. This is it.

When, finally, you're faced with the choice of continuing an operation which seems less viable every day or retiring young and financially secure, you realize that maybe it's a way of life you've been after all along, and not the good life. But when you admit that you're clinging to a doomed way of life, no matter what your reasons, a distance begins to grow between you and your past, between you and your land, between you and yourself. What ranching often comes down to today is a last chance of acting out what your best dreams have demanded you ought to be.



# HARPER'S INDEX

Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000  
 U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000  
 Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000  
 In 1984 : 51,000,000  
 Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3  
 Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8  
 In 1984 : 11  
 Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000  
 Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12  
 The average New Englander : 23  
 Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000  
 Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77  
 Cost of a car wash at Steve's Derailing in New York City : \$145  
 Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39  
 Who say that today : 56  
 Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19  
 Percentage of American women : 6  
 Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7  
 Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8  
 Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2  
 Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385  
 The average "colored" student : 872  
 The average black student : 192  
 Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320  
 In 1984 : 896  
 Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000  
 Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40  
 Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3  
 In 1984 : 12.9  
 Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67  
 Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1  
 Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11  
 Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74.

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publications as miscellaneous as *Pravda*, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, *Salmagundi* and *Le Nouvel Observateur*.

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**HARPER'S**  
MAGAZINE



# WHAT GETS SA

## Funeral contracts,

*Deceased* is a legal word, one which, most grammarians agree, is pretentious in any other context. Its virtue as a legal term lies in the very qualities that otherwise make it coy. It is distancing, death in a business suit. Not as saccharine as *departed*; not as raw as *corpse*. And it has a chronological nuance: it means not just dead, but recently dead.

Use of a room in the funeral home for a three-hour "visitation" costs about \$370; that's a little over \$2 a minute, about what a good psychoanalyst gets. *Visitation* hints at haunting, but it is the living who are visiting the dead, the mourners who haunt the corpse.

A crucifix, cross, or Star of David costs \$16—the cheapest items on a funeral home's price list. This is one of the few places in the contract where religion is mentioned. At least contractually, a funeral home is no more concerned with spiritual values than a store that rents tuxedos for prom night is concerned with love.

Clothing or burial garments cost from \$20 to \$600. We would no more wrap a corpse in a shroud than wear a sheet to a restaurant. We dress our dead as if they were alive. Many are given clothes to wear after death that are more expensive and fancier than anything they may have worn while alive—as if death were a job promotion.

The charge for the hearse ranges from \$176 to \$239—plus tolls. Although the funeral procession rides along real roads in the real world, this charge brings to mind various myths in which the spirits of the dead pay fees to pass through some mortal checkpoint: the hearse as a cosmic taxi, replacing the ferry across the river Lethe.

**COLONIAL FUNERAL HOME, Inc**  
4870 Broadway  
New York, N.Y. 10034  
(212) 567-4647

Name of Deceased \_\_\_\_\_ Place of Death \_\_\_\_\_  
Date of Death \_\_\_\_\_

The following are the charges for the services, merchandise and transportation charged for any item you do not change unless necessary because of other charges. Request an explanation of any such charges.

**I FUNERAL HOME CHARGE** (Indicate N A for items of service and merchandise that are not provided.)

A Transfer of remains to funeral establishment including personnel and vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

B Preparation of remains \_\_\_\_\_

1 INCLUDING EMBALMING, custodial care, all preparation and use of preparation room \_\_\_\_\_ OR \_\_\_\_\_

2 EXCLUDING EMBALMING, but including custodial care and/or preparation and use of preparation room \_\_\_\_\_

C Arrangements and supervision. Includes the services of funeral staff and use of equipment of funeral home in all funeral arrangements, conduct and direction of the funeral and of remains \_\_\_\_\_

D Use of establishment for visitation and/or ceremonial purposes \_\_\_\_\_

E Merchandise

1 Casket or alternative container

a Supplier \_\_\_\_\_ c Material \_\_\_\_\_

b Model name or no. \_\_\_\_\_ or Kind of metal \_\_\_\_\_ Weight \_\_\_\_\_

d Interior \_\_\_\_\_

2 Outer Receptacle

a Supplier \_\_\_\_\_ c Material \_\_\_\_\_

b Model name or no. \_\_\_\_\_

F Livery

1 (a) Hearse \_\_\_\_\_ OR \_\_\_\_\_

(b) Alternative vehicle (Specify type) \_\_\_\_\_

2 Flower vehicle \_\_\_\_\_

3 Limousine(s) (Specify number \_\_\_\_\_) @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

4 Passenger car(s) (Specify number \_\_\_\_\_) @ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

C Additional services and/or Merchandise Selected (Describe)

1 Memorial Cards \_\_\_\_\_

2 Acknowledgement Cards \_\_\_\_\_

3 Casket Plate \_\_\_\_\_

4 Crucifix/Cross \_\_\_\_\_

5 Hauldressing \_\_\_\_\_

6 Flowers \_\_\_\_\_

7 Clothing or Burial Garments \_\_\_\_\_

8 Register Book \_\_\_\_\_

9 Death Notices \_\_\_\_\_

10 \_\_\_\_\_

11 \_\_\_\_\_

12 \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL FUNERAL HOME CHARGE** \_\_\_\_\_

**II EXPLANATION OF CHARGES FOR ITEMS THAT ARE NECESSARY BECAUSE OF OTHER SELECTIONS** requested by persons making arrangements or as other \_\_\_\_\_

**III CASH ADVANCES** These are estimated charges for no more for these items than is actually paid the third day

1 Cemetery or Crematory \_\_\_\_\_

2 Clergy Honoraria \_\_\_\_\_

3 Death Certificate Transcripts \_\_\_\_\_

4 Livery \_\_\_\_\_

5 Pallbearers \_\_\_\_\_

6 Public Transportation \_\_\_\_\_

7 Gratuities \_\_\_\_\_

8 Bridge & Road Toll \_\_\_\_\_

9 Telephone & Telegraph Charges \_\_\_\_\_

10 \_\_\_\_\_

11 \_\_\_\_\_

**ESTIMATED TOTAL OF CASH ADVANCES** \_\_\_\_\_

**IV SUMMARY OF CHARGES**

Funeral Home Charge \_\_\_\_\_

Estimated Cash Advances \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL FUNERAL CHARGES** \_\_\_\_\_

**THIS IS NOT A BILL**

TERMS: This account becomes due \_\_\_\_\_

unpaid portion of the balance due \_\_\_\_\_

The foregoing statement has been read by (to) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

By \_\_\_\_\_

1984 APR 11 N 413



## ings, by David Black

ings, by David Black

The word *remains* suggests garbage. The living, no matter how solemn and sincere our grief may be, cannot help but see the body as either the rotting shell cast off by the soul or those parts left over after we have emotionally feasted on the life of the deceased.

"The liability . . . imposed by law upon the estate . . ." If the bereaved welsh on the deal, the bill collector will knock on the tomb door. You can be dead, it would seem, but not a deadbeat.





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# THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

Washington Square, 1946

By Cynthia Ozick

*. . . this portion of New York appears to many persons the most delectable. It has a kind of established repose which is not of frequent occurrence in other quarters of the long, shrill city; it has a riper, richer, more honorable look than any of the upper ramifications of the great longitudinal thoroughfare—the look of having had something of a social history.*

—Henry James, Washington Square

I first came down to Washington Square on a colorless February morning in 1946. I was seventeen and a half years old and was carrying my lunch in a brown paper bag, just as I had carried it to high school only a month before. It was—I thought it was—the opening day of spring term at Washington Square College, my initiation into my freshman year at New York University. All I knew of NYU then was that my science-minded brother had gone there; he had written from the Army that I ought to go there too. With master-of-ceremonies zest he described the Browsing Room on the second floor of the Main Building as a paradisaal chamber whose bookish loungers leafed languidly through magazines and exchanged high-principled witticisms between classes. It had the sound of a carpeted Olympian club in Oliver Wendell Holmes's Boston, Hub of the Universe, strewn with leather chairs and delectable old copies of *The Yellow Book*.

On that day I had never heard of Oliver Wendell Holmes or *The Yellow Book*, and

*Cynthia Ozick is the author of The Pagan Rabbi and Other Stories, Levitation: Five Fictions, and The Cannibal Galaxy. She is at work on a new novel.*

Washington Square was a far-away bower where wounded birds fell out of trees. My brother had once brought home from Washington Square Park a baby sparrow with a broken leg, to be nurtured back to flight. It died instead, emitting in its last hours melancholy faint cheeps, and leaving behind a dense recognition of the minute explicitness of mortality. All the same, in the February grayness Washington Square had the allure of the celestial unknown. A sparrow might die, but my own life was luminously new: I felt my youth like a nimbus.

Which dissolves into the dun gauze of a low and sullen city sky. And here I am flying out of the Lexington Avenue subway at Astor Place, just a few yards from Wanamaker's, here I am turning a corner past a secondhand bookstore and a union hall; already late, I begin walking very fast toward the park. The air is smoky with New York winter grit, and on clogged Broadway a mob of trucks shifts squawking gears. But there, just ahead, crisscrossed by paths under high branches, is Washington Square; and on a single sidewalk, three clear omens—or call them riddles, intricate and redolent. These I will disclose in a moment, but before that you must push open the heavy brass-and-glass doors of the Main Building and come with me, at a hard and panting pace, into the lobby of Washington Square College on the earliest morning of my freshman year.

On the left, a bank of elevators. Straight ahead, a long burnished corridor, spooky as a lit tunnel. And empty, all empty. I can hear my solitary footsteps reverberate, as in a radio mystery drama: they lead me up a short staircase into a big dark ghost-town cafeteria. My brother's letter, along with his account of the physics and chemistry laboratories (I will never see



On that first  
day in the  
tea-leafed cup  
of the town  
I am ignorant,  
ignorant!

them), has already explained that this place is called Commons—and here my heart will learn to shake with the merciless newness of life. But not today; today there is nothing. Tables and chairs squat in dead silhouette. I race back through a silent maze of halls and stairways to the brass-and-glass doors—there stands a lonely guard. From the pocket of my coat I retrieve a scrap with a classroom number on it and ask the way. The guard announces in a sly croak that the first day of school is not yet; come back tomorrow, he says.

A dumb bad joke: I'm humiliated. I've journeyed the whole way down from the end of the line—Pelham Bay, in the northeast Bronx—to find myself in desolation, all because of a muddle: Tuesday isn't Wednesday. The nimbus of expectation fades. The lunch bag in my fist takes on a greasy sadness. I'm not ready to dive back into the subway—I'll have a look around.

**A**cross the street from the Main Building, the three omens. First, a pretzel man with a cart. He's wearing a sweater, a cap that keeps him faceless—he's nothing but the shadows of his creases—and wool gloves with the fingertips cut off. He never moves; he might as well be made of papier-mâché, set up and left out in the open since spring. There are now almost no pretzels for sale, and this gives me a chance to inspect the construction of his bare pretzel-poles. The pretzels are hooked over a column of gray cardboard cylinders, themselves looped around a stick, the way horseshoes drop around a post. The cardboard cylinders are the insides of toilet paper rolls.

The pretzel man is rooted between a Chock Full O' Nuts (that's the second omen) and a newsstand (that's the third).

The Chock Full: the doors are like fans, whirling remnants of conversation. *She will marry him. She will not marry him.* Fragrance of coffee and hot chocolate. *We can prove that the senses are partial and unreliable vehicles of information, but who is to say that reason is not equally a product of human limitation?* Powdered doughnut sugar on their lips.

Attached to a candy store, the newsstand. Copies of *Partisan Review*: the table of the gods. Jean Stafford, Mary McCarthy, Elizabeth Hardwick, Irving Howe, Delmore Schwartz, Alfred Kazin, Clement Greenberg, Stephen Spender, William Phillips, John Berryman, Saul Bellow, Philip Rahv, Richard Chase, Randall Jarrell, Simone de Beauvoir, Karl Shapiro, George Orwell! I don't know a single one of these names, but I feel their small conflagration flaming in the gray street: the succulent hotness of their promise. I mean to penetrate every one of

them. Since all the money I have is my subway fare—a nickel—I don't buy a copy (the price of *Partisan* in 1946 is fifty cents); I pass on.

I pass on to the row of houses on the north side of the square. Henry James was born in one of these, but I don't know that either. Still, they are plainly old, though no longer aristocratic: haughty last-century shabbies with sagging eyelids, built of rosy-ripe respectable brick, brought down on their luck. Across the park bulks Jackson Church, with its squat squarish bell tower. By the end of the week I will be languishing in the margins of a basketball game in its basement, forlorn in my blue left-over-from-high-school gym suit and mooning over Emily Dickinson:

There's a certain Slant of light,  
Winter Afternoons—  
That oppresses, like the Heft  
Of Cathedral Tunes—

There is more I don't know. I don't know that W.H. Auden lives just down *there*, a night at any moment be seen striding toward home under his tall rumpled hunch; I do know that Marianne Moore is only up the block, her doffed tricorn resting on her bedroom dresser. It's Greenwich Village—I know *that*—no more than twenty years after Edna St. Vincent Millay has sent the music of her name (her best, perhaps her only, poem) into the bohemian streets: bohemia, the honeypot of poets.

On that first day in the tea-leafed cup of the town I am ignorant, ignorant! But the three riddle-omens are soon to erupt, and all of them together will illumine Washington Square.

**B**egin with the benches in the park. Here side by side with students and their looseleaved lean or lie the shadows of the pretzel man, the creased ghosts or doubles: all those pitiable half-women and half-men, neither awake nor asleep; the discountable, the repudiated, the unseen. No more notice is taken of any of them than of a scudding fragment of newspaper in the path. Even then, even so long ago, the benches of Washington Square are pimped with the hell-tossed crew, these Mad Margarets and Cokey Joes, these volcanic coughers, shake groaners, tremblers, droolers, blasphemers, these public urimators with vomitous breath and rusted teeth stumps, dead-eyed and self-abandoned, dragging their makeshift junky shoes, their buttonless layers of raggedy rattan. The pretzel man with his toilet paper rolls cures and spews them all—he is a loftier brother to these citizens of the lower pox, he is guard of the garden of the jettisoned. They ra-



ing all the seams of Washington Square. They are the pickled city, the true and universal y-below-Cities, the wolfish vinegar-Babylon that dogs the spittled skirts of bohemia. The wet paper rolls are the temple columns of this red grove.

Next, the whirling doors of Chock Full O' ts. Here is the marketplace of Washington Square, its bazaar, its roiling gossip-parlor, its machmaker's office and arena—the outermost ring, so to speak, evolved from the Commons. On a day like today, when the Commons is closed, the Chock Full is thronged with extra cover, a cello making up for a missing viola. Until now, the fire of my vitals has been for the serious tragedians of the *Aeneid*; I have lived in the narrow throat of poetry. Another year or so of this oblivion, until at last I am hammered with the shock of Europe's skull, the bled net of death camp and war. Eleanor Roosevelt has not yet written her famous column announcing the discovery of Anne Frank's diary. The term "cold war" is new. The Commons, like the college itself, is overcrowded, veterans

in their pragmatic thirties mingling with the reluctant dreamy young. And the Commons is convulsed with politics: a march to the docks is organized, no one knows by whom, to protest the arrival of Walter Gieseke, the German musician who flourished among Nazis. The Communists—two or three readily recognizable cantankerous zealots—stomp through with their daily leaflets and sneers. There is even a Monarchist, a small poker-faced rectangle of a man with secretive tireless eyes who, when approached for his views, always demands, in perfect Bronx tones, the restoration of his king. The engaged girls—how many of them there seem to be!—flash their rings and tangle their ankles in their long New Look skirts. There is no feminism and no feminists: I am, I think, the only one. The Commons is a tide: it washes up the cold war, it washes up the engaged girls' rings, it washes up the several philosophers and the numerous poets. The philosophers are all existentialists; the poets are all influenced by *The Waste Land*. When the Commons overflows, the engaged girls cross the street to show

*The engaged girls flash their rings and tangle their ankles in their long New Look skirts*





Every day, I  
hang around  
the newsstand  
near the candy  
store, drilling  
through the  
enigmatic pages  
of *Partisan*  
Review

their rings at the Chock Full.

Call it density, call it intensity, call it continuity: call it, finally, society. The Commons belongs to the satirists. Here, one afternoon, is Alfred Chester, holding up a hair, a single strand, before a crowd. (He will one day write stories and novels. He will die young.) "What is that hair?" I innocently ask, having come late on the scene. "A pubic hair," he replies, and I feel as Virginia Woolf did when she declared human nature to have "changed in or about December 1910"—soon after her sister Vanessa explained away a spot on her dress as "semen."

**I**n or about February 1946 human nature does not change; it keeps on. On my bedroom wall I tack—cut out from *Life* magazine—the wildest Picasso I can find: a face that is also a belly. Mr. George E. Mutch, a lyrical young English teacher still in his twenties, writes on the blackboard: "When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd," and "Bare, ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang," and "A green thought in a green shade"; he tells us to burn, like Pater, with a hard, gemlike flame. Another English teacher—older and crustier—compares Walt Whitman to a plumber; the next year he is rumored to have shot himself in a wood. The initial letters of Washington Square College are a device to recall three of the seven deadly sins: Wantonness, Sloth, Covetousness. In the Commons they argue the efficacy of the orgone box. Eda Lou Walton, sprightly as a bird, knows all the Village bards, and is a Village bard herself. Sidney Hook is an intellectual rumble in the logical middle distance. Homer Watt, chairman of the English department, is the very soul who, in a far-off time of bewitchment, hired Thomas Wolfe.

And so, in February 1946, I make my first purchase of a "real" book—which is to say, not for the classroom. It is displayed in the window of the secondhand bookstore between the Astor Place subway station and the union hall, and for weeks I have been coveting it: *Of Time and the River*. I am transfigured; I am pierced through with rapture; skipping gym, I sit among morning mists on a windy bench a foot from the stench of Mad Margaret, sinking into that cascading syrup: "Man's youth is a wonderful thing: It is so full of anguish and of magic and he never comes to know it as it is, until it is gone from him forever. . . . And what is the essence of that strange and bitter miracle of life which we feel so poignantly, so unutterably, with such a bitter pain and joy, when we are young?" Thomas Wolfe, lost, and by the wind grieved, ghost, come back again! In Washington Square I am appared in the "numb exultant secrecies

of fog, fog-numb air filled with solemn joy, nameless and impending prophecy, an ancient yellow light, the old smoke-ochre of the morning. . . ."

The smoke-ochre of the morning. Ah, you who have flung Thomas Wolfe, along with your strange and magical youth, onto the ash-heaps of juvenilia and excess, myself among you, is this a lovely phrase still? It rises out of the old pavements of Washington Square as delicately colored as an eggshell.

The veterans in their pragmatic thirties are nailed to Need; they have families and futures to attend to. When Mr. George E. Mutch exhorts them to burn with a hard, gemlike flame and writes across the blackboard the line that reveals his own name,

The world is too much with us; late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers,

one of the veterans heckles, "What about getting a Buick, what about spending a buck?" Chester, at sixteen, is a whole year younger than I; he has transparent eyes and a rosebud mouth, and is in love with a poet named Diana. He has already found his way to the Village bars, and keeps in his wallet Truman Capote's secret telephone number. We tie our scarves tight against the cold and walk up and down Fourth Avenue, winding in and out of the rows of secondhand bookshops crammed one against the other. The proprietors sit reading the wares and never look up. The books in all the thousands smell sleepily of cellar. Our envy of them is speckled with longing; our longing is sick with envy. We are the sorrowful literary young.

Every day, month after month, I hang around the newsstand near the candy store, drilling through the enigmatic pages of *Partisan Review*. I still haven't bought a copy; I still can't understand a word. I don't know what cold war means. Who is Trotsky? I haven't read *Ulysses*; my adolescent phantoms are rowing the ablative absolute with *pious* Aeneas. I'm in my mind's cradle, veiled by the exultant secrecies of fog.

Washington Square will wake me. In a lecture room in the Main Building, Dylan Thomas will cry his webwork syllables. Afterward he'll warm himself at the White Horse Tavern. Across the corridor I will see Sidney Hook plain. I will read the Bhagavad-Gita and Catullus and Lessing, and, in Hebrew, a novel eerily called *Whither?* It will be years and years before I am smart enough, worldly enough, to read Alfred Kazin and Mary McCarthy.

In the spring, all of worldly Washington Square will wake up to the luster of little green leaves.



# LIFE WITH MAGGIE

A letter from Oxford

By David Selbourne

Not long ago, on a dark evening, Margaret Thatcher swept like Tosca through a side gate of Oxford's All Souls College—founded, in 1438, as the College of All Souls of the Faithful Departed, in memory of Henry V and the men of Agincourt. A working-class Tory with a beehive hairdo, and with the kind of suppressed vowel problems that would require the services of Eliza Doolittle's Professor Higgins, she had come to a private meeting of scientists, many of them angered by her cuts in the education budget. Outside there was an abusive crowd of more than 2,000—"student yobs," said the *Sun*—struggling with police officers and yelling for "Victory to the miners," while Campaign Atom held a candle-light vigil in the ancient High Street against cruise missiles.

These are angry days, days of twentieth-century nightmares even among the dreaming spires of post-medieval Oxford. Canute-like, and with the water (13.1 percent unemployment, stagnant production, and inadequate investment) rising above her ankles, Prime Minister Thatcher bristles to her manicured fingertips with puritan zeal and devotion to duty. A liege not merely of Ronald Reagan but of her Sovereign Lady the Queen, with whom she is often confused, she is *plus royale que la reine*, as befits a corner shopkeeper's daughter, even claiming that "all the Thatcher family gather at home on Christmas Day for the Queen's Commonwealth message, and we always stand up around the television set for the national anthem."

But in these troubled times, who dare say that the two redoubtable ladies offer little more than regal pep talks to a flagging nation? Certainly the cries of rage in the Oxford High Street, and the mulch of banners trodden un-

derfoot in the melee as the prime minister's caravan departed with its motorcycle outriders, are the other side of the (devalued) coin of today's Britain.

Take Farnham, in stockbroker Surrey. Here an attack of English spleen has led the graceless town council to refuse the gift of a sculpted fountain for an old folks' home. Why? Because the councilors fear that "the slowly and gently flowing water will cause old people to lose their self-control." (What, in Surrey?) That is, to be more medically particular, "the sight and sound of dripping fountains has the effect of inducing incontinence in the elderly." The cup of British gall obviously runneth over, even in hitherto untroubled Farnham.

Or take the Sisters of Charity of Our Lady Mother of Mercy, up in Preston, who have got up the noses—so to speak—of the Franciscan friars of Pantasaph, in darkest Wales. How so? Because the blessed Sisters, under ancient title and modern compulsion, own a limestone quarry ripe for exploitation and head-banging noise pollution not half a mile from the monks' once silent retreat from the world's tribulations.

The consequence? Protracted bitter wrangles in the High Court and the low press, with merciless Sisters and litigious Brothers lost in a snowstorm of writs (holy writs, of course) as they cast the pearls of the faithful before the swine of the legal profession in a battle for justice. Is nothing sacred? Not much, or so it would seem from the pronouncements of the Right Reverend David Jenkins, the lately enthroned bishop of Durham, who has repeatedly questioned both the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection, making a clean sweep of the whole business in hearty ecumenical fashion while clad in his ancient cope and miter. It is a case, you could say, of a latter-day Moses firmly leading his bewildered sheep on a return journey from the promised land of biblical expectation and back into the (fountainless) desert. It does make a change for the jaded onlooker, with the signposts reversed and the new Jerusalem dis-

*David Selbourne is a tutor in politics at Ruskin College, Oxford. He is the author of Against Socialist Illusion: A Radical Argument, published recently by Schocken Books.*



On today's  
battlefield of  
English rages  
stalks every  
breed of hunter  
and hunted

mantled. But according to the Right Reverend Michael Alfred Baughen, bishop of Chester—a see less blind to the truths of revelation—that journey is a “trail of havoc.” He may be right. Even the British God grew angry with this theological Sodom, and last summer destroyed the south transept of York Minster with fire and brimstone—or lightning, to be exact—within a mere seventy-two hours of the heretical bishop’s consecration.

So it is not just the value of the pound but the hand of the Lord himself that lies heavy on the British soul in this endless season of our discontents. Even the poor old duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse for forty-two years and a lifelong fox hunter, attracted the wrath of the Hunt Retribution Squad, “tired of the way hunting carries on murdering [sic] animals.” He was declared by the Squad, using the language of the IRA after it had “dealt with” Mountbatten and tried to deal with Mrs. T. at Brighton, to have “set himself up as a target.” The only trouble was that the old boy had been dead nigh on a year before he got himself involved in this vendetta. The “retribution” consisted of an attempt to dig up his body and “send the head to Princess Anne, a fellow blood-junkie.” But Retribution—digging—reached only three feet down into the parish graveyard at St. Michael and All Saints Church, Badminton, when its shovel broke; English inefficiency for once had spared, not claimed, a victim.

As for Princess Anne, she has been locked in a “simmering row” (*Daily Mail*) with the ethereal Princess Di. In a Buckingham Palace version of *Dallas*, the somewhat less than aesthetic Anne refused to attend the christening of the new Prince Harry. Instead, despite the Hunt Retribution Squad, she set off for a day’s shooting, returning at dusk—having presumably shot her bolt—in a Land Rover full of dead pheasants and rabbits. This was no baroque triumph; rather a second-rate metaphor for Britain’s general condition, arrayed in bits of fur and feathers.

But then the British loss of faith (for some), or desecration of it (for others), with its raucous war cries and tangle of emotions, comes in different shapes and sizes. On today’s battlefield of English rages stalks every breed of hunter and hunted, from IRA bomb squads to petulant foot-stamping governesses who might have stepped from the pages of Lewis Carroll. There are, too, the irate Oxford dons, who voted overwhelmingly to deny an honorary degree to Thatcher—“Why,” they cried wittily, “should we feed the hand that bites us?”—and the police in tens of thousands, who fought to the last bobby to deny “victory” to the miners in their long struggle to save their jobs and communities

in a dying industry and a dying post-imperial order.

This was not pit, but trench, warfare—an epic of angry attrition with 10,000 arrests and 1,200 police officers injured, which the left called “siege policing” and “rule by martial law,” and the right saw as everything from “keeping the Queen’s Highway open” again to blockading pickets to a domestic version of the Falklands battle. Here, the enemy was within: resisting economic change, subverting law and order, and intimidating working miners. But I saw myself in a visit to the sullen and embattled pit villages of South Yorkshire, there was no red mole of insurrection burrowing beneath the fabric of “British values”; only the familiar blackened mole of mine labor, insisting on remaining on its hands and knees at the coal-face from generation to generation.

In the maelstrom of emotion, the miners’ leader, Arthur Scargill, was seen as a Rob Hood by some and as a kamikaze pilot by others. John Paul Getty II sent money to both striking and working miners; and the Coal Board’s boss Ian Macgregor, mockingly offered to sell the uneconomical pits to the miners at the princely price of one pound a pit. Elsewhere, the ninety-year-old earl of Stockton—alias Harold Macmillan, the former Tory prime minister—wrote tears in his eyes, lamented the bitterness of the conflict. “The miners,” he declared to a delegation, “fought and died for their country. They never surrendered.”

Even in the streets of Oxford there were mendicants from the coalfields, rattling their collection boxes for the families in hardship; and the High Court, anti-strike miners, dressed for the occasion in pinstripe—and perhaps rubbing their shoulders with Franciscan friars—sued the own union and sought the seizure of its funds for having failed to hold a national prestrike ballot. “What’s wrong with England?” screamed a *Daily Express* headline, in inch-high letters. But the story was about the national cricket team run of thirteen lost matches.

Amid the self-doubts and self-lacerations of a country in economic decline, stuck deep in attendant social conflicts, there is at least the certainty that the times are a’changing. The new lord mayor of Bradford, which has a population of some 60,000 Asians out of its 454,000 total, is a Pakistani, and his civil chaplain is an imam. Yet those who want to get away from all en masse, while avoiding a lemming-like leap from the cliffs of Dover, will have to wait at least until the mid-1990s, when the tunnel to France—on the drawing board since the days of Napoleon—may at last have been constructed. In the meantime the battles, sublime and ridiculous, comic and tragic, continue.



# ECCE HOMO, ECCE CRUSOE

On familiar shores

By Robert Creeley

There was a moment, just a few years ago, when a human, simply one of us, suddenly saw the world from such a distance in space that all of its surface resolved as a single sphere, that familiar globe of our childhood. One wanted heroic acknowledgment, words so to dignify this remarkable and pristine sight of Henry Vaughan's "eternity" that no human eyes had hitherto witnessed. But the voice, as I recall, said only, *I can see all of Florida and part of the Mississippi basin*. . . Pragmatic though it was and even had to be, the statement said nothing either of the world left or the world come to.

Yet Defoe's story of an equal adventure, despite its determined fiction—it is the first novel to be written in our common English—became almost instantly the measure for all such tales ever after. Robinson Crusoe has had the respect of a bizarrely incongruous company, from Dr. Johnson to Franz Kafka, Virginia Woolf to Alexander Pope. Mocking the romantic disposition of its enthusiasts, Rimbaud made a verb of this persistent novel's hero in one of his early poems: "Le coeur fou Robinsonne à travers les romans. . ." But in two lectures given in March 1912 for much-needed money, James Joyce proposed that Robinson Crusoe was a far more representative Englishman than John Bull ever was. The qualities of this person—"the manly independence, the unconscious cruelty, the persistence, the slow but effective intelligence, the sexual apathy, the practical and well-balanced religiosity, the calculating silence"—are particular to a very substantial place and time, the early eighteenth century in an England of some 6 million people, 2 million of whom were

by Defoe's calculation Dissenters, that is, Protestants who had been variously sympathetic to the Puritans and who, following the Restoration, were therefore held responsible for the excesses of the Commonwealth.

I take these facts from several sources (Richard Ellmann's biography of Joyce, for example, and James Sutherland's excellent study *Daniel Defoe*). However, my point is a simple one—that our relation to this forthright story of shipwreck involves the recognition of habits most familiar, for instance, our unquestioning respect for someone who, as Joyce put it, "shipwrecked on a lonely island with a knife and pipe in his pocket," "became architect, carpenter, knife-grinder, astronomer, baker, ship-builder, potter, saddler, farmer, tailor, umbrella-maker, and clergyman." He can *do* so many things, as we say. Surely that argues well on his behalf.

In fact, it is a perverse delight that our "first novel"—whatever that may finally mean—is a narrative told in the first person, and that for over half its length there is no other voice at all except that of a parrot that has been taught to say, among other things, "Poor Robinson Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" It is an exceptionally real story for contemporary lives, having no island, it is true, nor any hope that some passing ship will find them, their money still wadded, stored up, in boxes, banks, or what have you. But the isolation, the intense value of things (*any* things), the preoccupation with keeping busy so as to assuage loneliness, the foursquare application of brutally simplistic principles—these we know indeed. In a changing social and economic disposition of what we had presumed to know, we are also cast away, washed up, forced to learn rigorously altered manners and meth-

*Robert Creeley's most recent books include Mirrors, a volume of poetry, and Collected Prose of Robert Creeley.*



Crusoe's  
presence—his  
cranky  
determinations,  
naively effective  
presumptions,  
insistently  
pragmatic  
values—much  
echoes in  
our own

ods. We peer from suburban windows with much the same question as Crusoe, who, having come upon a human footprint in the sand after fifteen years of no one, "the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot," can find no relieving explanation. And what does that dilemma provoke as feeling?

...after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

It is, of course, a pervasive, displacing fear—that a balance, however ironic, a place, however confining, will be lost, violated. He has become so *one* that no other can be recognized as simply another, a peer, human company and solace. There must be a hierarchy in which one is above or below, dominates or is subservient, wins or loses. It is to the point that Crusoe now becomes successful, secures Friday as tacit slave, outwits both natives and mutineers, and so on to the requisite happy ending, whose moral has a peculiar authority for us, whatever we may say to the contrary. It is that faith reveals an advantageous "Providence," one willing to strike a bargain and to pay its supporters a handsomely explicit reward. Nor need one wait. The arrangement provides an immediate return.

Defoe had been long acquainted with these tenets, being a businessman of various successful ventures, if an eventual bankrupt. He was also a committed Dissenter, who supported himself by producing pamphlets and tracts on topics of the day. One in particular, *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, a harshly satiric hoax, proposes that the government rid itself of the dissident group by executions and exile. "If one severe law were made, and punctually executed, that whoever was found a conventicle shou'd be banish'd the nation and the preacher be hang'd, we shou'd soon see an end of the tale; they wou'd all come to church, and one age wou'd make us all one again." This remarkable confidence in irony caused him to be attacked by both sides.

One might think that his turning to fiction (or, more accurately, inventing it, even at fifty-nine) was so inspired. But during the five years of that activity—beginning with *Robinson Crusoe* (1719) and including *Moll Flanders* (1722),

*A Journal of the Plague Year* (1722), and *Roxana* (1724)—he continued to produce essays and pamphlets, employment that had sustained him since his bankruptcy in 1692. What one suspects is that his brilliant powers of reflection surmise, and proposal wanted a less constrained occasion. He certainly knew the particulars of the world. The novels gave him the chance to use that information most amply. For example, the frequent reports of shipwreck during the period, including that of Alexander Selkirk whose story is said to be the one Defoe used in the writing of *Robinson Crusoe*, have characteristic recourse to divine will. But the making of this specific person, this curious Puritan amalgam, proves something far more complex and enduring. Crusoe's presence—his cranky determinations, naively effective presumptions, insistently pragmatic values—much echoes in our own.

Not that we need reminding that the Puritan disposition of our culture is the bedrock for almost else that may inform it. We are usually persuaded by appeals to our own advantage, find touch almost always difficult, suppose ourselves lonely yet are easily displaced by any presumption of another, have what we consider tender hearts while being capable of great social violence. Though we are patently secular, we have a sense of inherent righteousness, as if a god were truly on our side. So it is that in times of patently national crisis—an election pending and foreign and domestic relationships in tatters—we can consider the issue of the legal status of prayer in the schools to be of paramount importance. Such ability to have overbearing purpose, no matter how fantastic, mistaken, or unpleasant, is both our apparent need and our insistent determination.

Various readers of this novel have proposed its narrative as an allegorical "quest," a searching after divine reconciliation and providence. Surely it is that, even explicitly. But again in this fascinating echo of our habits, it is difficult to say which comes first, the desire or the need for the hope or the advantage. Possibly these pair are, in fact, one. Certainly they are for Robinson Crusoe. The poet Charles Olson used to say, when Wordsworth starts talking to his sister Dorothy in a poem, *Look out!* Because that's where he gets sententious, where he begins finger-wagging and generalizing. Just so "Poor Robin," whose apostrophes to the footprint as manifesting "Divine wisdom" are as tedious as could be expected and not at all convincing. He is, by his own statement, far more apprehensive of unidentified "savages" than he is of an "Devil." With a canny argument he proposes that the Devil would never put such a mark in such a remote place, "where 'twas ten thousand



one whether I should ever see it or not, and the sand too. . . . Abundance of such things these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the Devil. And I presently concluded that it must be some more dangerous creature. . . ." Verily, a true pragmatist!

He is also a peculiar enthusiast, for having landed in Brazil as a planter after all the early vicissitudes of his foundering existence, he is easily persuaded to act as "supercargo" for the purpose of securing slaves from Guinea. He has in one himself, but of course his situation now defines him as otherwise, and he is inevitably open to the opportunity of the moment. His voyage provides the setting for his shipwreck, and for what readers over the years have always remembered as the story: his years as a runaway, the meeting with Friday, and their eventual rescue.

The book begins, however, with as impressive a panegyric to stay-at-home middle-class sentiment as one might hope to find. The "middle state," Crusoe's father tells him, is "the state of life which all other people envied," "the just standard of true felicity." But Robin doesn't listen, and by the book's end he has gained an affluence far more than a "middle fortune" might be thought to provide. This depends on our reading the edition that includes the final three chapters, which describe Crusoe's adventures following his return.

Otherwise, we leave him at that moment when he "arrived in England the 11th of June, in the year 1687, having been thirty-and-five years absent." A haunting, equivocal prospect, never in mind or in fact, not only because the present may be discovered as a place of utter unfamiliarity but because the past, all those claustrophobically vast particulars of physical, daily existence, is fading as surely as all memory, all elsewhere that ever was. I suspect that this as-

pect of the book's experience, which is common to any book once we have done with reading it, haunts us more than is often the case.

Whatever paradigm or moral it may prove, the wonder of *Robinson Crusoe* finally is in its writing, the word-by-word accumulation of feeling, of location, of a fibrous content of presence. Ostensibly the voice is Crusoe's. But of course a person is writing it all, pacing, inventing, appropriating, determining each detail, what shall be its company, whereto all shall be directed. There is a paragraph just after Crusoe has managed to reach the shore:

After I had solaced my mind with the comfortable part of my condition I began to look around me to see what kind of place I was in, and what was next to be done, and I soon found my comforts abate, and that in a word I had a dreadful deliverance, for I was wet, had no clothes to shift me, nor anything to eat or drink to comfort me, neither did I see any prospect before me but that of perishing with hunger, or being devoured by wild beasts. And that which was particularly afflicting to me was, that I had no weapon either to hunt and kill any creature for my sustenance, or to defend myself against any other creature that might desire to kill me for theirs—in a word, I had nothing about me but a knife, a tobacco-pipe, and a little tobacco in a box. This was all my provision, and this threw me into terrible agonies of mind, that for awhile I ran about like a madman. Night coming upon me, I began with heavy heart to consider what might be my lot if there were any ravenous beasts in that country, seeing at night they always come abroad for their prey.

As the last sentence emphasizes, it is what everyone knows—the stock-in-trade truths, the prejudices—that makes this work so solid, so reassuring, no matter what it tells us. The grace of its writing is so undemanding, so common. The genius, then, of Defoe's invention is this painstakingly accumulated person, who, as any one of us, believes he *can* know, and so lives. ■

*It is what everyone knows—the stock-in-trade truths, the prejudices—that makes this work so solid, so reassuring*

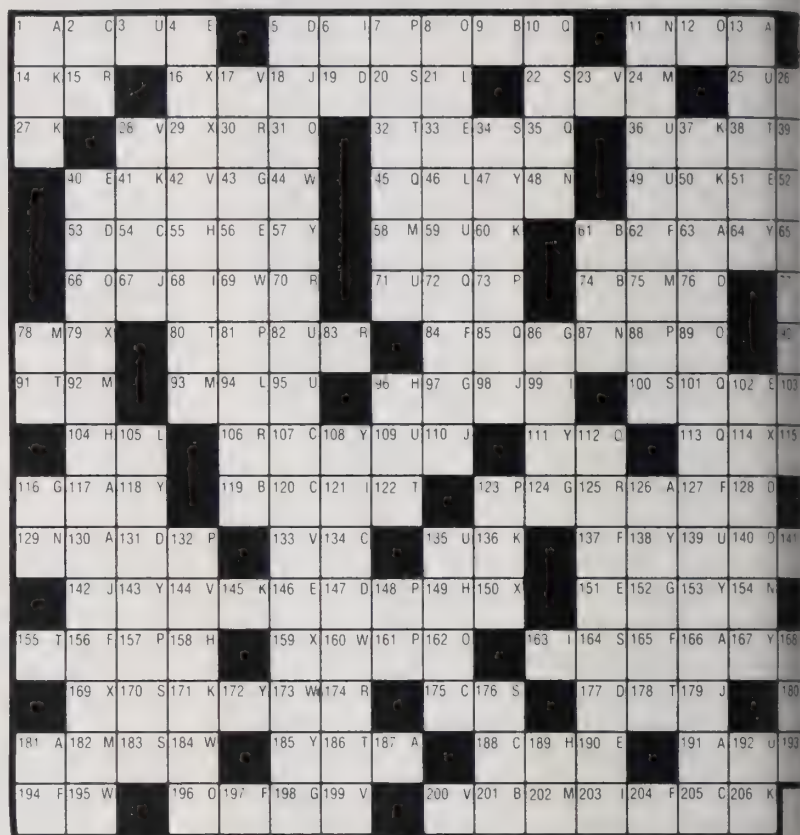


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 33

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 83.



## CLUES

- A. Clown, buffoon (hyph.) 1 117 141 181 191 130  
126 13 187 63 166
- B. Confine, hamper 74 9 61 119 201
- C. Hit it off with (2 wds.) 107 54 188 175 120 205 134 2
- D. Reverting to an ancestral type 5 76 147 131 19 128 177 140  
53
- E. Masonry facing 146 40 33 56 151 51 102 190  
4
- F. "A creature not \_\_\_\_\_ or good" (2 wds.; Wordsworth, "She Was a Phantom of Delight") 127 204 165 84 194 197 62 156  
137
- G. Put on airs; act up-pity (hyph.) 86 116 124 43 152 97 198
- H. Paraguay tea (2 wds.) 158 52 168 96 77 55 104 149  
189
- I. Movies; snaps; taps 163 99 203 6 68 121
- J. Jacob's favorite wife 110 67 142 18 179 98
- K. Quell; quench 60 27 145 41 136 171 14 50  
206 37
- L. Haggard; eviscerated, as a fowl 21 115 46 94 105
- M. Reduce, weaken 182 202 58 24 78 75 193 93  
92

- N. Supple 48 87 154 129 11
- O. Fails to back up (2 wds.) 31 162 66 112 89 8 196 12
- P. Fleeting 81 161 123 88 132 73 148 157  
39 7
- Q. First cousin to a schlemiel 35 85 113 45 72 10 101
- R. Dry, withered 174 106 15 30 125 70 83
- S. Long Island community built as low-cost housing for WW II veterans 164 34 183 170 22 90 176 100  
20
- T. Quaver (2 wds.) 32 26 80 91 122 178 103 186  
155 38
- U. " 'Twere more than woman to be wise; / 'Twere more than man \_\_\_\_\_ " (4 wds.; Moore, "The Ring") 49 109 36 135 3 59 82 71  
139 192 25 95
- V. Femur (hyph.) 65 199 133 42 23 28 200 144  
17
- W. Rank; worldly condition; landed property 69 195 173 160 44 184
- X. Rodlike sponge spicule 169 159 29 16 79 114 150
- Y. Prestidigitation (hyph.) 57 47 167 111 180 138 108 143  
185 172 153 64 118



# LETTERS

Continued from page 9

Scoville also argued that BMD would "... make it virtually impossible to limit offensive weapons anywhere." But the absence of BMD has facilitated a "freeze" or reductions in offensive forces. When the SALT II Treaty (effectively limiting SDI) was signed in 1972, the United States had 3,858 strategic ballistic missile warheads and the Soviet Union had 2,044. Those offensive arsenals have increased during the past twelve years by 200 percent and 100 percent, respectively—hardly boding stellar prospects for arms control in the offense-dominated world of SALT.

Saul Mendlovitz suggested that a world government might help solve the nuclear problem. We all want a more cooperative and harmonious world order. But what is needed now is a realistic strategy for getting from here to there. Unfortunately, all world proposals are based upon not changing the heart of mankind, but at least changing the narrow, self-interested behavior of states. If such changes occurred, we would no longer need the new international order—it would have arrived. Mendlovitz suggested that the establishment of a new world authority would require the same type of thinking as that which led to the abolition of slavery. It should be recalled that the abolition of that wretched institution in the United States was attended by the bloodiest war in the nation's history. And the abolition of slavery in imperial Russia was largely a result of the Crimean War. An attempt to create a world government through similarly uncooperative processes would likely lead to the proliferation of nuclear weapons—the very occurrence that must be avoided.

The establishment of a new world order through the cooperation of nations and peoples should not be mistaken for a realistic solution to the nuclear threat. Strategic defense may be an unrealistic alternative, but that judgment ought not to be drawn until the appropriate research has been pursued and the technical questions answered. That is why the SDI

research program is so important.

One can only hope that the debate initiated by SDI will invigorate American thinking on these issues. If SDI does only that, it will have contributed immeasurably to U.S. security.

Keith B. Payne  
Fairfax, Va.

Keith B. Payne is executive vice president of the National Institute for Public Policy, a non-profit group that conducts research on national security issues.

The national tug-of-war over nuclear arms control goes far beyond the struggles of technicians with diplomats. It also involves millions of Americans who are horrified that the question "Is arms control obsolete?" [Harper's, July] is thought to be a question for the "experts," and not for the populace.

This "ominous contest" is not limited to White House advisers, Pentagon and State Department experts, and their Soviet counterparts. Most of us who believe that national and international security lie in freezing and reducing nuclear arsenals are not admitted to those privileged ramparts. Most of us expect nothing from the Geneva negotiations. We think it is up to us to put a halt to the technological changes that are making the arms race more threatening, and that it is up to us to bring about quantitative reductions as well.

Is arms control obsolete? Is the planet earth obsolete? Is the human race obsolete? If, in the face of nuclear holocaust, "experts" can discuss seriously the "geopolitical concerns" that must be dealt with first, it is perhaps the "experts" who are obsolete.

Marguerite Beck-Rex  
Nuclear Weapons Freeze Campaign  
Washington, D.C.

## Our Schools

After thirty-one years as a public school teacher and administrator I suppose I should be inured to articles like Walter Karp's "Why Johnny Can't Think" [Harper's, June]. But I guess I never will be. This particular article galled me more than most

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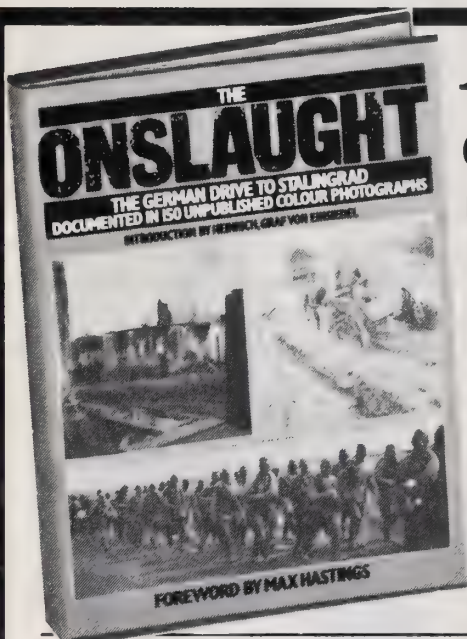
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because while criticizing schools their failure to teach students think it revealed an appalling lack of thinking ability on the part of the author.

Karp complains that little time is taken for discussion in most classrooms. Has he ever considered that a great deal of information that is worth knowing does not lend itself readily to discussion? Social studies, literature, and some of the sciences are discussion-oriented subjects, but many others are not. And even a subject like social studies requires students to learn much basic material that has little discussion value. For example, before a student can begin to discuss the pros and cons of a cameral legislature, he must understand the meaning of the term. The truth is, much of public school education involves the imparting of basic information.

Karp also decries the practice of "tracking," arguing that it is based on social status and not on performance. But any educator knows of children from lower-income families who have fared well in the academic track, and of children from well-to-do homes who have been relegated to the non-academic track. Does Karp know that as recently as forty years ago, 50 percent of those who began school in the United States did not graduate. Now almost 75 percent do. Would Karp prefer the kind of tracking practiced in so many foreign lands—the examination given to students about age twelve to determine if they will receive any further education?

Despite the fact that there is ample evidence that children do not have equal abilities, Karp seems to be advocating that everyone receive the same education. As a teacher who has spent as much as half an hour trying (and failing) to teach a ninth grader how to open a three-number combination lock, I can assure Karp that the normal curve is real, and that if we fail to recognize this, our schools will become worse, not better.

The most distressing part of Karp's article is his assertion that the public schools are designed to prevent people from rising above their station and to ensure the perpetuation of the class in our country. I have seen it



ny students use the public schools  
climb above their station to accept  
premise.

Baird  
ta, Colo.

er Karp replies:  
ill Baird strikes me as a represen-  
ve educator. He defends the lack  
discussion in what he calls "discus-  
-oriented subjects" by noting  
there is little in them to discuss.  
his not a perfect illustration of  
Johnny can't think? Baird denies  
importance of social status in lan-  
ge that reeks of its importance.  
"knows of" poor children in aca-  
ic tracks and he even knows stu-  
ts who "climb above their sta-  
." He is quick to blame students  
his failure to teach them. Were  
d's ninth grader the congenital  
ecile that Baird takes him to be,  
ould never have learned how to  
k, an incomparably more diffi-  
task than learning how to use a  
bination lock. No doubt the  
h grader has his problems. Dare I  
ect that Baird is one of them?

#### Member Index Sources

Wall Street Journal; 2 Congressional  
Arch Service; 3, 4 U.S. Bureau of La-  
Statistics; 5 New York Times; 6 U.S.  
Tennis Association (Colorado  
ings); 7, 8 Media General (Rich-  
d) and Associated Press Poll; 9, 10  
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olis); 36, 37 Des Moines Register and  
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York City); 39 Vance Research  
ces (Chicago); 40 American Journal  
blic Health (Washington, D.C.).

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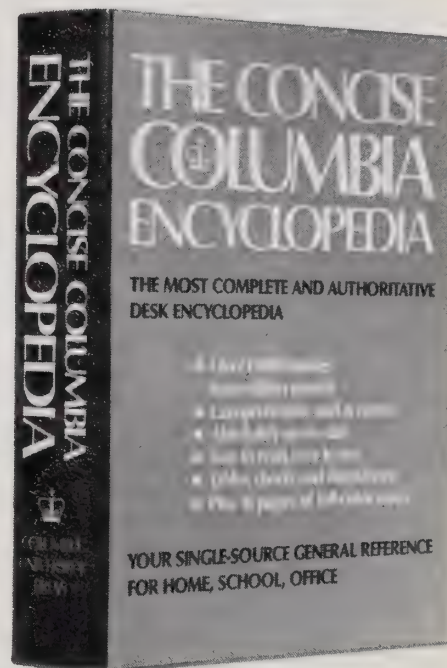
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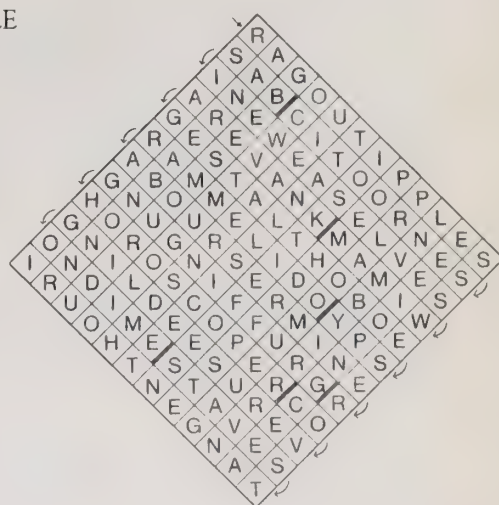
## SOLUTION TO THE AUGUST PUZZLE

Due to a printer's error, the arrows were omit-  
ted from "Biased Opinion II."

1. a. OTIC, anagram; b. LESSEN, homophone; c.  
A-GOUT-I; d. ENR(OO)T, anagram; e. R-AG-OUT;  
f. TI(P-P)LES. 2. a. I(M...)AM, & Lit.; b. S(W-I)M;  
c. BA'S-IN; d. S(I)-N-E-W; e. SEL/VES; f. WEASEL,  
anagram. 3. a. E-SPY; b. KNAVE, homophone; c.  
ALT(H...)O; d. H(eat)-OBOES; e. GEST(anag-  
ram)-A-L-T; f. AVER-AGES. 4. a. MINED, rever-  
sal; b. (t)O-DI(L)E; c. BOURSE, hidden; d.  
ERMINE, homophone; e. MARABOU, hidden; f.  
DI(LE)MMA, anagram. 5. a. GRUF(anagram)-F  
...; b. COP(p)ER; c. GUN-GHO(anagram); d.  
RUFFING, homophone; e. HOROSCOPE, ana-  
gram. 6. a. DIME(a), anagram; b. GONDI, ana-  
gram; c. COVER; d. LIN(reversal)-GO; e. O-  
VER(U...)SE; f. SEEDLING. 7. a. THOU, two  
meanings; b. H(O(U...)R); c. STAVES, ana-  
gram; d. TAN-GENT; e. A(VESTA)N.

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## MISCELLANEOUS

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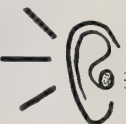
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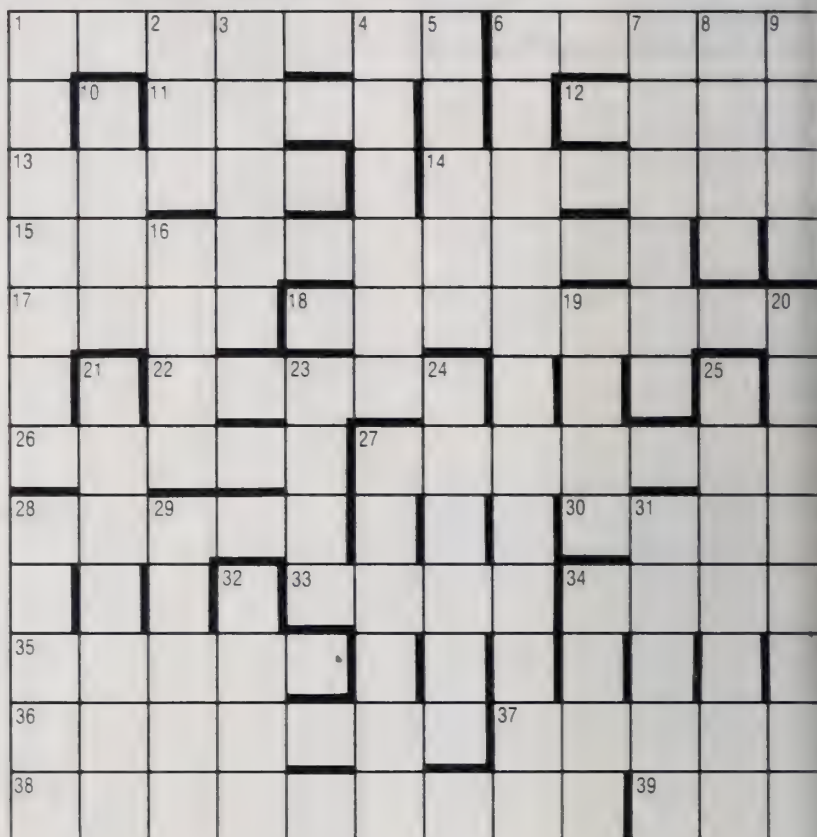
## Clubs for Clues II

by E.R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**E**ach clue answer must be changed into a new word before entry into the diagram. This is done by changing one vowel to a consonant, or vice versa (as BEAT to BRAT or BEAU). The altered letter is always checked by an unaltered letter in a crossing entry. Count y among the vowels.

Clue answers include two proper names, a foreign word now in English usage, and a variant spelling (4D). Diagram entries include four proper names, a common two-word phrase, and a variant spelling (34D). As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 83.



### Across

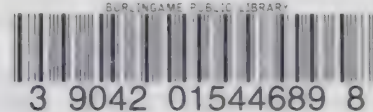
1. Public relations in control with *Time's* new edition (7)
6. Grills dogs without a bit of mustard (5)
11. Trains first of monkeys going in trees (4)
12. Too much stuff left in belly (4)
13. Duck as cup is spilled (5)
14. Soldier, emperor, and painter of Florence (6)
15. Cast off in audition in every part (10)
17. All of the hides put up (4)
18. To get soggy squash, grow late (8)
22. New York team, taking in Latin, goes soft . . . (5)
26. . . . right end's in tears (5)
27. Rough up the French in fight (7)
28. Sorry one to be shy of (5)
30. Friends call you this in outhouse (4)
33. Kind of gin that's not selling well, one hears (4)
34. A place of worship bordering on shameful (4)
35. Started the flame and fried, moving right back a bit . . . (5)
36. . . . scorching the main (round) course (7)
37. Worker using wheels loses lead animal (5)
38. To New England, Standish is first important historical event (9)
39. Tail of twister spells trouble (3)

### Down

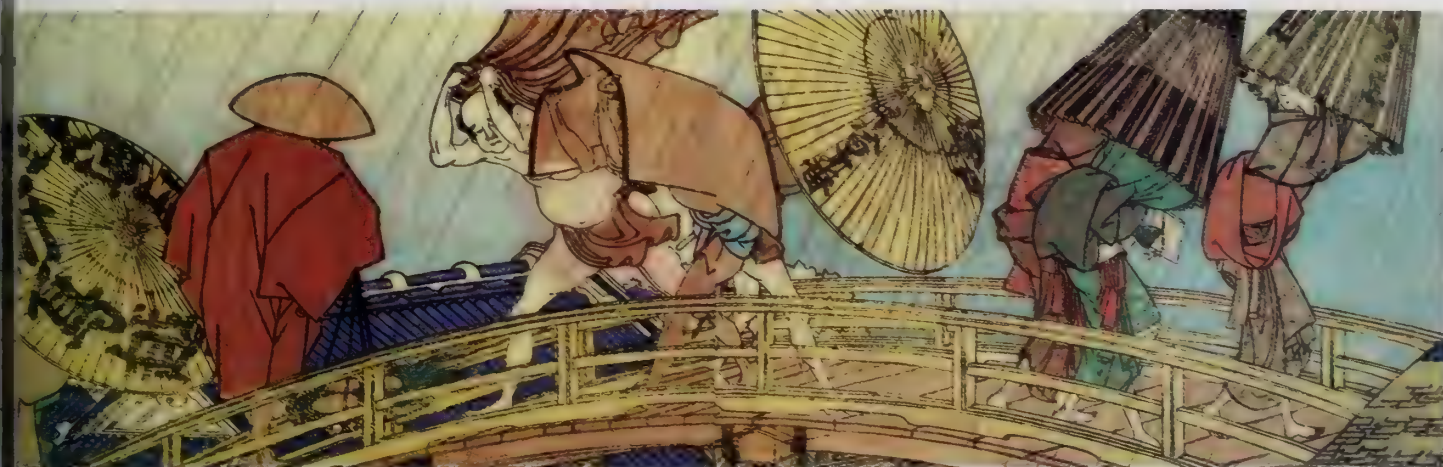
1. More out of practice . . . it sure upset rabbi (7)
2. A small piece of wood Pinocchio's maker's beginning to take up (3)
3. An alien element, no longer loyal (5)
4. Navy has an obligation to zip? (6)
5. Gee, I got into the capsized boat's crew . . . (5)
6. . . . through stroke, helping performance (12)
7. To me, recklessly embracing the Italian is moving (6)
8. Singer would need right one up front for Broadway (4)
9. Surmounting answer to first in puzzle (4)
10. Genuine German high tech? (4)
16. Heartless rogue! (4)
19. Common Right-to-Life fringe group (4)
20. Tease a lover . . . do put too much on (8)
21. Cutting down the Spanish in cast (7)
23. One sea bird going up, many going down (4)
24. Two eggs and pine tea (6)
25. Primitive Toltec drug at first stopped bleeding (7)
27. Key-like piece left in unfinished spinet (6)
28. Use a hammer to decorate quarry (5)
29. For the big picture, bring up Los Angeles and an intoxicant (5)
31. Sock an O.T. prophet (5)
32. Male with misplaced energy in part of Board (4)
34. One swallow or bat (4)

**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "Clubs for Clues—II," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by September 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the November issue. Winners of the July puzzle, "Word Surgery," are Diane Davis, Dallas, Texas; John B. Herx, Chicago, Illinois; and Mary M. Newton, Alexandria, Virginia.





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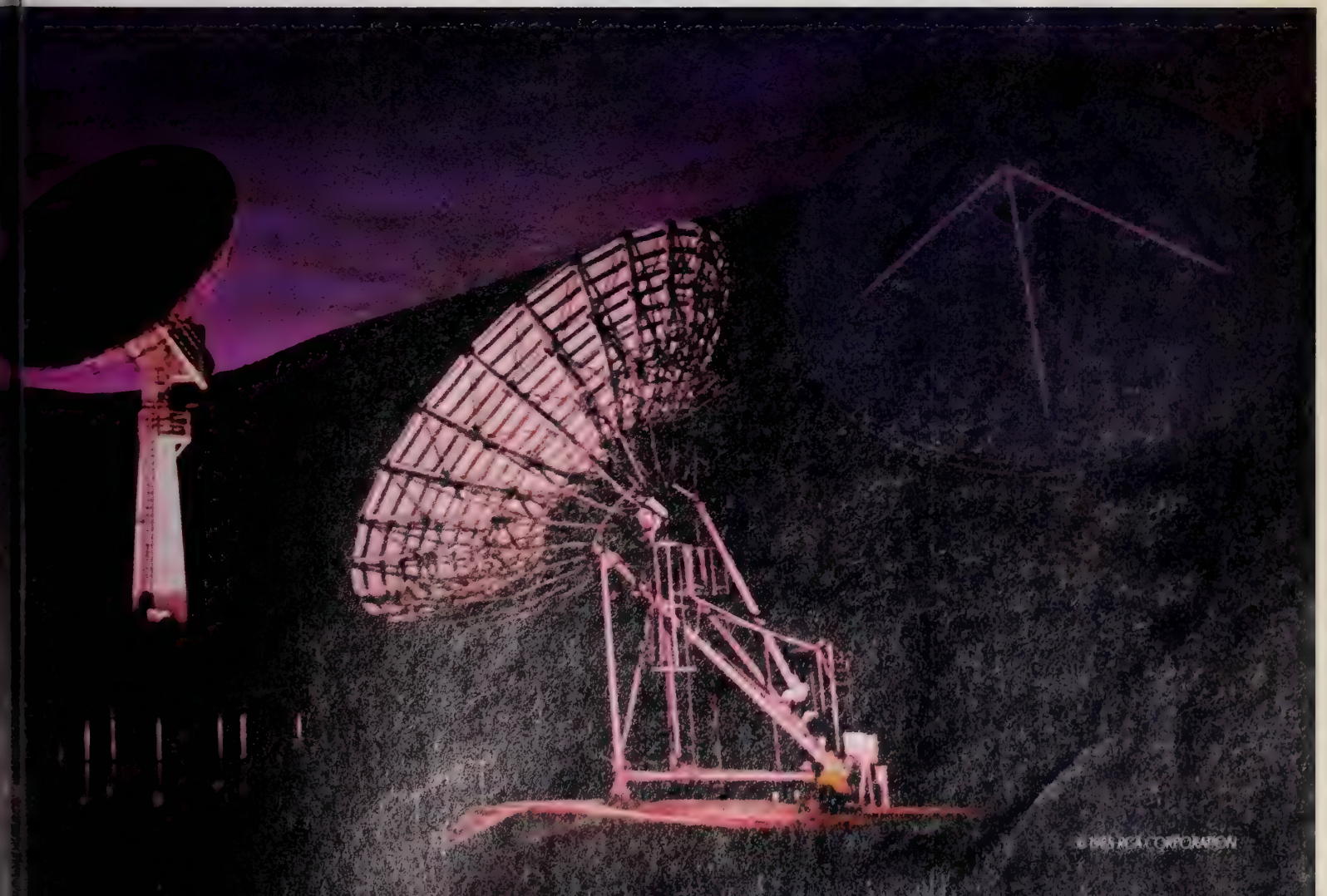
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## LETTERS

### The Plausibility of Hope (III)

With regard to the forums on nuclear weapons and issues [*Harper's*, June and July], I found the July session on arms control more useful than the June session on deterrence (even though I disagree with many of the opinions expressed by the July participants). Those at the June session repeated too many tiresome misconceptions about our nuclear deterrent.

One of the important points to emerge from the July forum is that arms control has not been particularly successful over the past decade and a half. Arms control efforts should be judged by the degree to which both sides reduce their nuclear arsenals. The sad fact is that both SALT I and SALT II permitted, indeed codified, significant increases in nuclear systems. They produced the illusion of arms control, but did not make the world safer. The talks fostered the impression that an era of détente had been ushered in, even while the Soviet leadership was deploying thousands of new, highly accurate warheads aboard vastly improved missiles. Thus, the security of the West was doubly weakened. The Reagan Administration's approach to arms control—based on the lessons of the past—is to seek significant verifiable reductions in both sides' nuclear arsenals, and thereby to produce real increases in security and stability. We believe this is achievable. We intend to stay at the table, in Geneva, until we accomplish the task.

A second noteworthy fact that emerged from the July forum is that the Soviet Union has indeed violated both the letter and the spirit of pre-

vious agreements. Examples of the former include the illegal radar at Krasnoyarsk (which resembles in virtually every significant respect the five other large radars the Russians acknowledge they are building for missile detection); the deployment of the SS-X-25 in violation of SALT II "one new ICBM" rule; and the continued encryption of data in order to preclude verification. Moreover, the massive Soviet buildup of counterforce capabilities since 1972 certainly violates the spirit of SALT. Given the Soviet Union's large investment in ABM research and development (including research on advanced systems of the type being investigated for President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative), the Soviet criticism of our SDI program has truly been, in the words of one forum participant Zbigniew Brzezinski, "propagandist and deceptive."

I hope the participants in the July forum read closely that of July, especially Brent Scowcroft's crucial point that the Russians "believe nuclear weapons can be employed to achieve victory in wartime." We do not believe that. Our task must be to convince the Soviet leadership that we—not they—are correct on this score. Our strategic modernization program is designed to do this by building a strong and credible deterrent. But it is not—as some in the June discussion allege—an attempt to achieve superiority, or to justify unnecessary systems. We do not have a first-strike capability. Our strategy continues to be a retaliatory one, designed not to impose our will on others but to deter attacks against us and our allies.

Finally, we are also exploring new technologies that hold promise for increased deterrence. Our SDI program reflects not only our hopes but also our progress in a wide variety

*Harper's welcomes letters to the editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*



technical endeavors over the past  
 thirteen years. We believe we can  
 build advanced and thoroughly reli-  
 able defenses that will strengthen de-  
 terrence, contribute to reductions in  
 nuclear weapons, and offer mankind  
 more hope than exists today.

spaar Weinberger  
 Washington, D.C.

The two recent forums on nuclear  
 arms control ask, in a rather despair-  
 ing tone, "Is there a way out?" The  
 question starkly illustrates the pre-  
 vailing perception of the arms con-  
 trol process. A decade or more has  
 passed with no concrete achievement  
 in arms control negotiations save the  
 unratified SALT II treaty—a treaty  
 which was widely excoriated by both  
 sides and right while it was being nego-  
 tiated. That this treaty is now seen by  
 many as the linchpin of strategic sta-  
 bility is an irony which should leave  
 us with little comfort.

But I believe there is a way out.  
 The path is surely not one of more  
 technology, as some on the right would  
 have us think. Nor are commendable  
 but abstract notions of how to  
 achieve disarmament sufficient. Sim-  
 ple descriptions of the arms race  
 produce simple solutions, which are  
 perhaps comforting to a public weary  
 of thinking about the growing nucle-  
 ar threat, but which promise little by  
 way of concrete results. The difficult  
 part is that preventing a nuclear war  
 is an extremely complex undertak-  
 ing. There are no shortcuts, technol-  
 ogy or otherwise.

With effective statesmanship, how-  
 ever, we can marshal the momen-  
 tum needed to reach meaningful  
 agreements. We must move simulta-  
 neously on two fronts. On the tech-  
 nological front, we must reduce  
 reliance on destabilizing systems—  
 such as MIRVed land-based mis-  
 siles—and focus on improvements in  
 verification techniques. On the po-  
 litical front, we must recognize that  
 the U.S.-Soviet relationship cannot  
 be transcended or ignored but must  
 be managed.

Above all, U.S. strategic planners  
 must develop a keener awareness of  
 the interrelationship between deci-  
 sions about force posture and the ver-  
 ifiability of future agreements. The

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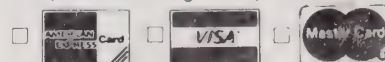
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**HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH**

demands on verification capabilities will increase as the Russians themselves move toward defenses. Even large-scale reductions in offensive forces—the overarching objective of the Reagan Administration—would require verification capabilities and agreements far exceeding any now in existence. Constraints on verification now preclude innovation and boldness in the pursuit of arms control. As long as compliance remains shrouded in uncertainty, the progress of any negotiations will be cautious and incremental.

It is time for the Administration to relinquish the naive and dangerous hope that technological breakthroughs in defenses will force the Russians to make concessions leading to the abandonment of their current force structure. As each side puts forward—and persists in pursuing—its own set of priorities, progress in arm control is held hostage to irreconcilably different strategic imperatives.

In a recent resolution, Representative Stephen Solarz and I proposed a way to break this impasse. Each side must declare itself willing to agree to verifiable limits on those systems that the other side perceives as most threatening to its security. The Soviet Union must agree to limit its buildup of offensive forces, and the United States must agree to set limits on the development and testing of defenses.

Regardless of the outcome of the negotiations, the need for improvements in verification—from seismic monitoring to more intrusive measures, including on-site inspection—has never been so critical. I challenge both sides to devote their technological and diplomatic energies to this task. The United States and the Soviet Union should combine their scientific talent to overcome the technological constraints on verification. Our scientists could work together on seismic detection, tamper-proof launch detectors, and methods for distinguishing nuclear from conventional weapons. This joint scientific team could also identify areas where on-site inspection is feasible.

It will not be easy to forge such agreements. The United States must retain the prerogative to conduct



arch on strategic defenses—as is  
ly consistent with the 1972 ABM  
eaty. But there are formidable  
chnical and diplomatic obstacles to  
nieving mutual, verifiable limits  
scientific research and to assuring  
pliance with existing treaties, as  
lications of recent Soviet viola-  
ns have demonstrated.

These obstacles can be overcome.  
The very purpose of negotiations is to  
ine the ambiguities in existing  
aties, clarify existing restrictions,  
d move toward a mutually accept-  
e framework for achieving more  
mprehensive restraints. If both  
es work together, it will become  
ar that verification and compli-  
ce are not technical or political  
tasties. Without reliable verifica-  
n, arms control is meaningless.

try Hart  
ashington, D.C.

## Bulls: Bark and Bite

The day after I read "Lo, Hear the  
Gentle Pit Bull!" [*Harper's*, June],  
the *Des Moines Register* ran a story  
about a Fort Dodge woman who was  
found guilty of having vicious ani-  
mals—this a result of her two pit  
bulls having attacked a seven-year-  
old boy who came to the woman's  
home to sell items for school. Ac-  
cording to the story, the dogs burst  
through a screen door, and one of  
them bit the boy three times.

Does Vicki Hearne really think  
these dogs "have a kind of Nietz-  
schean sense of what counts as a wor-  
thy opponent"?

nison Lewis  
Charles City, Iowa

I'm sure you will receive many let-  
ters of deep appreciation for Vicki  
Hearne's excellent and touching arti-  
cle defending and praising one of  
God's finest creatures, the pit bull. I  
have circulated several copies of this  
well-written piece to both lovers and  
haters of this sometimes misunder-  
stood canine.

Karl Bell  
Estlake Village, Calif.

Vicki Hearne, in her defense of  
the pit bull, displays both an impres-

sive disregard for reality and a fright-  
ening notion of morality.

Pit bulls have been bred for gen-  
erations to maximize their vicious-  
ness. I cannot personally confirm  
every pit bull horror story, but I have  
been attacked by these dogs several  
times, without provocation. I can  
easily control most larger dogs, but I  
have found pit bulls unpredictable  
and ready to turn vicious at a mo-  
ment's notice.

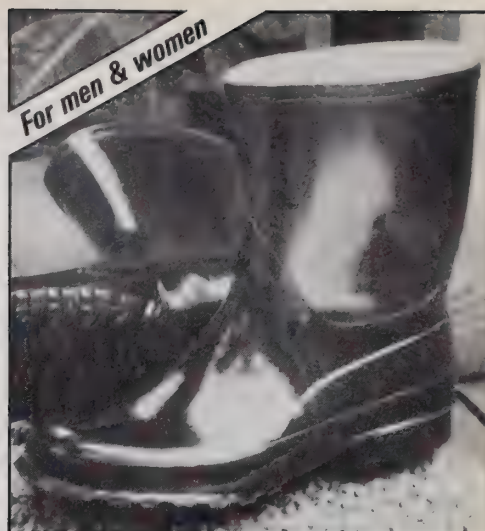
More important, it must be said  
that pit bulls—or any other dog, for  
that matter—are simply not smart  
enough to have any sense of "moral-  
ity." The pit bull divides the world  
into good and evil, the definitions of  
which are specified by its master. Pit  
bulls will serve Nazis and Republi-  
cans alike. It is especially interesting  
to consider Hearne's moral sensibili-  
ties. To her, it seems, it is virtuous to  
assault anyone who is afraid of you.  
When a secretary has the effrontery  
to be afraid of Hearne's dog—"so  
struck with terror that she couldn't  
speak"—she concludes that her dog  
"didn't start biting... but I wouldn't  
have blamed her if she had."

Pit bulls are vicious and danger-  
ous, but morally neutral. Vicki  
Hearne, though probably safer to  
share a room with, poses a greater  
danger through her equation of mo-  
rality with physical strength and  
courage.

Nathaniel S. Borenstein  
Department of Computer Science  
Carnegie-Mellon University  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

I have always had a sense of some-  
thing slightly kinky, a little decadent  
(in the Nietzschean sense), about  
certain dog people—what with their  
little muzzles and harnesses and their  
overly fussy, anal (in the Freudian  
sense) preoccupation with "train-  
ing," "obedience," "pure strains,"  
and military promenading.

Let's be clear about dog fighting:  
these dogs have been bred—in effect  
created—by people titillated by the  
prospect of a sadistic spectacle and by  
the possibility of monetary gain  
through wagering, etc. To imply as  
Vicki Hearne does that the staging of  
such fights may be some kind of self-  
less act on the part of the people in-



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volved is an outrageous fiction. These animals have not been bred in a vacuum. Fighting dogs assume roles created for them by those who breed and train them.

Last, but certainly not least, I would like to add how interesting it would be to hear what a good psychoanalyst had to say about Hearne's article, especially the hilarious allusions to the lessons she has gleaned about love and relationships through her relationship with her pit bull. Love has teeth, indeed...

John Downs  
Rochester, N.Y.

Thanks: At long last, a defense of the noble pit bull.

Nip, despite the somewhat trite name, was of noble lineage and noble bearing. He was the runt of a record litter, and my good friend offered him to us for five dollars, a mere share of the stud fee—one of the great bargains of my life! He got plenty of TLC and drank his cod liver oil from the same bottle used by my infant daughter Kathleen. A good dog may have several acknowledged and loved masters, but will usually pick one special one; Kathleen was his.

Nip never picked a fight. He finished a few (none fatally) that were forced on him as he minded his own business. He stared down a holdup man in a Chicago alley one night. I heard that "bull terrier" rumble in his throat and went to one knee beside him, my hand on his throat. I made out the figure of a man and the gleam of a gun. No words were spoken. Should I lift my hand, Nip would charge, leaping for the throat. It seemed like a year before the man, muttering, turned and ran. Nip looked up at me and nodded.

Then there was the time a neighbor sicked his Doberman on Nip as my son was walking him. It was early on a Sunday morning and I was still in bed. I ran outside just in time to talk Nip out of his throat hold (wishing he had it on the dog's master). I was standing barefoot in six inches of fresh snow. Nip just wagged his tail and came in for some breakfast.

Glenn Meagher  
Fairfax, Calif.

Vicki Hearne replies:

My piece about the American (pit) bull terrier has inspired a fair amount of mail. The letters fell roughly, into three categories. Some were from people who own pit bulls who were grateful to me for the article and who usually went on to tell me charming stories about Lulu, Pete, or Sally, or Buster Brown, stories about how generally affable, loyal, and bright-eyed their dogs are. A few were from people who had owned breeds that in the past have been the objects of horror stories, German shepherds, for example, or blood hounds. I was very grateful for the letters, as I love dog stories, and wish I could reply to them all individually.

Others were letters from people who simply like the way I write, or who are interested in the general philosophical problem of animals and language. I was glad to get them.

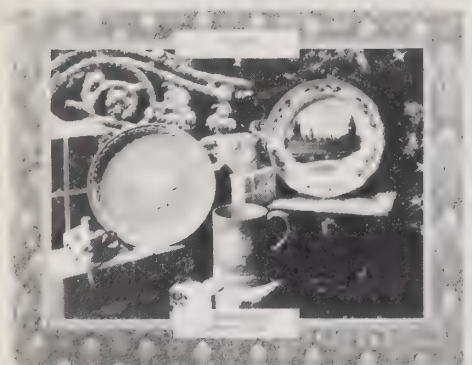
The letters in the third category were not so gratifying. They were uniformly hysterical in tone and tended to obscene fantasies about my private life. There was one that involved a rattlesnake and my toilet, another that interpreted the subtitle "Real Love Has Teeth," as a reference to me and fellatio. Typical was the letter on the letterhead of a very distinguished university, which seemed to have me mixed up with a those "vicious" dogs, and announce that the author could handle "most larger dogs" but not pit bulls, which seemed sufficient reason to execute them all, and me, too, near as I could make out.

This sort of thing is impressive—he should tell the professional dog trainers of the world his secret. I know of no trainer who would claim to be able to handle a dog of any breed without the right equipment, and the dog were serious about objecting. As a friend of mine who trains or supervises the training of several thousand dogs a year said, "An angry Yorkie [four to six pounds] is about twice as tall as you are!"

None of these letters contained a coherent argument or question that I could respond to—especially as most of the assaults were attempts to refute arguments that I didn't make. And

Continued on page 75

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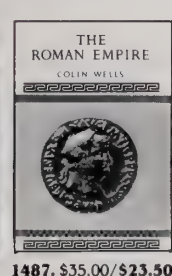
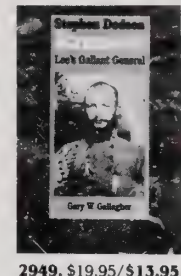
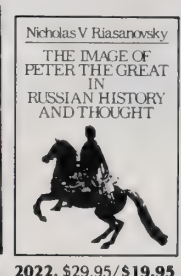
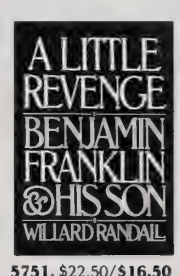


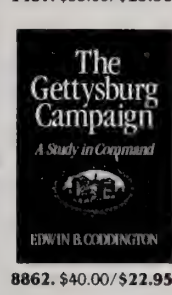
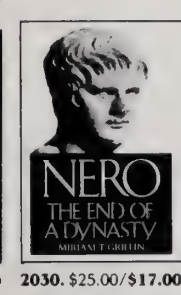
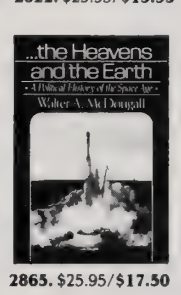
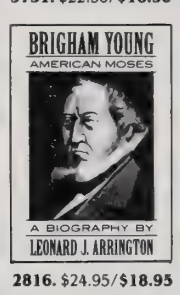
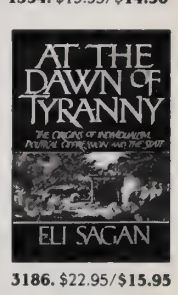


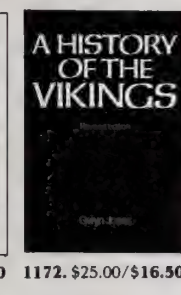
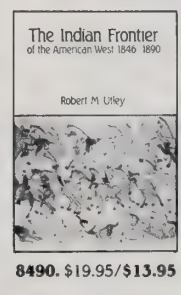
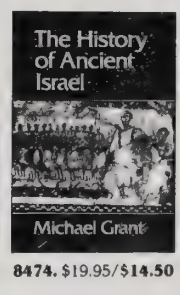


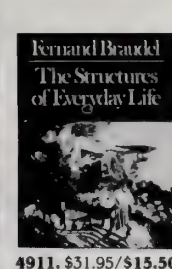
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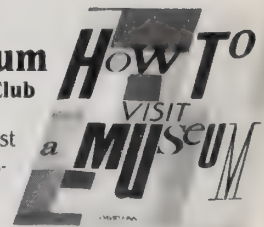
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# NOTEBOOK

Music for crows

By Lewis H. Lapham

*Money is a kind of poetry.*

—Wallace Stevens

When listening to a politician talk about public money, I think of my great-aunt Evelyn, who, at the age of sixty-three, took up a career as an opera singer. Every afternoon between the hours of three and six—wandering through the halls of a house in which the servants fled the sound of her approach—she sang, loudly and in a false soprano voice, selected arias from the works of Wagner and Puccini. When her teacher pronounced her the equal of Tebaldi she hired Town Hall for her debut. The performance was well attended. My great-aunt had taken the precaution of informing her many friends, relatives, and dependents that anybody marked absent from the occasion would be deemed ineligible for a place in her will.

The concert lasted for nearly three hours, without intermission. Holding herself firmly erect in front of the grand piano (she was a large woman, not given to frivolity or theatrical expression), my great-aunt sang her entire repertoire. Every now and then she made an inexplicably sudden and imperious gesture with the palm frond that served as her only prop. On the dying of the last, unhappy note the audience rose to its feet in a storm of tumultuous applause. Cries of "Brava!" echoed through the hall.

The accompanist bowed deeply and kissed the diva's hand. A destitute nephew came forward bearing roses for which he had pawned his watch. A daughter-in-law was heard to remark that never before had she understood the importance of Gluck.

The scene comes to mind during President Reagan's press conferences, or while reading accounts of the congressional effort to impose order on the chaos of the federal budget. I listen to the politicians make speeches, and I think of my great-aunt Evelyn singing in German. The more unintelligible their remarks, the more likely their good faith will be accepted at par value. To make the mistake of being too clearly understood (i.e., of allowing the public to see them feeding on the public treasury like crows on a newly seeded field) would result in the loss of their allowances.

For any readers still in doubt about the comic brilliance of their performance, I have collected a few program notes:

1. The United States is bankrupt. The national debt exceeds \$1 trillion, and unless the government debases the currency, it has as little hope of repaying its loans as do the governments of Brazil, Mexico, Argentina, and Peru.

2. Nobody can afford to say that the United States is bankrupt. All the other moneyed nations of the world, among them Japan, Saudi Arabia, France, and West Germany,

hold substantial reserves of American dollars. If the United States were declared bankrupt, the assets of the moneyed nations would vanish as surely and as silently as the morning dew.

The fear of this possibility stifles the impulse to laughter and allows the opera company in Washington to mount whatever productions engage its fancy. Like the audience at my great-aunt's concert, the national media must keep up the facade of applause. So must the nation's creditors.

James Baker, the secretary of the treasury, could appear on television in medieval armor, and the *Washington Street Journal* would find a reason to welcome his return from Valhalla. President Reagan arrived from California one Thursday morning in a helmet mounted with reindeer horns, Tip O'Neill and a chorus of knights would sing a hymn of praise to his triumph over Fafner.

3. Given an honest mechanism for the regulation of international finance, the United States, like all other former colonies reduced to penury and agriculture, would be obliged to submit its accounts to the auditors from the World Bank and the IMF. The premise sets up the situation of an *opéra bouffe*—the President and his companions cast in the roles of spendthrift despots being instructed in the virtues of thrift. The bearers of bad news (a trio of Africans in Moorish



h costume) explain (*recitativo*) that the United States wishes to continue to borrow money at favorable rates, then it must abandon its pretensions to military splendor. Caspar Weinberger, sullen in full-dress uniform, sings an aria (*andante cantabile*) about the rust on his sword.

4. The pox of the national debt reflects the inability of a democracy to make choices. Like the deficit, now running to approximately \$200 billion a year, the debt stands as weak testimony to the fraudulence of the nation's politics. Few politicians have the courage to refuse payment of the ransoms demanded by the interests that maintain them in office. None of them can distinguish between luxury and necessity—for the good and American reason that one man's luxury (the tobacco subsidy, or the interior electronic decoration of a Trident submarine) is another man's necessity, and who but a despised elitist can choose between them.

The politicians recommend austerity on the part of other interests in their rooms. Their vows of patronage remain as sacred as their oaths to Otan.

5. Under the rules of political economy prevailing in a state that insists on the higher fiction of egalitarianism, everybody is entitled to everything. If freedom is defined as the freedom to buy, money must become an infinitely expanding resource, like God, or sunlight, or meeting card sentiment. If there isn't enough of it, the fault lies with the agents of an evil power—with the Russians or the Democrats or the Japanese, with the plutocrats or the gasping poor, with Scarpia or the Grand Inquisitor. The fault is never found in one's own vanity, ignorance, or greed.

6. As the country descends further into the maelstrom of debt, the presence of economists becomes increasingly imperative on all public and ceremonial occasions. They serve as shills for the wisdom in office—as directors of corporations, as advisers resident in the White House, as oracles publishing prophecies in the newspapers. It is their business to jumble prayers and redistribute the

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blame. In most circumstances it makes as much sense to take seriously the predictions of Paul Volcker or the editors of *Forbes* as it does to rely on the financial acumen of J.R. Ewing, Henry Kissinger, or Blake Carrington.

7. The apparent prosperity associated with the President's economic policies has been paid for with other people's money. Foreign investment in the United States finances the American deficit, and the federal government last year paid the alien holders of its notes \$19.6 billion in interest. Within five years the interest payments could amount to \$100 billion, which might prompt the company in Washington to stage socialist pageants in which the heroes of the people carry flags, repudiate our debts, and denounce the wickedness of the international banking conspiracy.

8. If the present dilemma were to be resolved in a peaceful or benign manner, it would be necessary not only to distinguish between luxury and necessity but also to keep in mind the distinctions (suggested in 1927 by Ezra Pound) between transient, durable, and permanent goods. Transient goods include fresh vegetables, F-16's, rock concerts, legal fees, tennis lessons, pornography, and MX missiles. Durable goods include well-constructed buildings and roads, decent education, intelligent farming, and afforestation. Permanent goods include scientific discoveries and works of art.

Having assigned the rest of the world the task of providing durable and permanent goods, the American economy derives its wealth from the sale of perishable commodities (wheat, television images, ammunition) and the manufacture of transient luxury. American mothers who nurture dreams of avarice on behalf of their sons no longer tell exemplary tales of industrialists, surgeons, merchants, and ship captains. They speak instead of actors, ball players, dress designers, *mâitres d'hôtel*.

Few people bother to define real capital as the capacity to do real work, or real credit as the reserve of energy and industriousness available to the mind of the nation.

9. The whole of the United States in 1985 bears a disquieting resemblance to the antebellum South. The land-owning classes in Virginia and the Carolinas conceived of themselves as cavalier gentry who could afford to disdain the base mechanics of commerce and trade. They consigned the management of their economy to foreign agents from whom they borrowed money and bought luxury goods—Parisian silk, English carriages, Yankee machinery.

Believing that they could live forever on the verandas of chivalrous romance, they withdrew to the estates and plantations, indulge their fantasies of military glory, and recited to one another heroic passages from the novels of Sir Walter Scott. President Reagan comforted himself with the sentiments of Lou L'Amour. The members of the Washington opera troupe know little about the economic basis of their privilege as the ladies of Charleston knew about the value of cotton.

10. The rescue from insolvency and sloth also presupposes the asking of questions about the function of government, the purposes of taxation, and the uses of money. What right does the state borrow instead of lend? In whose interest does the government manipulate the value of the currency? How does it come to pass that among all of mankind wonderful inventions (art, science, law, religion, family, and medicine) men reserve to money the supreme privilege and the highest place? Is the American scheme of things, which is the usurer (i.e., the financial markets on the covers of *Business Week*), thought to possess the rank of a duke and the loveliness of a child?

Because none of these questions can be asked—they would be discounted as eccentric and un-American—the company in Washington continues to sing *Parsifal*.

11. The United States was conceived in bankruptcy, and the country never has managed to cure its financial illness except by means of depression or war. There is no reason to believe that over the span of 20 years the Americans have discovered any other remedy.



# HOW TO WEAR A SAFETY BELT

YOU CAN BE BOTH SECURE AND COMFORTABLE IN YOUR CAR.

It's been proved over and over that safety belts at least double your chances of escaping death or serious injury in a severe accident.

But the freedom of movement allowed by the newer front safety belts has bothered some people. How can the safety belt hold you securely if it appears to have almost no tension?

The fact is, the shoulder belt is designed to restrict your movement only in an emergency. In normal situations, you can lean forward or to the side with little pressure from the shoulder belt.

**In an emergency, the belts lock up to hold you in place.** The inertial reel makes this possible. That's a mechanism as simple and reliable as gravity (as you can see in the accompanying diagram). Inertial reels have been used since the 1974 model year for the shoulder belt on many GM cars. They allow you complete freedom of movement in normal driving. You can turn easily to check traffic or reach to the glove compartment.

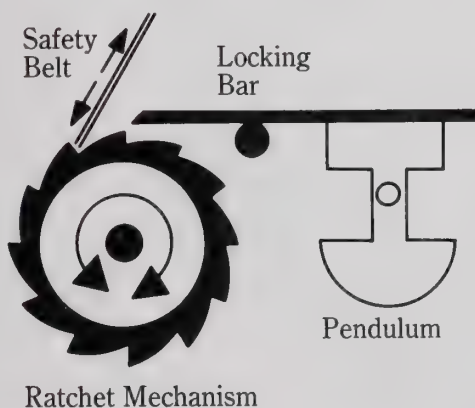
**Adjusting your shoulder and lap belt.** Even the slight tension you feel from the inertial reel is adjustable so there is almost no pressure. Pull the shoulder belt far enough away from you so that, when you let it go, it comes back flat against your chest. Then pull down slightly on the shoulder portion, about one inch, and let it go again.

Safety experts suggest allowing no more slack on the shoulder

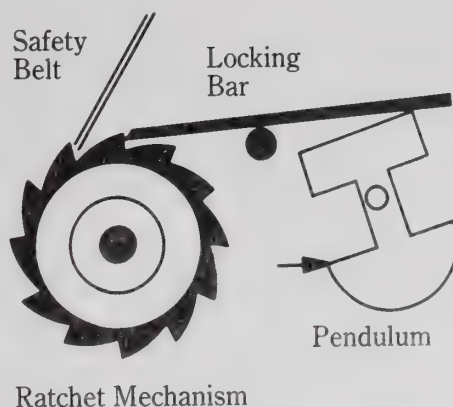
belt than absolutely necessary for comfort. Lap belts should be adjusted snugly as low on your hipbones as possible—not higher where they might damage internal organs in a crash.

## How the inertial reel works.

*Your shoulder belt is designed to allow freedom under normal conditions, but to lock automatically and restrain you in a collision.*



*Under normal conditions, the pendulum and locking bar are in their rest positions. The reel which holds the safety belt is free to rotate. As you lean against it, the belt unreels.*



*In emergencies, such as a collision from any direction, the pendulum tilts, forcing the locking bar to engage the ratchet. The reel locks and the safety belt restrains you.*

In a collision, lap/shoulder belts, worn properly, distribute the force across the large, strong bones of your hips and torso. Perhaps most important, belts help keep you from being thrown out of the vehicle in an accident.

What if you are pregnant? The American Association for Automotive Medicine says the dangers of being unbelted in a collision during pregnancy are far greater than the slight chance of injury caused by wearing the belts.

## Other advantages of belts.

By holding you in a proper driving position, the lap belt provides a feeling of control, keeping you in place on rough or curved roads or in an emergency maneuver. Some people even find that the added support makes driving easier on their backs.

Next time you drive, please take a moment to buckle up. Remember, the safety belt is an effective system to help protect you, and it's already part of your car.

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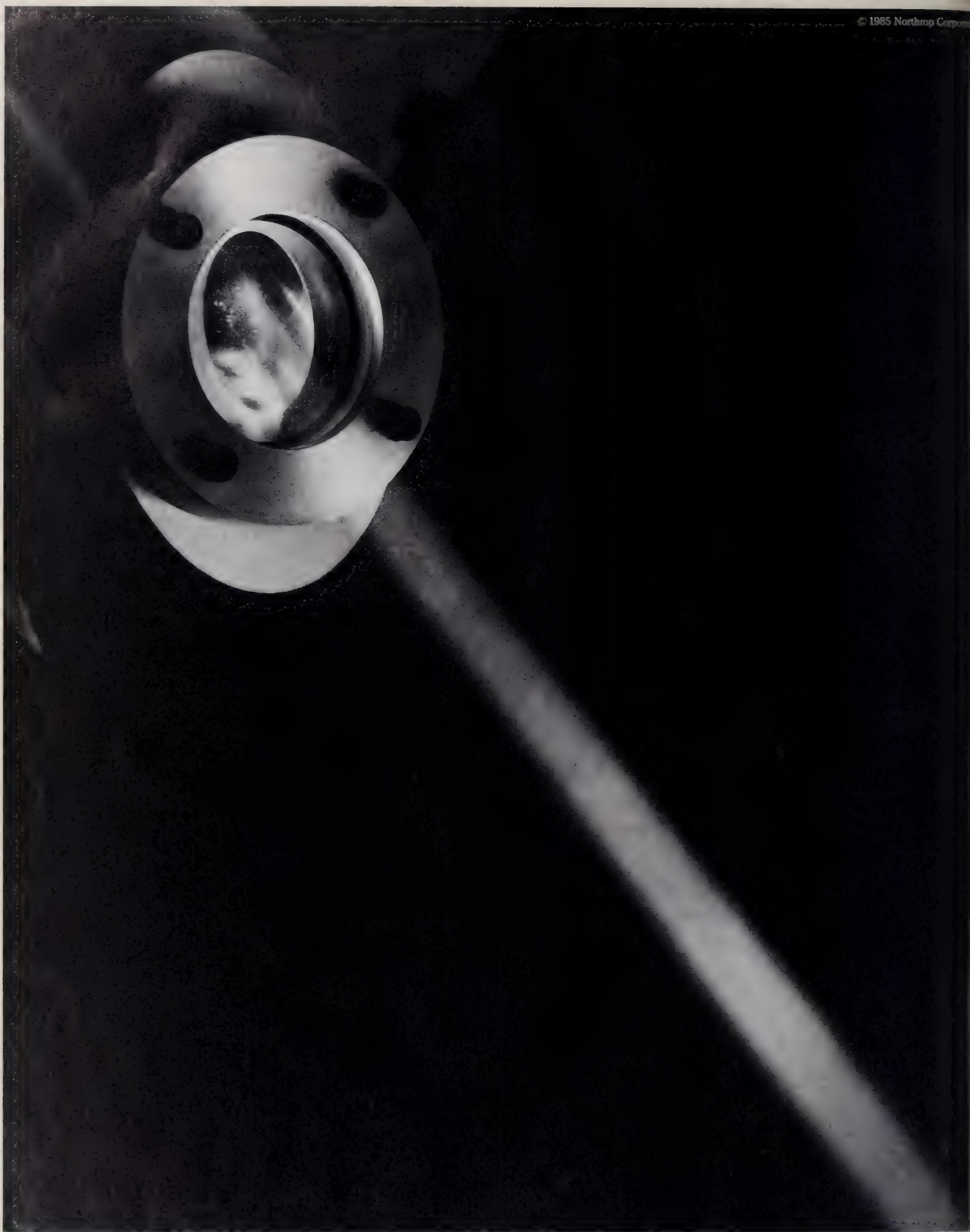


# HARPER'S INDEX

- Budget per episode of *Miami Vice* : \$1,500,000
- Budget of the Miami vice squad unit in 1984 : \$1,161,741
- Percentage of the marijuana smoked in the United States that is imported, according to the DEA : 88
  - According to NORML : 45
- Rank of corn, marijuana, and soybeans, among all U.S. crops, in annual cash value : 1, 2, 3
  - Deaths and disabling injuries per 1,000 miners in 1983 : 15
  - Per 1,000 farmers : 110
- Percentage of adult Iowans who say they own a cemetery plot : 31
  - Filipino journalists murdered this year : 9
  - Salvadoran union activists murdered this year : 8
- Average number of 500- and 750-pound bombs dropped by the Salvadoran air force each month : 135
  - Average number dropped each month in 1982 : 9
  - Maximum fine for refusing to register for the draft : \$250,000
- Percentage of teen-agers who say they favor a one-year national youth service program for men : 62
- Number of high school marching bands that ordered the sheet music for "Barbara Ann" this year : 3,000
- Rank of national and local Miss America pageants among all sources of college scholarship money for women : 1
  - Percentage of black men with college degrees who work for government : 33
  - Percentage of black women with college degrees who do : 45
  - Percentage of black children who live below the poverty line : 46.7
- Percentage of women executives with MBAs who say their pregnancies were planned : 93.8
  - Percentage of other women executives who say this : 73.3
  - Average number of corporate mergers per business day this year : 12
  - Change in the number of jobs in Houston since 1982 : -82,500
    - In Detroit : +53,000
  - Percentage change in acres of forest in New York State since 1880 : +164
  - Acres of the world's tropical rain forests cleared every minute : 53
- Amount the U.S. government spent on paper shredders in 1984 : \$4,000,000
  - Percentage increase in condom sales in drugstores since 1982 : 35
- Percentage of AIDS patients in New York City who aren't homosexual : 41 (see page 44)
- Portion of the disposable income in the United States that is spent by homosexuals : 1/5
  - Portion of all goods sold in the United States today that is imported : 1/5
- Percentage increase in 1984 in cargo shipped between Asia and the United States : 25
  - Copies of *Iacocca* sold in Japan : 500,000
- Percentage increase in capital spending by businesses during the first Reagan Administration : 23.4
  - During the Carter Administration : 32
- Percentage of Americans who say television news portrays politicians "too favorably" : 46
  - Who say it portrays professional sports stars "too favorably" : 54
  - Days of the year Martina Navratilova does not play tennis : 70
- Percentage of Americans who say Monday is their favorite day of the week : 3
  - Who say Tuesday is : 1

*Figures cited are the latest available as of August 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.*





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# READINGS

[Essay]

## EVIL IN A RATIONAL AGE

*From "Thriller," by Vaclav Havel, in the June/July issue of the Idler, a new magazine published in Toronto. Havel, a playwright and essayist, spent five years in Czech jails for his political activities. Letters to Olga, a volume of letters to his wife written from prison, was published last year in West Germany by Rowohlt Verlag; it will be published in the United States by Alfred A. Knopf. Translated by Paul Wilson.*

**B**efore me lies the famous *Occult Philosophy* of Heinrich Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, where I read that the ingestion of the living (and if possible still beating) heart of a hoopoe, a swallow, a weasel, or a mole will bestow upon one the gift of prophecy. It is nine o'clock in the evening and I turn on the radio. The announcer, a woman, is reading the news in a dry, matter-of-fact voice: Indira Gandhi has been shot by two Sikhs in her personal bodyguard. The corpse of Father Popieluszko, who had been kidnapped by officers of the Polish police, has been fished out of the Vistula River. International aid is being organized for Ethiopia, where a famine is threatening the lives of millions, while the Ethiopian regime is spending almost a quarter of a billion dollars to celebrate its tenth anniversary. American scientists have developed plans for a permanent observatory on the moon and for a manned expedition to Mars. In California, the heart of a baboon has been transplanted into a little girl; various animal welfare societies have protested.

Much of the mystery of Being and of man, many of his dark visions, obsessions, longings, forebodings, much of his murky "prescientific" knowledge, and many important metaphysical certainties are encoded in old myths. Such myths, of course, transcend their creators: something higher spoke through them, something that not even they were fully able to understand and give a name to. The authority with which myths were invested by people of ancient cultures indicates that this higher power, whatever it is, was once generally felt and acknowledged. If we go no further than Jung's interpretation of myths, it is obvious that myths introduced a partial or temporary "order" into the complex world of those unconscious forebodings, unprovable certainties, hidden instincts, passions, and longings that are an intrinsic part of the human spirit. And they exercised something like a check or supervisory power over those forces of the human unconscious.

The civilization of the new age, having given up on the authority of myths, has surrendered to a large and dangerous illusion: the illusion that no higher and darker powers ever existed, either in the human unconscious or in the mysterious universe. Today, the opinion prevails that everything can be "rationally explained," as they say. Nothing is obscure—and if it is, then we need only cast a ray of scientific light on it and it will cease to be so.

This, of course, is only a grand self-delusion of the modern spirit. For though it make that claim a thousand times, though it deny a thousand times the "averted face" of the world and of man, it can never eliminate that face, but merely push it further into the shadows. At the most, it will drive this entire complex world of hidden things to find surrogate, counterfeit,



and increasingly confusing manifestations; it will compel the "order" that myth once brought into this world to vanish along with the myth, and allow the "forces of the night" to go on acting chaotically and uncontrollably, shocking man again and again by their, for him, inexplicable presence, which glimmers through the modern shroud that hides them. But more than that: the good powers—because they were considered irrational as well—were buried along with the dark powers. Olympus was abolished entirely, leaving no one left to punish evil and drive the evil spirits away. Goodness, being well mannered, has a tendency to treat these grand obsequies seriously and withdraw; evil, on the contrary, senses that its time has come, for people have stopped believing in it altogether.

To this day, we cannot understand how a great, civilized nation—or at least a considerable part of it—could, in the twentieth century, succumb to its fascination with a ridiculous, complex-ridden, petit-bourgeois man, could fall for his pseudoscientific theories and in their name exterminate nations, conquer continents, and commit unbelievable cruelties. Positivist science, Marxism included, offers a variety of scientific explanations for this mysterious phenomenon, but instead of eliminating the mystery, they tend to deepen it. For the cold, "objective" reason that speaks to us from these explanations only underlines the disproportion between itself—a power that claims to be the decisive one in this civilization—and the mass insanity that has nothing in common with any form of rationality.

Yes, when traditional myth was laid to rest, a kind of "order" in the dark region of our being was buried along with it. And what modern reason has attempted to substitute for this order has consistently proven erroneous, false, and disastrous, because it is always in some way deceitful, artificial, rootless, lacking in both ontology and morality. It may even border on the ludicrous, like the Cult of the Supreme Being during the French Revolution, the collectivist folklore of totalitarian systems, or their realistic, self-celebrating art. It seems to me that with the burial of myth, the barn in which the mysterious animals of the human unconscious were housed over thousands of years has been abandoned, and the animals turned loose—on the tragically mistaken assumption that they were phantoms—and that now they are devastating the countryside. At the same time they make themselves at home where we least expect them to—in the secretariats of modern political parties, for example. These sanctuaries of modern reason lend them their tools and their authority, so that ultimately the plunder is sanctioned

by the most scientific of world views.

Generally, people don't begin to grasp the horror of their situation until too late: that is, until thousands of their fellow humans have been murdered for reasons that are utterly irrational. Contemporary irrationality, hiding behind sober reason and a belief that the inexorable march of history demands millions of victims to assure a happy future for billions, seems essentially more irrational and dangerous than the kind of irrationality that, in and through myth, admits to its own existence, comes to terms with the "positive powers," and sacrifices mostly animals. The demons simply do what they want while the gods take diffident refuge in the last asylum to which they have been driven, called human conscience. And so at last bloodlust, disguised as the most scientific of world views (which teaches, by the way, that conscience must submit to historical necessity), throws a twentieth-century John of Nepomuk into the Vistula. And the nation immediately canonizes its martyr in spirit.

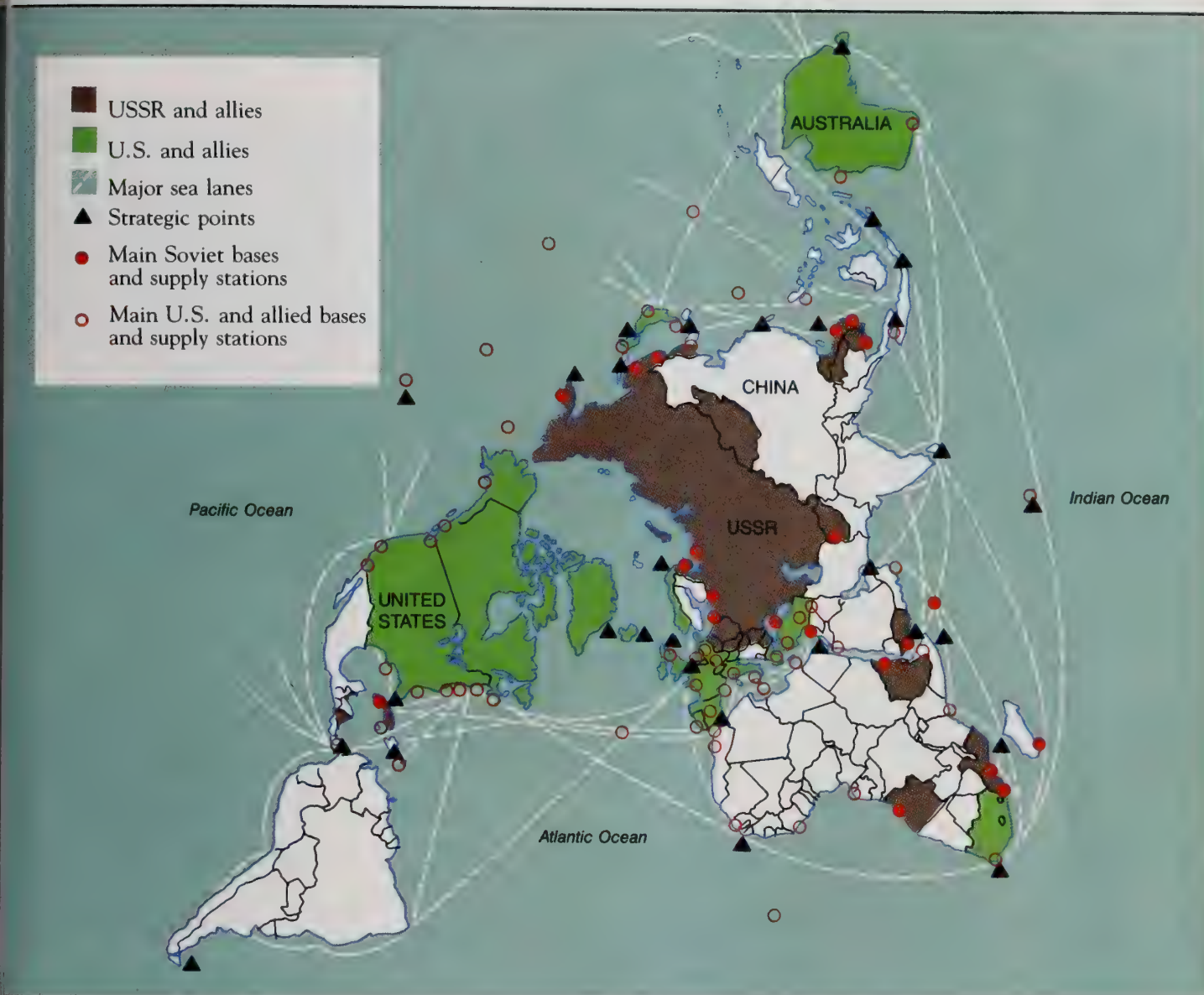
**I**n the chance juxtaposition of the events of this newscast and Agrippa's *Occult Philosophy* I begin to see a sophisticated collage that takes on the dimensions of a symbol, an emblem, a code. I don't know what message is hidden in that unintentional artifact, which might be called "Thriller," after Michael Jackson's famous song. I only feel that Chance—that great poet—is blurting out something indistinct about the desperate state of the modern world.

First, Marxist demonologists in the Polish papers label Popieluszko a practitioner of black magic who, with the assistance of the Devil, serves the black mass of anticommunism in the church of St. Stanislaw Kostka; then, other scientific Marxists waylay him at night, beat him to death, and throw him into the Vistula; finally, still other "scientists" on one sixth of the earth's surface claim that the Devil in disguise—the CIA, in other words—is behind it. It is all pure medieval history. Except that the actors are scientists, people shielded by science, possessing an allegedly scientific world view. Of course that makes the whole thing so much more powerful. The demons have been let out, and they go about grotesquely pretending to be honorable twentieth-century men who don't believe in evil spirits.

How can this happen in the century of science and reason? How does it relate to colonizing the moon and preparing an expedition to Mars? How does it relate to transplanting the heart of a baboon into a person? Could we be preparing to go to Mars in the secret hope of leaving our demons behind on Earth? And



# THE GEOPOLITICAL PERSPECTIVE



from *Strategic Atlas: A Comparative Geopolitics of the World's Powers*, by Gérard Chaliand and Jean-Pierre Rageau, published by Harper Row. Chaliand and Rageau use a polar projection for many of their world maps, on the grounds that the more conventional planar projection falsifies strategic perspectives at anything above the regional level."

who, in fact, has a baboon heart: that little girl in California—or the Marxist government of Ethiopia, building its mausoleums in a time of famine; or the Polish police; or the Sikhs in the personal bodyguard of the Indian prime minister, who died—thanks to their belief in ancient prophecies—like an antique emperor at the hands of his own servants?

**I**t seems to me that man has what we call a human heart, yet that he also has something of the baboon within him. But the modern age treats the heart as a pump and denies the presence of the baboon within us. And so again and again, this officially nonexistent baboon goes

on the rampage, either as the personal bodyguard of a politician or as a member of the most scientific police force in the world.

Modern man, that methodical civil servant in the Great Bureaucracy of the world, mildly frustrated by the collapse of his "scientific" world view, finally switches on his video-recorder to watch Michael Jackson playing a vampire in "Thriller," the best-selling videocassette in the history of the world, then goes into the kitchen to remove from a thermos bottle—behind the backs of all the animal welfare societies—the still warm heart of a hoopoe. And he swallows it, hoping to have the gift of prophecy conferred upon him.



[Commentary]

## MANY THANKS FOR A JOB WELL DONE

*From Peter Jennings's final remarks on the August 5 broadcast, from Hiroshima, of ABC's World News Tonight.*

**T**he ceremonies here to mark the fortieth anniversary of the dropping of the bomb are almost over. Japan's Prime Minister Nakasone has just spoken to the crowd, telling them again, of course, to remember to keep the image of what war can cost in their minds. And not far from where we stand, a peace bell, which you may hear, which people come from all over the world to ring.

Those people who died at Hiroshima and later at Nagasaki were killed by the atomic bomb, but they really died because of an evil Japanese ideology. There was scarcely a crime the Japanese had not committed in their drive to conquer the world. Today's Japanese are uncompromising in their commitment to peace. They're forever coming up and thanking Americans for setting Japan on the road to democracy. So for the Japanese, Hiroshima was a terrible lesson, but they appear to have learned it well.

[Memorandum]

## ROMANCING THE JAPANESE MARKET

*From a memorandum distributed to attorneys who were about to attend the NASDA National Food and Agricultural Exposition in Kansas City last April. Sponsored by the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the National Association of State Departments of Agriculture, the international trade fair was intended to help sales of American agricultural products abroad. The memorandum offers tips on making a good impression on Japanese delegates.*

### SUGGESTED TOPICS OF CONVERSATION

1. Flight to Kansas City; hotel accommodations.  
How was your flight?  
Where are you staying?
2. Kansas City.  
Have you ever visited Kansas City before?  
Noteworthy attractions: Nelson-Atkins Gal-

lery (recent Japanese calligraphy exhibition); jazz history of Kansas City (mention that Milt Abel, playing bass in our quartet, is a well-known jazz artist); barbecue beef (ask about their *kobe* beef). (Many Japanese are fond of American jazz.)

3. Prior visits to U.S.  
Where, when?  
If based in U.S. with a Japanese subsidiary or affiliate, how long has he been here? Does he have children? How are his children (ignore wife) adjusting to life in U.S.? Do his children here in the States go to Japanese school on Saturdays to study Japanese language? (Japanese take their family obligations very seriously and are pleased and proud to discuss their children.)
4. Hobbies/Sports.  
Golf, baseball, tennis, hiking. Mention Tom Watson lives in Kansas City. Refer to Kansas City Royals' trip to Japan three years ago.
5. If you have recently seen the Japanese cherry trees in bloom in Washington, comment on their beauty.
6. Any connection that you have to Japan, e.g., any trips you have made to Japan in recent years. (Avoid references to any pre-1965 visits.)

### TOPICS TO BE AVOIDED

1. Avoid a hard sell of yourself or the firm. Minimize the number of sentences commencing with "I."
2. Avoid lengthy discussion of the U.S.-Japan trade problem. Senator John Danforth.
3. Politics, religion, sex, and military or defense matters.
4. Role of the emperor in Japanese society.
5. Role of women. Do not ask about their wives. For example, do not ask whether their wives work; their wives probably do not work outside the home. Their wives will almost certainly not have accompanied them on this trip.
6. Vacations. They take very few vacations and they regard us as frivolous for taking lengthy vacations.
7. Do not mention competitors. The intense competitiveness of Japanese business makes mention of a competitor's name one of the most offensive faux pas possible.
8. World War II and the occupation.
9. Harry S. Truman. (In mentioning noteworthy attractions in Kansas City, do not suggest



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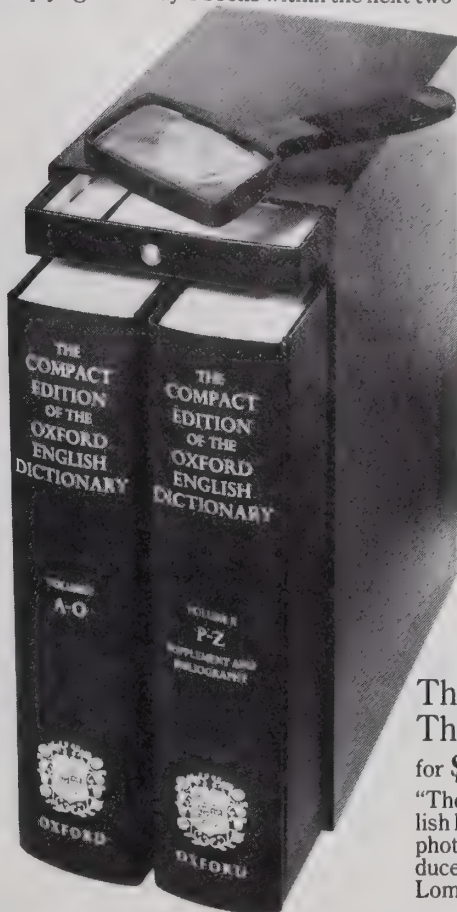
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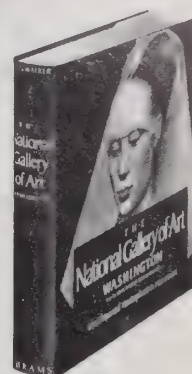
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the Truman Library, the Truman home, or the Truman Sports Complex.)

10. Presence of foreigners, especially Americans, in Japanese baseball leagues and sumo wrestling. Do not discuss the Hawaiian who is winning all of his sumo matches in Japan; he is causing a xenophobic reaction.
11. Other Asians. Do not refer to "the Orient" or "Orientals." These are regarded as pejorative terms. If you refer to that part of the world, call it Asia. But do not call Japanese Asians or Orientals. They are simply Japanese, and they regard themselves as a special people set apart from all others.

[Court Decree]

## 'MY TRUTH': BOKASSA ON GISCARD

*From a court decree handed down in France in May ordering the seizure of all copies of Ma Vérité, the memoirs of Jean-Bedel Bokassa. Ruling in a suit brought by former French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the court held that several passages in the book were defamatory. Bokassa governed the Central African Republic for more than thirteen years until he was deposed in a French-backed coup in 1979. His gift of diamonds to Giscard created a major scandal in France when it was first disclosed in 1979. Eight thousand copies of Ma Vérité were burned in July. Selections from the decree, which included the defamatory passages, appear below. Translated by Amy Wilentz.*

**T**he publishing house of Carrere Lafon has just released a book entitled *Jean-Bedel Bokassa: My Truth*. . . . This book happens to discuss Bokassa's relations with President Giscard d'Estaing, to whom Bokassa attributes scandalous behavior, as much in his private life as in his position as president of France. The following facts are alleged in Bokassa's memoirs:

Page 35: One ought not allow oneself to say to a man, "You are my friend," before dealing him such a low blow. Giscard is responsible for the loss of my spouse (my principal wife), my material goods, my identity cards, my secret files, and my documents. This, then, is what Giscard did to me. This, then, is what I want my friends the French to discover from my book. I want everyone to talk about all this!

Page 37: Sometimes, he brought girls.

Giscard is a man like any other. He has never

been a monk (not that I know monks very well), but more a man like all of us. I must say, and the French will understand this, that I have always been discreet about these episodes: Giscard was my relative, my friend, and besides, he was my guest. I did not try to find out the names of these madames and mademoiselles. I knew only one personally, a *Paris Match* reporter. One day, I wanted to make a pass at her, but I stopped myself because she was his.

There was that one, and there were others, notably a pretty French movie actress, a small woman with a great talent. . . .

Giscard came to Central Africa about twice a year. He would say to me: "My dear brother, I would like some precious stones. . . ." I would give him some. This lasted for twelve years. In the end, he had quite a collection. Often, he would give bits to the girls: they found them pretty! . . .

Giscard changed women often; he never had the same one. But I needn't go further . . . it's a delicate matter.

Page 40: The president wrote to thank me and to ask me to send my wife to France.

Thus, Catherine left for Paris.

When she arrived that first time, Giscard hosted her at the Elysée Palace. But other times, he received her in one of his private apartments in Longchamps—91 rue de Longchamps, or something like that. . . .

I now know that it was during this period that he began to plot my ruin with her. He spoke to her of my downfall, asking what should be done, what she would think of him if he deposed me. So my wife said to him: "But you must not kill him. I have had many children with him. You must not kill him because my children must not lose their father. They are still very young and they all love and respect their father, who in spite of everything has brought them up well." . . .

When Giscard overthrew me, she was living with him, and she later conceived a child by him. He had her admitted to the Hartmann Clinic for an abortion. She went to this clinic twice: the first time to abort Giscard's child, the second time to have her ovaries removed. When I make a child with a woman, I do not shirk my responsibilities. I keep the child and I take care of it.

Page 56: The hunting sagas and the discussions about permits were unbearable. Giscard and his friends had at their disposal a magnificent reserve of about 200,000 acres in the triangle of Rafae Zemio Djema, in the southeast part of the country. It was one of my gifts; I gave it to him out of friendship, to him who, in my eyes, represented France, a country for which I had



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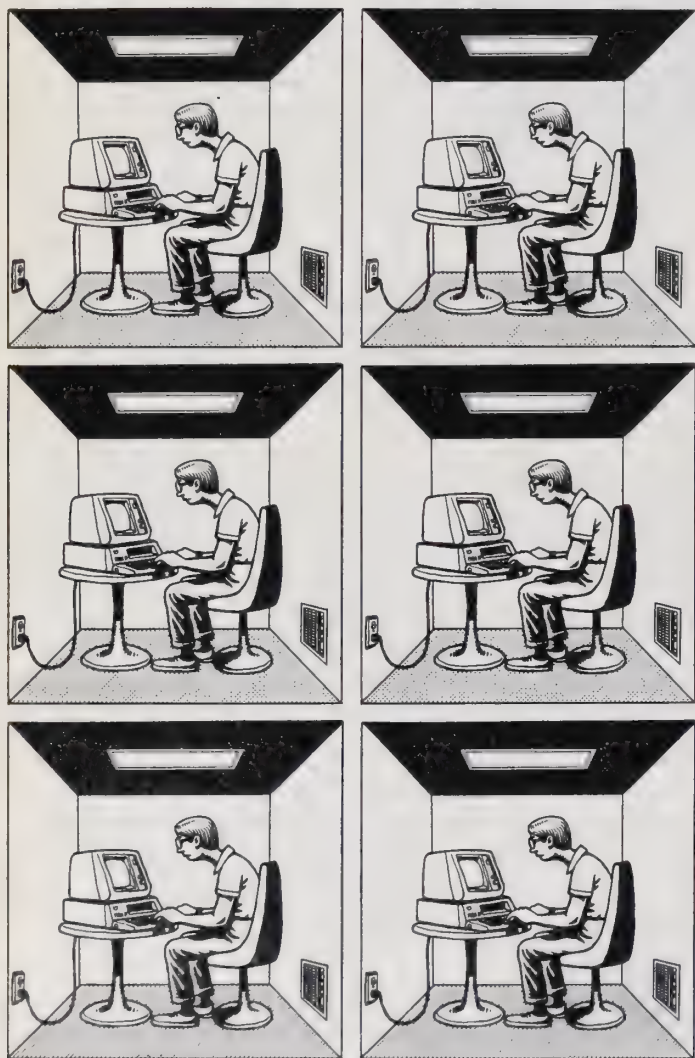
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fought and which I honor. Never did anyone—not he, or his friends, or the members of his entourage—pay a single sou. Among them, they must have killed between 150 and 200 elephants, and not a single French franc ever dropped into the coffers of the Central African Republic. . . .

Page 59: These fellows didn't mind menacing me. A cousin of Giscard's let me know that if I did not make more of an effort, France might well reconsider its Central African aid program. And every day I spent in the circles of power I watched the decision makers reimburse themselves for their "good will" toward my country. I had to raise a veritable army of guards, at my own expense, so that no one could poach on the president's land. In other words, I was the gamekeeper. Such is the role that my French "family" allowed me in those days: gamekeeper! Only later did I assume the greater role Giscard was reserving for me: cuckold.



COMPUTER-NERD HEAVEN

From the Whole Earth Review.

Page 113: It is certainly not disagreeable for a woman to be wooed by the chief of state of a great country with important resources, especially if her beau arranges to throw her encumbering husband into prison.

Page 115: Giscard often came to see Catherine at Hardricourt [Bokassa's castle in France] during the night. While he was there, he searched all the drawers, all the furnishings, all the trunks. An enormous number of files disappeared. He helped her a lot. Thanks to him, she emptied 400,000 francs from the account I had at the Romorantin bank. She could have done nothing without Giscard and his "cousin," who knew of the existence of my Swiss bank account because the bank was well connected to the Giscard family.

Page 117: I fell gravely ill. Catherine decided to come see me. I received her with joy at my "cloister" in Abidjan. Unfortunately, she brought me a certificate from Giscard's doctor stipulating that she was forbidden to have sexual relations. Reality is stranger than fiction.

Page 160: Giscard more than anyone is responsible for the total disappearance of my worldly goods. . . . He took the gold, the diamonds, the letters, the books, the clothing, and the money—[the equivalent of] almost 2 million Central African francs in different currencies. I kept this cash on hand to take trips and to pay the factory workers—Central Africans, Frenchmen, and Belgians—engineers, pilots, the entire staff. The money I kept was thus my strongbox, and Giscard had them rifle through it. How was I to get it all back? When I wrote, I didn't even get a response! . . .

My little fortune was removed on Giscard's orders. And once again I ask: What has become of my wealth? Where is my money, the money with which I could take care of and nourish my family? Monsieur Giscard d'Estaing, former president of France, where have you hidden what your agents stole from me?

Page 161: Giscard has caused me irreparable harm. He acted in his own interests, destroying my family and completely ruining me. It is a case of nothing more or less than piracy. You don't go to your friend and brother's house to take his money and, just because he is an African, separate him from his principal wife and make her your mistress and accomplice.

[The court finds] that the passages cited constitute feigned scandalous revelations of material facts that would cause the gravest damage to President Giscard d'Estaing;

That these alleged facts—beyond their eminently defamatory character—constitute an in-



admissible attack on the intimacy of private life and an exceptionally grave insult to the former president of France, and that their dissemination would cause irreparable trouble;

That the book has been distributed as of 10 May and is being sold in bookstores. . . .

Therefore . . . we hereby order the publishing house of Carrere Lafon to withdraw from sale all copies of the work entitled *Jean-Bedel Bokassa: My Truth* that contain the defamatory passages and the attacks on the private life of President Giscard d'Estaing reproduced above. . . .

We condemn the publishing house Carrere Lafon and hold it liable for all expenses that may be incurred during the seizures necessary to withdraw the above-mentioned book.

[Military Specifications]

## COOKIE MIX, DRY

From MIL-C-43205F, issued by the U.S. Army Research and Development Laboratories in Natick, Massachusetts, to set standards for the military's procurement of chocolate, sugar, and oatmeal cookies. The specifications, which run to sixteen pages, are "approved for use by all departments and agencies of the Department of Defense."

### 1. SCOPE

1.1 *Scope.* This specification covers cookie mixes for use by the Department of Defense as an item of general issue.

1.2 *Classification.* The cookie mixes shall be of the following types, as specified:

Type I—Chocolate

Type II—Sugar

Type III—Oatmeal

### 3. REQUIREMENTS

3.1 *Materials.* The materials shall be clean, sound, wholesome, and free from evidence of insect infestation or any other foreign matter. They shall also be free from off flavor or off odor.

3.1.1 *Flour, enriched.* Flour for Types I and II shall be milled from either soft red winter wheat or soft white winter wheat. The flour shall have a protein range of 7.0 to 10.5 percent and 0.48 percent maximum ash (both calculated on a 14 percent moisture basis), and may be unbleached. Flour for Type III shall be milled from hard red winter wheat or a blend of hard red winter and hard red spring wheats, with not less than 9.5 percent protein and not more than 0.48 percent ash (both calculated on a 14 percent moisture basis). It may be bleached or unbleached. . . .

3.1.3 *Rolled oats.* Rolled oats shall be thin,

uniform flakes produced by rolling or pressing whole oat groats. The oats shall be heat-treated to destroy enzyme activity. In addition, the oats shall not contain more than 11.5 percent moisture and shall test negative to tyrosinase (catechol oxidase).

3.1.5 *Shortening.* The hydrogenated shortening shall be refined vegetable oil of 100-hour or greater stability as determined by the Active Oxygen Method (AOM). . . .

3.1.7 *Eggs: whole, dried.* Whole dried eggs shall have been produced and handled in compliance with requirements set forth in the USDA publication entitled "Regulations Governing the Grading and Inspection of Egg Products." The whole dried egg shall have been prepared under continuous inspection of USDA and shall bear the inspection shield mark.

3.1.10 *Cocoa powder.* Cocoa powder shall be prepared from nibs of domestically roasted cacao beans and shall conform to the requirements of medium fat cocoa, either natural or dutched, as stated in the Definitions and Standards of Identity for Chocolate and Cocoa Products.

3.1.11 *Milk: nonfat, dry.* Nonfat dry milk shall be standard grade or better, as defined in the U.S. Standards for Grades of Nonfat Dry Milk. It shall be of the high-heat type and spray dried.

3.3 *Finished product.* The finished product shall be a properly blended mix . . . free from rancid, musty, sour, and other undesirable flavors or odors, and free from lumps other than those which disintegrate readily upon application of light pressure.

3.3.2 *Baked product.* The prepared product, when hydrated, mixed, and baked to the extent necessary for baking performance evaluation and in accordance with the baking directions in 5.4.1.1 and 5.4.1.2, shall yield tender and crisp cookies that are not peaked. Type I shall have a characteristic chocolate color; Type II shall have a rich, creamy color with brown edges and bottom; Type III shall have a rich golden-brown color.

### 4. QUALITY ASSURANCE PROVISIONS

4.1 *Responsibility for inspection.* Unless otherwise specified in the contract, the contractor is responsible for the performance of all inspection requirements as specified herein. . . .

4.3.1.1.2 *Condition.* Each ingredient shall be examined organoleptically as necessary to determine conformance to condition requirements of 3.1 and as may be contained in the pertinent ingredient-requirement paragraph. . . .

4.3.3.3 *Baking testing.* The inspection level shall be S-1 and the AQL shall be 1.5 defects per hundred units. The cookies shall be pre-



pared and baked in accordance with the applicable directions for use in 5.4.1 except that only an approximate 1-pound (0.45 kg) roll of prepared dough from each sample unit need be sliced and baked. One cookie from each sample unit shall be examined for the defects in Table IV.

TABLE IV. BAKED PRODUCT DEFECTS

Category	Cookie mix type			Defect
	Type I	Type II	Type III	
101	X	X	X	Diameter not as specified
102	X	X	X	Tough and hard
103			X	Color not a rich golden-brown
104	X			Not characteristic chocolate color
105		X		Not rich, creamy color with brown edges and bottom
106	X	X	X	Peaked

[Narrative]

## DISINVESTMENT NIGHTMARE

By Alan Paton. From the Winter 1985 issue of *RSA World*, a Pretoria quarterly "exclusively for people of discernment." A longer version of this narrative appeared in the Johannesburg Sunday Times.

**T**hey came to see me, these Americans, full of righteousness. They flattered me too. They told me I was well known in America, almost as well known as Gary Player and Chris Barnard, and now of course Zola Budd and Bishop Tutu.

They told me Americans had great respect for my moral judgment, and that if I came out for disinvestment it would be a certain winner. They asked me to become president of the World Disinvestment Campaign.

After much moral wrestling I accepted. No one can be more convincing than an American. Also, I must admit that I have some moral weaknesses—one is vanity and another is money.

When it was announced with a great blowing of trumpets that I had become president of the World Disinvestment Campaign, my life changed overnight. Cables of congratulation poured in from America, Canada, Britain, Swe-

den, and other countries. Alas, I lost most of my capitalist friends, but one must pay a price for taking a stand.

I traveled all over the world. I was welcomed on campuses where students would have shouted me down a year before. Then came the great day. Representatives of America, Canada, Britain, France, West Germany, the Netherlands, and the Scandinavian countries met and declared that they favored total disinvestment (except perhaps for a strategic mineral or two).

Disinvestment began to bite. Port Elizabeth and East London became dead cities. In Botha's Hill blacks queued up daily for food and jobs. I must confess I didn't like passing them.

It was a great shock to me to hear over the radio that a mob had burned the buildings of the Valley Foundation and the Church of the Paraclete to the ground. I telephoned the Reverend John Ndlovu and told him that he had my prayers. He said to me, "We don't want your prayers, we want jobs."

There is unrest in the valley, in Botha's Hill and Hillcrest, and Kloof and Westville. I find that I spend more and more time in my study. I pull down the blinds. I find that I feel better when the blinds are down.

But Julia comes to tell me there are black women waiting to see me. She brings their leader into my study, a tall woman for these parts, a tall woman carrying a child and dressed in black. She looks like a sculpture of the Sorrow of the World. She gives me the child and I see that it is dead.

"Why do you give this to me?"

"Because it is yours."

"How can it be mine? I have never seen you before."

"You took its life, therefore it is yours."

She goes out of the study and points to the waiting women:

"They will bring you their children too."

When the police have taken away the body of the child, I come to a decision. I get into my car, my new bulletproof car, and I drive to Pine-town and I buy something I have never bought before. It is a gun.

I drive home and go into my study with the drawn blinds. There, surrounded by all the hundreds of books and papers I have written for the World Disinvestment Campaign, I shoot myself to death.

How could I do such a thing? How could I bring such a noble life to such an ignoble end?

But what am I thinking about? Am I not dead already? No, I am not! The whole thing was an unspeakable dream. I am full of joy to realize that I never had anything to do with any disinvestment campaign.



[Interview]

## WITH THE 'CONTRAS'

From an interview with two contra recruits conducted after they were captured during an unsuccessful attack on the town of Ocotal, near the Honduran border. The interview will appear in *The Contras: Interviews with Anti-Sandinistas*, by Dieter Eich and Carlos Rincón, published by Synthesis Publications of San Francisco. Eich, a sociologist and military historian, heads West Germany's development agency in Managua. Rincón, a Colombian, is a former UNESCO official. Their book was originally published in West Germany in 1984.

*How old are you, and where are you from?*

JOSE AQUILIANO SARMIENTO MARTINEZ: I am eighteen years old and I was born in El Limón de Pucaya, in the district of Ocotal.

MAURICIO SANCHEZ GARCIA: I am twenty-three. I was born in the La Paz valley, which is part of Totogalpa, in the district of Somoto.

*How were you recruited by the FDN [Nicaraguan Democratic Front, the Honduran-based contra group]?*

JOSE: On March 7, 1984, I went to spend the afternoon with a small group of friends in a valley near the village of Antigua. We were sitting under a tree talking when we were suddenly surrounded by a group of armed men. "Here's what we've been looking for," one of them said. He was from the area and knew that my brother was fighting with the Sandinistas, and that I worked in the village cooperative and also with the Sandinista Defense Committee.

They took me and two others. I admit that I had a chance to take off several times, but I didn't. It was more fun than going back to my family. "Stick with us," they said. "We need people. We want to fight for a truly free fatherland. The people who are now in power will get theirs; you can be sure that we will win."

It's true that once they've snatched you, you feel a little of their power. That makes an impression. I really felt excited. I went along with them, without any training, without having any real belief in their cause.

We didn't get far on the first day, only as far as a small farm they knew, where we spent the night. The next day we got as far as the asphalt road to Pueblo Nuevo. There, they took two more farm boys. There was also a skirmish with the Sandinistas. I had already been given, as a sign of trust, an AK-47—two in the group had taken off and left their weapons behind. I now had a machine gun and 170 rounds of ammuni-

tion. In this first encounter, we got hit pretty badly. The fellows from the Sandinista army threw a lot of lead at us. We pulled back around five in the afternoon. My left shoulder hurt a little from the gun strap. They encouraged me—said I would become a good fighter.

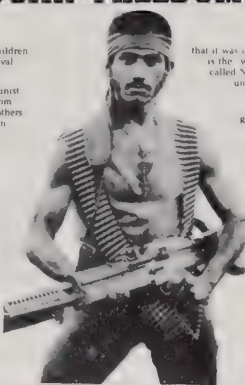
*How were you recruited, Mauricio?*

MAURICIO: I was working as a day laborer for anyone who offered me work. When things got tight, I told my mother I was going to pick coffee at La Providencia ranch, near Quilalí.

I arrived on a Sunday and started picking coffee on Monday. I can still remember the day: February 16. In the middle of the night there was a loud noise at the door. I was still half-asleep when I heard, "Get up at once. If you don't, we'll fire a round into you." Armed men stormed in and pulled us from our beds. They dragged us outside. Around midnight we were taken to some empty houses. They gave us sugar cane to chew on so we wouldn't be hungry.

At daybreak we got up and marched until the sun was high in the sky. Always we traveled through mountainous land, close to the Honduran border. At some point we crossed the border into Honduras. Later we arrived at the camp, La Lodosa.

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To you this may sound like a nightmare, something you would see on the Late Show. Here in Nicaragua it is a way of life. I know. My name is Charley and I am a Nicaraguan counter-communist. A Contra. A Freedom Fighter.

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Last year, your Congress cut off our funding. People like Michael Barnes, Steven Solarz and Ted Kennedy who claim to be "friends of the people" said that it was unethical to fund what here in Nicaragua is the "will of the people". There is no country called Nicaragua. Only a nation of people living under a totalitarian regime funded by Cuba and the Soviet Union.

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*Vaya con DIOS, Charley*

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This poster was distributed on college campuses earlier this year by the College Republican National Fund. It was withdrawn after complaints from the Save the Children Federation.



*José, were you also taken to Honduras?*

JOSE: Yes. After we crossed the border they said, "Now we are at home. Here there is no more danger. We are in Honduras, our brother country."

*Describe a normal day at La Lodosa.*

JOSE: Comandante "Mac" held the reins in the camp and gave orders to our combat unit and others. He turned us over to "Calladito" (the Quiet One), who was in charge of our training, saying, "Here are the new boys. You will not have any trouble with them." On the first day we learned how an FAL is dismantled. After that we trained with AKs and M-14s. I had never held a weapon before this. Later the physical exercises began. Up and down the street, up and down so that we became more nimble and learned to control our bodies. The training lasted more than a month.

"El Griego" (the Greek), one of the commanders, had left his combat unit in Nicaragua and come back to Honduras for supplies and more men. "Get ready, we're going over," he ordered us. We put on our uniforms and new boots and packed extra uniforms and boots to take with us. Near Mojones we crossed the border.

*What did you do in Nicaragua?*

JOSE: Some days we didn't do anything. We rested in our hiding place. Other days we tried to recruit people. But no one in this area wanted to join. On our way back to Honduras we fell into a trap. The Sandinistas had fortified themselves in the mountains and attacked us as we crossed a road near San Fernando, in the vicinity of Ocotal. We suffered casualties. We had no time to bury the dead, so we simply left them behind. But we tried to take the wounded with us, so they wouldn't fall into the hands of the Sandinistas.

*What did you do on your return to Honduras?*

JOSE: We stayed only a short time. Some people read the Bible, others chased women. I washed my uniform and bathed several times. All day long mules arrived loaded with provisions, ammunition, M-79 grenades, RPG-7s, and mines. One evening we were told that we would go back to Nicaragua the next day. We were allowed to eat one more big meal and were given four small packets of dry food—four days' worth. I carried an M-14 weapon and 600 rounds of ammunition. We all wore blue uniforms. The uniform is very good, but it sometimes falls apart at the shoulders.

All together there were about 445 of us. We crossed into Nicaragua and when we reached Ojo de Agua we split up. My group went on

alone, along secret paths close to the border. We had to be careful because the Sandinistas had mined the paths and also laid mines in the hills.

We arrived in the Jaracua valley early one morning. We still didn't know what our goal was, but then one of the men in my unit, Pijul, suddenly figured it out: "Good grief, I bet we're going to Ocotal." The day had not yet dawned. Somewhere some dogs started to bark. As we prepared to march to Ocotal El Griego told us, "We will rendezvous at this spot after the assault."

It wasn't long before we heard the first shots. We couldn't tell where they were coming from, and someone told me to fire at the hill in front of us; maybe the Sandinistas were there. We were told that a lot of fighting was going on in the city, and we could hear El Griego shouting "Long live the FDN" over his megaphone. But as far as we could tell, his group got no support from the inhabitants. His men fought alone in the streets.

A while later two boys carried El Griego by. He had been shot in both legs. We were still on the edge of Ocotal. Then the Sandinistas started bombarding us. Naturally we hadn't thought that the Sandinistas might pursue El Griego, thus blocking our line of retreat, but they did. Many fell as we tried to escape. Real chaos broke out. We were shot at from all sides as we fled down the river bed close to Ocotal.

We had no idea what to do. I heard a voice cry, "I think ten of those blue shitheads are back there." And then, "Surrender!" I pulled myself together, jumped up, and ran across the riverbed. Suddenly, I felt an electric shock in my leg. I felt very warm. I threw away everything I was still carrying—my weapons and my backpack, the grenades, and also the beautiful knife I had taken from a dead man.

I couldn't go any farther, and I lay with my face in the dirt. It's over, I thought. Then the Sandinistas arrived. "Look at this one," they said. "This one even my grandmother would give away." They hauled me up on the bank and asked me a bunch of questions. They wanted to know if we wanted to capture Ocotal or only attack it. I told them that of course we were trying to capture it. They thought that was crazy, since the Sandinistas were so completely in control. Then they took me to the Ocotal hospital, and later to the military hospital in Managua.

*Mauricio, were you also at the attack on Ocotal?*

MAURICIO: Yes. But I hid because I had never taken part in a fight before. I had no idea what was happening. I was afraid. "Man, get going! Go ahead! Shoot!" Nothing. I did nothing. I



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pressed myself against a wall. I only hoped that soon it would all be over. One of the women came by and shouted at me, "Son of a bitch, you're shitting in your pants. Look at me. I am a woman and I am not afraid." Her name was Xiomara. She was unbelievably brave. "Give me your FAL. Mine isn't working anymore." I didn't want to give it to her, but she tore it out of my hands. She stood in front of me with her legs planted far apart and screamed, "The magazine is still full. You haven't fired a single shot." Then we ran down the street. I saw that someone had pulled down the red and black Sandinista flag from the radio station and set it on fire.

The whole time we were being shot at. Once again I pressed myself against a wall, completely rigid. Next to me someone my own age fell to the ground like a sack, shot in the head. Then everyone ran past me, and I ran after them. I jumped down a little slope, and in the middle of the jump I felt a muffled blow in my hip. I felt paralyzed, and was barely able to rip off my backpack. I fell down next to a mango tree. Someone else was already lying there. His name was Miguel. He said to me, "Now you've had it,

too. You won't get out of here. Put a bullet in your head, so you can't tell them anything. Watch me." I couldn't take it in. He bent toward me, held the FAL in his mouth, and pulled the trigger. His head ripped backward and his brains splattered against the tree trunk. That was Miguel.

I was totally wiped out and had already lost a lot of blood when one of the Sandinistas called over, "Now, my little friend, put your hands up high or we'll blow you to pieces." When they saw I was unarmed, they came over and asked if I could still walk. They put me on a pickup truck and took me to the Ocotal military hospital, where I was operated on. Then I was taken by ambulance to the military hospital in Managua. I had never been to Managua and never dreamed that I would see the capital city for the first time from an ambulance.

[Dialogue]

## JFK, SOVIET HERO

From "Black Saturday: Dialogues in the Oval Office," by Fedor Burlatski, in the Fall 1984 issue of the Soviet Review. This dramatic reconstruction of events in the White House during the Cuban missile crisis was originally published in *Literaturniaia Gazeta*, the Soviet monthly, which describes it as "a strictly documented political chronicle . . . based on various American and Soviet sources." This month marks the twenty-third anniversary of the crisis. Translated by Arlo Schultze.

**T**he Oval Office. The Kennedy brothers are seated in armchairs. The window looks out on the semidarkness of early evening. The desk lamps cast eerie shadows on the two lone figures huddled together.

**John Kennedy:** I called you in, Bobby, before the meeting of the National Security Council crisis group to assign you a mission of extreme importance. No one—member of the government, general, or congressman—must know of it.

**Robert Kennedy:** You have my full attention, Mr. President.

**John Kennedy:** We can drop the formalities. My future and yours depend on the turn of a card. But that's not what I want to talk to you about. I want to talk to you about the future of the American people, perhaps of all mankind.

**Robert Kennedy:** I understand, John. The generals are in a real frenzy. The Joint Chiefs of Staff are demanding the immediate bombing of Cuban bases—no fewer than fifty bombing

[Poem]

## THE CARIBBEAN BASIN STOMP

"Hardearned Overturned Caribbean Basin Stomp," by George Starbuck. From *The Breadloaf Anthology of Contemporary American Poetry*, edited by Robert Pack, Sydney Lea, and Jay Parini. Published by the University Press of New England.

Gorgeously the QE2 invaded Grenada.  
Blazing away like Xmas. Broads and booze!  
Fragments of a big brass figurehead, guess whose,  
Lashed to the yardarm. Yankeeedom had made a

Deal! Send me your Derek Walcotts your Vada  
Pinsons your Harry Belafontes and your Rod Carews—  
Quid pro quo for the juiced-up jet-set refuse,  
The ruck of Uncle Slambam's neatsy nephews  
I dump on your quaint ancient quays and queues.

Deal! lady with a ganja lemonade a  
Grade-A grenadine grog and a contac fuse.  
Deal! player-to-be-named-later in the Orlando  
Cepeda

Marianne Moore Bob Vesco Howard Hughes  
Meganegotiation. Whatcha fraida?  
Liberty-gibbet she loaded. Send canoes.



raids. The crisis has shown that the worst thing that can happen is to allow the military to make political decisions.

*John Kennedy:* Not only political decisions, but military ones as well. One good thing about the brass hats: if we do what they want, there will be none of us left alive to tell them they were wrong.

*Robert Kennedy:* The military are not the only problem. They have many congressmen on their side.

*John Kennedy:* "Many" is not the right word. Almost all. At any rate, almost everyone I met with yesterday. They raised such a hue and cry about retaliation—as if the issue were a gunboat operation rather than possible nuclear catastrophe.

*Robert Kennedy:* They are bluffing; they know that the president will refrain from rash action, and that they will then be able to say that he showed himself incapable of pursuing a resolute policy. All of them want to drive the president into a corner. When I threw it in the face of Taylor and Acheson that our generals were behaving like the "hawks" of the Jefferson era, they did not hesitate to call me a "dove" who belonged more in a college classroom than in government. How does it happen that we find ourselves in the minority at a difficult time?

*John Kennedy:* The president only seems to be powerful. Franklin Roosevelt more than once complained about his lack of power, particularly in critical situations. Remember how Congress and the entire nation resisted America's inevitable entry into the war against the Axis powers? It took Pearl Harbor to make America come to its senses.

*Robert Kennedy:* Now we are faced with the threat of a Pearl Harbor in reverse. A barbaric surprise attack on another country. Thousands—tens of thousands—of Cubans will die. Possibly Russians will die as well. The military men have lost all self-control.

*John Kennedy:* Or else they are trying to take control of the presidency. The first piece of advice I will give my successor is that he keep an eye on the generals and rid himself of the idea that, just because they are military men, their opinion regarding military matters is worth one red cent.

*Robert Kennedy:* Those were Eisenhower's last words before he left the White House.

*John Kennedy:* Possibly we didn't give enough weight to his warning. In peacetime, all this balances out. But now, in the face of a dire crisis, we can see that the military are the first to lose their heads.

*Robert Kennedy:* They tend to act on the basis of the traditions and models of previous wars. Even though they know better than anyone else

[Poster]

## CAPITALIST REALISM



PHOTO COURTESY OF RONALD FELDMAN FINE ARTS, NEW YORK

*Glory to the American Worker, by Komar & Melamid, is part of the Russian émigré artists' Poster Series (1980). It appeared this summer in "Funny Art," a group show at the Concord Gallery in New York.*

what nuclear weapons are, they have drawn the fewest conclusions regarding military and political strategy under the new conditions.

*John Kennedy:* The military have taken leave of their senses. They want to start a war. [*The president clenches his fist; his gaze becomes intense. He speaks in a whisper.*] Anything but this. Can it really be that the world is on the brink of a catastrophe? Can it be that everything we are doing is wrong? . . . [*Pause.*] We have no choice. The Russians are right in saying that when we pull the rope from both ends, we are tying the knot of nuclear war all the tighter.

We are faced with the dilemma of satisfying the lawful demands of the Russians without losing control in the government and on Capitol Hill. The only way out is secret diplomacy.

*Robert Kennedy:* That is extremely risky!

*John Kennedy:* I would say the risk is fatal to



us only if we lose. But it is better to risk our own future than the future of the American people and all mankind.

I want you to summon the Soviet ambassador and make a new proposal to him in strict confidence.

[Letter]

## THE SEANCE

*From The Zone: A Prison Camp Guard's Story, by Sergei Dovlatov, published this month by Alfred A. Knopf. The volume consists of letters and stories about Dovlatov's experiences as a guard at a number of Soviet prison camps. Dovlatov emigrated to New York in 1978. The letter below is addressed to Igor Markovich Yefimov, publisher of Hermitage Press, which issued the Russian language edition of The Zone in 1982. Translated by Anne Frydman.*

Dear I.M.,

Unless I'm wrong, we met in 1964—that is to say, soon after my demobilization from prison camp guard duty. By then I was a fully formed person, endowed with oppressive personality problems.

Since you didn't know me before the army, you can hardly imagine how much I had changed, for I had grown up a normal young man. I had a set of loving parents. True, they separated early. But the divorce hardly damaged their relations with me. More than that, the divorce hardly damaged their relations with each other, in the sense that their relations before the divorce had been pretty bad.

I didn't develop an orphan's complex. If anything, just the opposite, since all my classmates' fathers had died at the front.

Alone with my mother, I didn't stand out. Having a living father might have given the impression of bourgeois excess. Thus I killed two birds with one stone (I have no idea if this expression is appropriate here), which is to say, I exploited all the advantages of being an adored son while escaping the reputation of being a lucky boy.

I had normal, ordinary abilities, a commonplace appearance with a slight phony Neapolitan shading, and commonplace expectations. All signs pointed to a typical Soviet biography.

I belonged to an amiable national minority, was blessed with excellent health. From childhood on, I had no morbid preoccupations.

I didn't collect stamps, didn't operate on earthworms, and didn't build model cars. What's more, I didn't even particularly like to read. I liked going to the movies and loafing.

Three years at a university didn't have much effect on my personality. It seemed like a continuation of high school, maybe on a higher level, plus young ladies, sports, and a pitiful minimum of political rebelliousness.

I didn't know that it was just then that I was at the height of good fortune. From then on, everything went downhill. Unhappy love, debts, marriage . . . And as a conclusion to all this—guard duty in a prison camp.

Love stories often end with prison. I just got my doors mixed up, and instead of ending up in the prisoners' barracks, I landed in the army ones.

What I saw there shocked me completely.

There's a classic story that goes like this: A poor boy peeks through a chink in a wall of a nobleman's estate. He sees the nobleman's little boy riding a pony. From that moment on, his life is given over to one end—getting rich. He can no longer return to his former life. His existence is poisoned as a result of his having been initiated into a mystery.

I, too, looked through a chink. Only what I saw was not riches, but the truth.

I was shaken by the depth and variety of life. I saw how low a man could fall, and how high he was able to rise.

For the first time I understood what freedom is, and cruelty and violence. I saw freedom behind window bars, cruelty as senseless as poetry, violence as common as dampness.

I saw a man who had been completely reduced to an animal state. I saw what he could be gladdened by. And it seemed to me that my eyes opened.

The world in which I found myself was horrifying. In that world, people fought with sharpened rasp files, ate dogs, covered their faces with tattoos, and sodomized goats. In that world, people killed for a package of tea.

In that world, I saw men with a nightmarish past, a repulsive present, and a tragic future.

I was friends with a man who had once upon a time pickled his wife and children in a barrel.

The world was horrible. But life continued. What is more, life's usual proportions stayed the same. The ratio of good to evil, grief to happiness, remained unchanged.

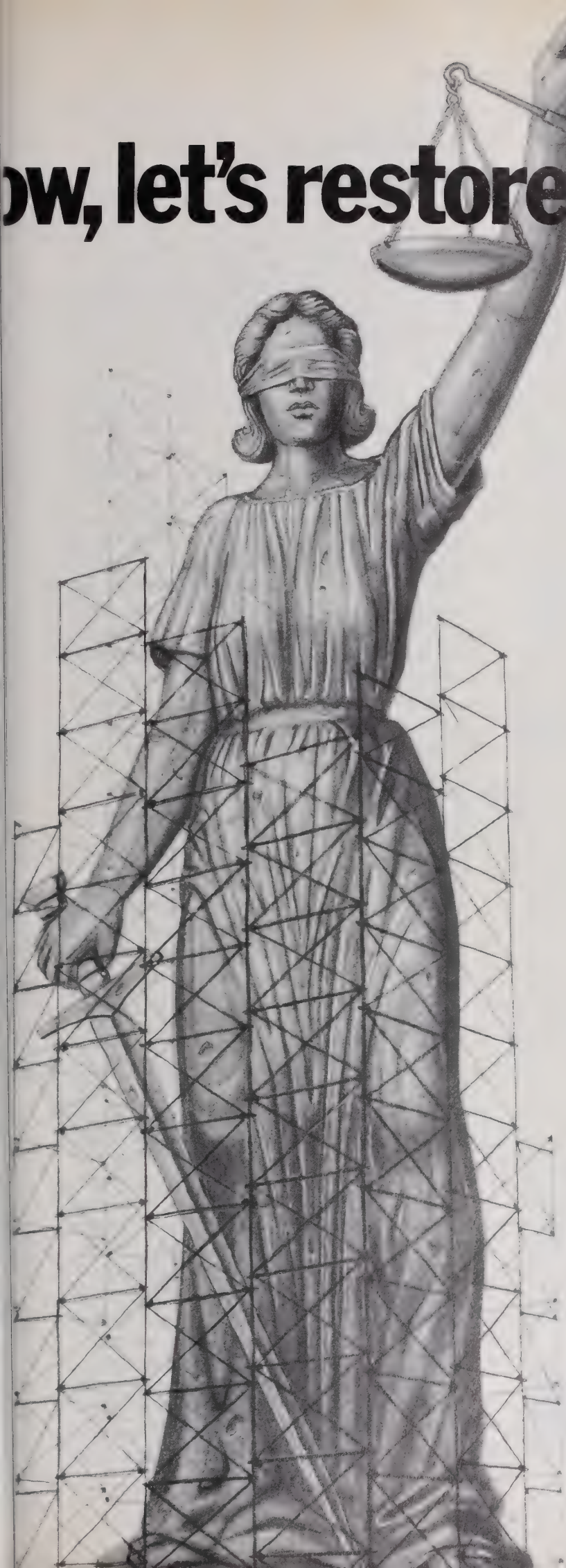
That life had in it whatever you could name. Labor, dignity, love, lust, patriotism, wealth, poverty. There were lumpenproletariat and rich profiteers, careerists and profligates, conformists and rebels, functionaries and dissidents.

But the content of these concepts was radically changed. The usual hierarchy of values had been demolished. What had once seemed important receded into the background. Trivialities blocked the horizon.

A new scale of values for "the good things in



# Now, let's restore Civil Justice.



Year after year, our civil justice system has become slower. More costly. Less fair to the very people it was meant to help.

We all pay the price. Some of us pay in the frustration of waiting for a case to end, or by seeing a settlement eaten away by legal costs. All of us pay in the form of higher taxes and insurance premiums.

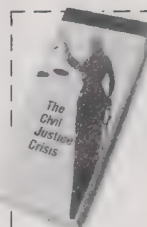
Experts agree on the urgent need for civil justice repair. Chief Justice Burger has criticized "the high cost of legal services and the slow pace of justice." Derek Bok, president of Harvard and former dean of Harvard Law, has called our legal system "the most expensive in the world."

A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

Can anything be done? We think it can.

We're the Insurance Information Institute. Our members, property and casualty insurance companies, are vitally involved in this issue. They've joined with others—doctors, lawyers, government officials, business leaders—in coalitions of concerned citizens. Together, they're developing new solutions. In many states, their ideas are being translated into action.

Our latest report, *The Civil Justice Crisis*, examines the reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.



Insurance Information Institute  
110 William Street  
New York, New York 10038

Please send me a free copy of  
*The Civil Justice Crisis*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_



Insurance Information Institute  
A nonprofit action and information center



life" arose. On this scale, people especially valued food, warmth, the chance to avoid work. The commonplace became precious. The precious—unreal.

A postcard from home precipitated an emotional upheaval. A bumblebee flying into the prisoners' barracks could cause a sensation. A squabble with a guard was experienced as an intellectual triumph.

I knew a man, a long-term recidivist, who dreamed of becoming a bread-cutter. This job carried with it enormous advantages. Once he got it, a zek [inmate] could be likened to a Rothschild. The heels of bread were comparable to diamond deposits.

Fantastic efforts were required to land such a position. You had to sell out, lie, climb over corpses. You had to bribe, blackmail, and use extortion—fight to win at all costs.

This kind of effort in the outside world would have opened the way to the sinecures of party, economic, or bureaucratic leadership. The highest levels of government power are reached by the same means.

Once he became a bread-cutter, the zek fell apart psychologically. The struggle for power had exhausted his inner strength. He was a gloomy, suspicious, lonely man. He reminded me of a party boss, tortured by oppressive complexes.

One episode comes to mind. Prisoners were digging a trench outside of Yosser. Among them was a burglar named Yenin.

It was getting on toward lunchtime. Yenin shoveled one last clod, reduced it to fine sand, then leaned over the pile of dirt.

He was surrounded by zeks who had fallen silent.

He lifted a tiny thing out of the dirt and rubbed it on his sleeve for a long time. It was a shard of a cup, the size of a three-kopeck piece. It still had on it the fragment of a design—a girl in a blue dress. The only thing left intact was her little shoulder and a blue sleeve.

You could see tears in the zek's eyes. He pressed the glass to his lips and said quietly, "A séance!"

In prison camp jargon, "séance" signified any experience of an erotic nature, and beyond that, any instance of positive sensual emotion. A woman in the zone was a séance. But even a piece of fish in the slops was a séance.

"A séance!" Yenin said.

And the zeks who surrounded him confirmed amiably, "A séance!"

The world in which I found myself was horrible. Nevertheless, I smiled no less frequently than I do now, and was not sad more often.

When there is time, I'll tell you about all this in more detail.

[Essay]

## THE DEAD AS A LIVING

*From Notes of an Anatomist, a collection of essays by F. Gonzalez-Crussi, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Dr. Gonzalez-Crussi is a professor of pathology at Northwestern University and head of the division of anatomical pathology at Children's Memorial Hospital in Chicago.*

**Y**ears of performing autopsies have made me wonder what effect, if any, this occupation might have produced upon my own personality. That a trade can leave its imprint on character is an opinion of noble ancestry: we read in the *Nicomachean Ethics* that the soldier learns courage by deliberately exposing himself to danger in battle, thus implying that virtue is a matter of habit and on-the-job training. "What, in the name of heaven," goes the question most often heard, "can be expected of you, who spend your life surrounded by gloom and your working day among truculence, gore, and sadness?"

Corpse handlers, like pathologists, morticians, and embalmers, are viewed with distrust. An honest reply to the question of what one does for a living is bound to break the conviviality. Nor is this distrust found solely among the laity. Richard Selzer, the surgeon-writer, called the pathologist "the weevil in the flour sack of Medicine," and in a humorous essay described him as a despicable creature vilified by his interest in the morbid, depraved by prolonged exposure to evisceration and dismemberment. Against this background I wish to maintain that such activities, as performed by pathologists, are most salutary for the character and lack not in ennobling, even poetic, qualities.

The pathologist is among the very few who are interested in the dead in a concrete way—in the dead *qua* dead. Such an approach is taken by no one else, not even by those who, as clergymen, scientists, mystics, or poets, might be expected to include thanatology as part of their curriculum. Except for the pathologist, those who approach the dead do so by ceasing to see them as human beings. Divested of any individuality, the dead become contemplable.

An illustration of this poetic sidestepping is furnished by the Portuguese writer Eça de Queiroz. In his essay "On the Dead," cadavers are regarded collectively and *in abstracto*. Whether they were consumed by fevers or by cancerous growths, they were buried and later disintegrated inside the earth. Their flesh slowly rotted and melted, and the liquid products became organic juice. Sucked by the roots of



plants, their substance climbed toward the sun, transformed into fruit, leaf, or flower. De Queiroz writes that "the dead are happy because they are far from the human form," interlocked in the chain of nature's transmutations, without concern for misery and decay. The scientist's abstraction is not much different, since, in his scheme, the weakness of the human condition is sighted from the perfect, pure, immaculate vantage point of organic compounds or thermodynamic reactions. In a way, scientist and poet would agree that "the perfect good is attained only by ceasing to be human."

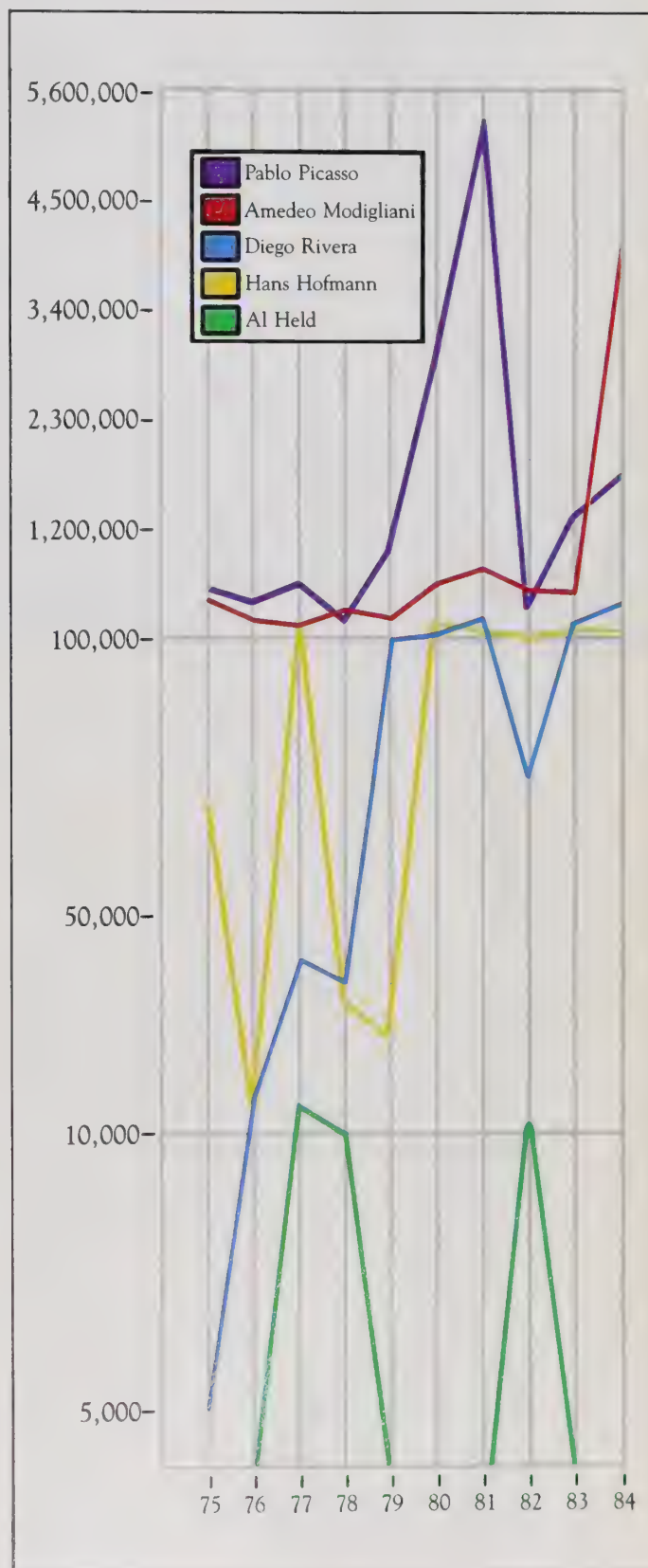
But of these abstractions the pathologist wants no part. As soon as the dead cease to be human, they no longer interest him. His task is to confront the dead squarely and, violating their most intimate individuality, to collect information with which truthful, testable abstractions may be built. But before second-order ideas and hypotheses can be constructed, he must dip his hands in blood and viscous secretions and experience revolting sensations, nauseating odors, revolting sights. In the heroic era of pathology, scientists thought nothing of tasting organ secretions: Giovanni Battista Morgagni, one of the founding fathers of this discipline, recorded for posterity the taste of the fluid found in splenic cysts of pigs. Need we say that their present-day successors should be thankful that scientific progress has removed the need for bravery from chemical investigation? And yet, putrid exudates must still be collected, and necrotic tumors handled and weighed and sampled. Physicians must still engage in the practices that Francisco de Quevedo ridiculed in his "Dream of Death": they must "ask piss what they don't know."

It remains yet to show how the habitual engagement in activities apparently so disagreeable can be edifying; or how such a dark, frowned-upon occupation can contribute to the betterment of its practitioners. It is my contention that such happy consequences result from the singularly forceful way in which the autopsy teaches the double lesson of individuality and commonality among human beings.

Milton Helpern, former chief medical examiner of New York City, who performed tens of thousands of autopsies in his long career, reflected upon the fact that individuality stamps its mark on every part of the anatomy: no two hearts are entirely alike; the shapes of livers are never quite the same; branching vessels always ramify in a unique way. We are thus entitled to feel special, irreplaceable, unique. But this feeling, by itself, is unwarranted and pernicious. Constant affirmation of individual differences creates the illusion that a deep chasm cuts between the self and others. We gratify our egos

[Graph]

## LIVES OF THE ARTISTS



This graph is drawn from several recent issues of *World Fine Art*, a monthly newsletter for "collectors and investors" published in Scottsdale, Arizona. The publication tracks the prices paid for paintings and sculptures and offers investment recommendations. The graph shows the top price paid for each artist's work each year.



by asserting most emphatically the comparisons that show ourselves in a favorable light, and conclude that intelligence, social caste, or beauty stands between two human beings as a gulf wider than the gap between species. This is what Schopenhauer meant in stating that the "principle of individuation" is the root of conceit.

No one who has spent his life by the autopsy table would be ready to believe with Hume that "nature meant original distinctions betwixt breeds of men." The fallacy that a mystical quality can exalt a human being over his peers is shattered more violently by daily contemplation of our inner frailties than by any amount of theological discourse. The German philosophers who championed National Socialism wasted torrents of ink trying to demonstrate the superior physical powers of the Aryan, "that Prometheus of mankind, from whose shining brow the divine spark of genius has at all times flashed forth." It is perhaps not overly optimistic to suppose that, had they any familiarity with what may be found behind that shining brow (as was being deftly exposed every day in the autopsy rooms of each *Stadtkrankenhaus*), their enthusiasm for the immortal virtues of the Aryan race might have been tempered. This expectation draws support from mental habits that grow well in the morgue. Thus the hero-worshiper tells us that Napoleon's moments of abstraction during his exile were due to intent communion with the demiurge of France's immortality. To those familiar with his autopsy report, dyspepsia seems a much more likely explanation.

The conclusion to be drawn is not that the practice of postmortem studies turns pathologists into benevolent propounders of the brotherhood of man. Any humanistic endeavor that opens up intellectual vistas may be said to exert a salutary influence upon the disposition of its pursuers. But the difference between most intellectual activities and "morbid anatomy" amounts to the difference between the abstract and the concrete. Bergson said that it is possible to learn much about Paris by reading narratives of travel and descriptions of buildings, by examining maps and studying photographs. However, this knowledge cannot be compared with that provided by a ten-minute walk along the shaded Parisian boulevards. And so it is with the autopsy: its didactic impact lies entirely within its coercive power. Left to abstractions, our mind would fain seek refuge in philosophies that uphold our uniqueness; but the autopsy, in a most brutal way, reveals our sameness. We should wish to take solace in thoughts that flatter our desire for permanence when the autopsy drags us, by the hair, into the spectacle of our own dissolution.

[Travelogue]

## ON THE ROAD WITH BORGES

From *Atlas*, a new collection of writings by Jorge Luis Borges, to be published by E. P. Dutton in November. Translated by Anthony Kerrigan.

*Hotel Esja, Reykjavik*—The most modest things in life are often a kind of boon. I have just arrived at the hotel. I was, as always, in the middle of that clear haze visible to the eyes of the blind, and I set about exploring the undefined room which had been assigned me. Feeling my way along the walls, which were rather uneven, and circling the furniture, I discovered a large round column. It was so wide I could scarcely encompass it and had trouble getting my hands to meet behind it. I knew at once it was white. Firm and massive it rose toward the ceiling. For some seconds I experienced the curious happiness one derives from a thing that is almost an archetype. I know that at that moment I recovered the elemental joy I first felt when the pure forms of Euclidean geometry—the cylinder, the cube, the sphere, the pyramid—were revealed to me.

*Ars Magna*—I am standing on the corner of Raymundo Lulio Street in Mallorca.

Emerson said that language is fossil poetry. As confirmation of this dictum, we need only remember that all abstract words are, in effect metaphors, including the word *metaphor*, which in Greek means "transfer."

The thirteenth century, which professed the cult of Scripture—that is, of a set of words selected and approved by the Spirit—could not think in a metaphorical manner. A man of genius, Raymundo Lulio (Llull), who had attributed several definite predicates to God (goodness, greatness, eternity, power, wisdom, will, virtue, and glory), conceived a sort of machine-for-thinking made up of concentric circles in wood covered with symbols of the divine predicates. This mechanism, set in motion by the systematic investigator, would yield an indefinite and almost infinite number of concepts of a theological order. He did the same as regards the faculties of the soul and the qualities of everything in the world. As was to be expected, all these combinatory mechanisms served no purpose whatsoever.

Centuries later, Jonathan Swift mocked Llull in *Gulliver's Travels*. Leibniz considered the matter but abstained, naturally, from reconstructing the method.



# 'PALACHIAN VISIONS



ing for the Red Star Sky (left) and I Am Dolly Parton are self-portraits by Denise Dixon from *Portraits and Dreams*, edited by Wendy published by Writers and Readers Publishing in New York. From 1975 to 1981 Ewald taught photography to elementary and junior high s at three schools in southeastern Kentucky. *Portraits and Dreams* is a selection of photographs by her students who used Instamatic s Ewald provided and developed their photographs in school darkrooms.

The experimental science prophesied by Francis Bacon has now given us cybernetics, which has allowed man to set foot on the moon and whose computers are—if the phrase is acceptable—belated sisters of Lull's ambitious circles.

Mauthner observes that a dictionary of rhymes is also a machine-for-thinking.

**On Salvation by Deeds**—One autumn, one of the autumns of time, the Shinto divinities gathered, not for the first time, at Izumo. They are said to have numbered eight million. Being a shy man, I would have felt a bit lost among so many. In any case, it is not convenient to deal in inconceivable numbers. Let us say there were eight, since eight is a good omen in these islands.

They were downcast, but did not show it: the visages of divinities are undecipherable *kanji*. They seated themselves in a circle on the green crest of a hill. They had been observing mankind from their firmament or from a stone or from a snowflake.

One of the divinities spoke:

Many days, or centuries, ago, we gathered here to

create Japan and the world. The fishes, the seas, the seven colors of the rainbow, the generations of plants and animals have all worked out well. So that men should not be burdened with too many things, we gave them succession, issue, the plural day and the singular night. We also bestowed on them the gift of experimenting with certain variations. The bee continues repeating beehives. But man has imagined devices: the plow, the key, the kaleidoscope. He has also imagined the sword and the art of war. He has just imagined an invisible weapon which could put an end to history. Before this senseless deed is done, let us wipe out men.

They remained pensive. Without haste another divinity spoke:

It's true. They have thought up that atrocity, but there is also this something quite different, which fits in the space encompassed by seventeen syllables.

The divinity intoned them. They were in an unknown language, and I could not understand them.

The leading divinity delivered a judgment:

*Let men survive.*

Thus, because of a haiku, the human race was saved. ■



# Uncle Sam as Debtor

For the first time since World War I, the United States is a nation in debt to the rest of the world.

From 1914 until early this year, the U.S. was a creditor nation. The world owed Uncle Sam more than he owed the world.

That's all changed now. As long as our status as a net debtor persists, what happens to America's economic future is in the hands—in the control—of foreigners more than at any other time this century.

True, our country has been in debt for most of this century. That is, it has spent more than it has taken in. The U.S. government has borrowed to make up the difference. Most of this money we borrowed from ourselves. That's why, when speaking about the debt, we could say correctly: We owe it to ourselves.

That's no longer true. Now America is living off money it owes to other countries. The U.S. debt is approaching \$1.5 trillion. It is so large that it cannot be financed by Americans alone. Our government must borrow from foreigners to make up the difference.

A lot has been written about the world's debtor nations. Until now, most of it has been written about underprivileged or hard-pressed nations in the third world. This year the U.S. is the newest nation to join the roster of debtor nations. We may be near the end in alphabetical order. But in terms of the debt's size, we head the list.

What does this mean?

For one thing, it means fewer jobs. America's huge foreign debt keeps the

dollar strong. That's a boon for American tourists abroad, but it brings havoc to American efforts to sell abroad. Our foreign debt is linked to our trade deficit—the amount by which our imports exceed our exports.

A strong dollar has attracted a flood of imports in our country. According to the U.S. Commerce Department, we lose or fail to create 25,000 jobs for every \$1 billion added to the trade deficit. Our trade deficit now is in the \$100 billion range. That's the equivalent of 2.5 million fewer jobs for Americans.

America's international debt problems are serious. But we shouldn't blame others for them. Our problems are of our own making. And the responsibility for solving them lies primarily here in America rather than among our friends abroad.

Other countries succeeded in exporting products to the world when their currencies were strong and the dollar weak. American business should be able to do the same now that the situation is reversed. That means building premium products that do not cost a premium price. It means anticipating future needs by investing heavily in research and development. It means innovating. It means advancing and applying technology skillfully. It means improving productivity. And it also means management and labor establishing and maintaining better working relationships.

*Proverbs* tells us that "the borrower is servant to the lender." Do we want to heed this ancient wisdom? Or do we want to become the servant?



**UNITED  
TECHNOLOGIES**



# AIDS: WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

When a mysterious contagion known as Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome began to kill large numbers of people a few years ago, various moral authorities took solace in the observation that its victims, most of whom were homosexuals or drug addicts, seemed well chosen for divine retribution. Confronted with a lethal and seemingly unappeasable plague, enlightened man found himself grateful to discover a reassuring semblance of the wrath of God.

As the numbers continued to mount and it became undeniable that even the morally immaculate were among the afflicted—as they had been from the beginning—it grew increasingly difficult to consign AIDS to its accustomed place as a pestilence of the lower depths. Only when Rock Hudson's illness became known did the disease achieve the status of a full-fledged "social problem." But the confirmation that viruses remain unimpressed by human pieties did not address the issue of how to slow the spread of a deadly and still puzzling disease.

What exactly do we know about AIDS? Given that knowledge, how can the state marshal a response while protecting the rights of the disenfranchised groups that have been most affected? *Harper's* recently invited a group of public health officials, physicians, scientists, and medical historians to consider what can be done to contain a modern plague.



The following Forum is based on a discussion held at the Princeton Club in New York City. Jonathan Lieberman served as moderator.

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JONATHAN LIEBERSON: **A**s everyone is aware by now, AIDS continues to run its appalling course. At the beginning of 1981, the year AIDS was first recognized, there were fewer than sixty cases in the United States; since then, there have been more than 12,000. Every day more and more people are diagnosed as having a lethal condition for which, as yet, there seems to be no effective treatment.

In view of the gravity of this situation, our task today is to review the facts about the epidemic and to discuss what factors influence so-

ciety's response to it. What precisely is known, and not known, about AIDS? Have its cause and the means by which it is transmitted been definitely established? Is there reason to expect that it will increasingly affect people in groups that have remained largely unaffected? Are researchers close to finding a cure or an effective treatment for AIDS?

Second, what policies should the United States and other nations adopt in dealing with this epidemic? What in fact has been done by the U.S. government thus far? What principles



should guide public discussion of ways to control and contain the epidemic? Under what conditions should we consider using measures that may raise troubling issues of privacy, confidentiality, and civil rights? Has the government's response been greatly influenced, as many charge, by the fact that most of those afflicted with AIDS are homosexuals or drug addicts?

Finally, how has society responded to AIDS? How will it respond as the number of patients continues to rise? And how will the spread of AIDS influence sexual attitudes in general?

Dr. Silverman, how many people are currently afflicted with AIDS, who are they, and how fast is it spreading?

MERVYN F. SILVERMAN: As of August 12, 12,408 people in the United States had been reported as having AIDS; 6,212 had died. The number of cases is roughly doubling every year, but it is doubling within certain well-defined "high-risk" groups which emerged early on in the epidemic. According to the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta, gay and bisexual men constitute 73 percent of AIDS patients nationwide; intravenous drug abusers make up 17 percent; transfusion recipients 2 percent; and hemophiliacs one percent. Heterosexuals who have had sexual contact with members of high-risk groups make up another one percent, and the remaining AIDS cases are classified as "non-characteristic." It is expected there will be more than 30,000 cases by the end of 1986.

MATHILDE KRIM: It should be emphasized that these figures include only cases of the disease as defined by the CDC. This narrow definition applies to a relatively small proportion of cases within a much larger population of diseased people. Those numbers, however frightening, represent the tip of the iceberg.

The condition now known as AIDS was first recognized in 1981 when an unusual form of pneumonia, *Pneumocystis carinii*, killed five young men in Los Angeles. All five were homosexual and suffered from a profound impairment of their immune systems. In particular, they lacked T-4 lymphocytes, a type of white blood cell that is essential to defending the body against infections. As the number of cases began to grow, physicians saw this pattern repeated: all people with AIDS had a severely impaired immune system that left them vulnerable to rare "opportunistic" infections and cancers, particularly Kaposi's sarcoma. This association of different diseases, several of which often strike the same patient simultaneously, constitutes a "syndrome." The conglomeration of illnesses was apparently made possible by an

underlying immunodeficiency that the heretofore healthy patients had somehow "acquired." Thus, Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome, or AIDS.

For two years, researchers focused on identifying the cause of the immune deficiency. Meanwhile, the CDC's nationwide surveillance showed that the disease was concentrated in the high-risk groups Dr. Silverman named. Researchers noted that members of these groups tend to be exposed to various infections or allogeneic cells—such as foreign blood cells or sperm—both of which can damage the immune system; some even speculated that AIDS might simply be an extreme result of this damage. But other researchers believed an infectious agent might be involved.

In April 1984, Dr. Luc Montagnier's group at the Pasteur Institute in Paris isolated a virus that he called "lymphadenopathy-associated virus," or LAV, because it had been found in a patient with chronically swollen lymph glands. Less than a year later, Dr. Robert Gallo of the National Institutes of Health isolated a virus from an AIDS patient that he called "human T-cell lymphotropic virus, type three," or HTLV-III. The two viruses were later found to be virtually identical, and thus the virus now thought to cause—or at least be one cause of—AIDS is known as LAV/HTLV-III.

LIEBERSON: But AIDS patients are susceptible to all sorts of infections. What proof is there that this particular virus causes the disease?

KRIM: LAV/HTLV-III has a strong predilection for infecting and growing in T-4 cells when studied in the laboratory. And it has been found in virtually all patients suffering from AIDS itself or from the lesser forms of the disease that don't fit the CDC definition.

Dr. Gallo's group was able to develop a blood test, called the ELISA test, which indicates whether someone has been exposed to the virus. This test does not detect disease, only the antibodies formed when someone has been exposed to LAV/HTLV-III. But it can be used to screen contaminated blood from the blood supply and to estimate the spread of the virus. For example, surveys show that in New York City, as many as 80 percent of IV drug users, as many as 60 percent of healthy gay men, and one out of every thousand healthy blood donors have been infected. These numbers probably vary from city to city, but the CDC has estimated that a million people might already have been infected nationwide.

While infection with the virus seems necessary for the occurrence of AIDS, it isn't clear whether it's sufficient to cause it. The great ma-



jority of those with the virus as yet show no symptoms. On the other hand, the incubation period for AIDS may be very long, from several months to more than five years. Meanwhile, many who *are* sick are not considered to have AIDS. According to the CDC's definition, one must not only show an acquired immune deficiency but be afflicted with one or more of certain specified opportunistic infections, or with certain cancers. Yet many infected people exhibit a broad range of symptoms, from persistent low-grade fever, unexplained weight loss, and swollen lymph glands to various degrees of immune deficiency sometimes associated with infections and cancers other than those specified by the CDC.

LIEBERSON: Would it be correct to refer to these manifestations as "pre-AIDS," as some have?

KRIM: No, "pre-AIDS" implies that these symptoms inevitably lead to AIDS. Yet many patients have had them for several years and have not gone on to develop AIDS. The symptoms constitute a condition that is now referred to as AIDS-related complex, or ARC. There may be ten ARC patients for every one AIDS patient.

RONALD BAYER: Current estimates are that between 5 percent and 20 percent of those infected with LAV/HTLV-III will go on to develop AIDS-related complex or AIDS within the next five years. This means there might eventually be as many as 200,000 terribly ill people in this country.

KRIM: The problem with those percentages is that we have not followed any of these infected people for more than about five years. Since AIDS can take so long to appear after infection, the percentage of those infected who will develop the full-blown syndrome may be much higher than we think. And of course as we speak, the million Americans who are infected are going about the business of transmitting the virus—studies show that at least two thirds of those with the virus are capable of infecting others. So there may well be many more than 200,000 cases.

GERALD FRIEDLAND: What often happens with a new disease is that the lethal cases—the most dramatic ones—are counted first. Yet these represent only the top of a pyramid beneath which extend a majority of infected people who exhibit a broad spectrum of symptoms, or none at all. Because AIDS is such a new disease, the ratio of asymptomatic infection to mild disease to serious disease to lethal disease isn't clear. The 5 percent to 20 percent estimate is based

on the current epidemiological evidence. Yet, as Dr. Krim said, the incubation period could be much longer than the disease's history itself. The virus could get into a cell and remain dormant. And then, ten or fifteen years later, some biostress might cause it to manifest itself. But we can't know yet, because we are *making* history now.

SILVERMAN: What makes the virus manifest itself? Each of the stages between the mildest sign of LAV/HTLV-III infection—which may simply be a positive blood test—and AIDS as defined by the CDC represents a greater deterioration of the immune system. In order to develop any of these manifestations, or perhaps even to be infected in the first place, a co-factor of some sort is probably necessary. Since those who develop the disease fall into groups that tend to have compromised immune systems, an existing weakness in the immune system seems the most likely co-factor.

By shooting up for years, IV drug abusers have destroyed, or at least attacked, their immune systems. People who need blood transfusions tend to be in very difficult straits and probably have weakened immune systems, as do hemophiliacs, who receive blood products from thousands of people during their lifetime.

LIEBERSON: But why have homosexuals constituted the majority of cases from the beginning? And what is meant by "homosexual" here? What kind of homosexual? What groups?

GARY MACDONALD: Good Lord, are there more than ten kinds? We should have invited Dr. Kinsey. "Gay or bisexual men" refers to a group of males, largely between the ages of twenty and fifty, who have sex with other males.

LIEBERSON: I wasn't looking for a definition of homosexuality. Given the fact that members of the high-risk groups tend to have pre-existing immune deficiencies, are we speaking about any homosexual, or only those who engage in certain practices?

SILVERMAN: Gay men tend to have compromised immune systems for a couple of reasons. First, semen is known to be immunosuppressive when it is introduced into the bloodstream through breaks in mucous membranes. Second, gay men, especially "fast-lane" gays who have many sexual partners, generally have a lot of infections, which weaken their immune systems.

KRIM: Certain sexual acts also seem to facilitate transmission of the virus. In particular, anal-receptive intercourse may facilitate both trans-



mission—by letting infected sperm into the bloodstream—and an immunological reaction to that sperm.

MACDONALD: Look, I think the moment may have arrived to desexualize this disease. AIDS is not a "gay disease," despite its epidemiology. Yet we homosexualize it, and by so doing end up posing the wrong questions. There is no evidence to support the notion that gay men in general are immunocompromised *because* they engage in anal intercourse, despite the fact that semen itself may be immunosuppressive in some circumstances. And gay men have been doing this for centuries with no dire results.

Isn't the point really that an infectious agent has been introduced into the gay male population and, because gay men tend to have sex with each other, is spreading there? There is nothing inherent in being gay that promotes this disease; after all, the number of cases within each high-risk group appears to be increasing at the same rate. AIDS is not transmitted because of who you *are*, but because of what you *do*. From the beginning, 17 percent of AIDS patients have been IV drug users, and at least 6 percent have never fit into any of the high-risk groups. In New Jersey, the *majority* of AIDS patients are IV drug users. By concentrating on gay and bisexual men, people are able to ignore the fact that this disease has been present in what has charmingly come to be called "the general population" *from the beginning*. It was not spread from one of the other groups. It was *there*.

FRIEDLAND: The majority of our patients in the Bronx are IV drug users, and a quarter are women who have contracted the disease either by using dirty needles or by having sex with infected men.

ANN GIUDICI FETTNER: And the CDC admits that at least 10 percent of AIDS sufferers are gay *and* use IV drugs. Yet they are automatically counted in the homosexual and bisexual men category, regardless of what might be known—or not known—about how they became infected.

In their desire to keep AIDS in its place as a "gay disease," people ignore the fact that in Central Africa, the sexual spread of the disease occurs almost solely among heterosexuals; slightly more women than men are infected. At the university hospital in Kinshasa, the capital of Zaire, three or four AIDS cases are coming in every day. Interestingly enough, in some places where the virus is prevalent, there is virtually no disease. For example, scientists have found that as many as 51 percent of the people in some remote tribes in northern Kenya are in-

fectured—but there's no AIDS. They're finding the virus in green monkeys in Zaire as well, yet they don't seem to be sick.

SILVERMAN: It's possible that the virus has existed in animals for a long time and has only recently mutated and begun to infect humans. Or it may have been present in humans in isolated regions of Africa for years. Perhaps it began to spread as more roads were built and people moved to the cities. Today, jet travel can spread a disease around the world almost instantly.

MACDONALD: The outbreak in Western Europe seems to be following the American model: the largest group affected is gay and bisexual men, followed by IV drug users, and then heterosexuals. The number of cases is increasing rapidly, particularly in France and West Germany.

LIEBERSON: What precisely do we know about how the disease is spread?

KRIM: The virus is probably not spread by casual contact—kissing or living in the same household or sitting near someone on a bus. But it is transmissible sexually and through the blood. It is less contagious than hepatitis or flu.

SILVERMAN: People seem to think AIDS is some virus from a Steven Spielberg movie—a super-virus. Well, it isn't. Soap and water destroy it. In fact, LAV/HTLV-III is sexually transmitted precisely because it is so fragile.

LIEBERSON: Does "sexually transmitted" mean that a person who has sex with someone who has the virus is likely to get it?

FRIEDLAND: Frankly, we have no idea how likely it is that the virus would be transmitted during any single sexual encounter. Someone may have to be exposed several times to be infected.

STEPHEN SCHULTZ: We know the virus is present in body fluids, but we don't know which of them are effective transmitters. Just because the virus is found in saliva doesn't mean saliva transmits it. Many public health officials have taken the conservative approach and assumed that if the virus is present in *any* body fluid, every attempt should be made to avoid spreading it around.

FRIEDLAND: To obtain *biological* proof of how the virus is transmitted, as opposed to epidemiological proof—which is essentially circumstantial evidence—we would have to take infected body fluids, inject them into subjects, and wait for infection to occur. Since this is impossible to do in humans, researchers must find an ani-



mal that can become infected with the virus and duplicate the disease. Work in this area began only recently. Today, we can only make admittedly circumstantial assumptions about how the virus is transmitted.

SILVERMAN: Epidemiologically speaking, one could say that semen appears more likely to transmit the virus than saliva. The two factors associated with transmission seem to be multiple sex partners, which suggests that a number of exposures might be necessary, and anal-receptive intercourse, which suggests that semen is a likely transmitter.

FRIEDLAND: The cleaner epidemiologic information derived from transfusion studies confirms that blood can transmit the virus. In some cases, the original blood donors of people who have acquired the disease have been located, and the virus in their blood isolated. These transfusion studies give us our most reliable evidence about the disease's incubation period. The multiple sexual encounters of many gay and bisexual men, for example, or the numerous episodes of needle-sharing among drug addicts, usually make it impossible to determine when infection occurred.

BAYER: Although we can retrospectively trace cases back to blood donors, we don't know how many recipients of that blood did *not* become infected. Not everyone given a transfusion with infected blood develops antibodies.

SILVERMAN: Retrospective studies of any disease usually give us fairly definite information about transmission. But with AIDS, we're just now building that body of information.

MACDONALD: Still, there are *no* data suggesting the virus is transmissible by casual contact or through saliva. If it were, we would undoubtedly be seeing a markedly greater number of cases than we have so far.

SILVERMAN: And the numbers of AIDS patients, though doubling every year, are doubling *within* the high-risk groups. No mothers of AIDS patients have gotten it, for example.

KRIM: An even stronger argument is that there has been no recorded transmission of the virus between AIDS patients and medical personnel.

SILVERMAN: The point is that AIDS is predominantly a sexually transmitted disease, and that means it's a *behavioral* disease. People who *don't* do certain things very likely will not get it. People who *do* do certain things risk getting it.

KRIM: This means that the infection—and therefore AIDS—is essentially preventable, not by medical means as yet but by changing how people behave. People must be taught how to protect themselves from getting the virus. That is the great failing of our government: it has made no real effort to provide this education.

ALLAN M. BRANDT: That raises the question of how very rational fears of what is after all a terrifying disease can be separated from the powerful, irrational fears that are spreading across the country. Despite the scientific uncertainty, emerging epidemiological data tell us a good deal about why we need not fear AIDS under certain circumstances. Yet this information has gotten lost in the public portrayal of the disease.

SCHULTZ: Look at the press, which has been pointing its finger at prostitutes and warning heterosexuals that they run a "grave risk" of catching AIDS. The cover of *Life* proclaimed "Now No One Is Safe from AIDS" in big red letters. Meanwhile, the government warns that *everyone* must be careful, which, while literally true, tends to worry people unduly. The evidence that AIDS is spreading outside the high-risk groups, beyond the percentage of "noncharacteristic" cases we've *always* seen, is negligible.

MACDONALD: Only because the gay aspect of the disease has been so sensationalized can people say, four years after the epidemic broke out, my goodness, *heterosexuals* are at risk too. The disease *seems* to have "broken out" in the general population, but that's only because we have not really talked about AIDS before—its epidemiology, modes of transmission, and so on. Before, when discussing AIDS, we were really talking about attitudes toward homosexuality, or something else altogether.

SILVERMAN: Only one percent of all AIDS cases can definitely be traced to sexual transmission between men and women. But this might be changing. Eighty-six percent of AIDS patients in San Francisco are homosexual or bisexual men who are not IV drug abusers—as opposed to 59 percent in New York City. But the percentage of IV drug abusers in San Francisco who are infected seems to be rising. If a man has sex with a woman who has contracted the virus by using dirty needles, he could become infected. So we may start seeing more cases among heterosexuals in San Francisco.

FETTNER: The press keeps talking about hookers—how they get it from dirty needles and spread it to their customers. But do we know exactly *how* they spread it?



FRIEDLAND: We *know* the virus is transmissible through blood, and almost any body fluid can be contaminated by blood. A woman's gums may be bleeding when she kisses her partner; maybe cells are exchanged that are infected with the virus. Or her vaginal fluids may contain it. At this point, we just don't know.

I treat many women who have contracted AIDS through sex with men, and as far as we can determine, these women seldom engage in anal-receptive sex. Many have longstanding relationships—with a single infected person. A simple formula might be: the more frequent the sexual activity, gay or straight, with an infected partner, and the more body fluids exchanged, the more likely it is that the virus will be transmitted.

SILVERMAN: The clearest rule is: prevent the exchange of body fluids. Those with multiple partners—and especially members of high-risk groups—should use condoms, and use them properly. People in these groups can have safe sex so long as they are honest with each other and take the proper precautions. And there are certainly erotic and exciting sexual activities that do not entail an exchange of body fluids. Use your imagination.

FETTNER: Use your imagination? What kind of educational message is that?

SILVERMAN: Well, statistical studies, particularly those being conducted in San Francisco, show that this advice is being followed. We hear constantly about the "promiscuity" of gays and the shocking bathhouses, but few people mention the phenomenal change in behavior that has taken place within the gay community since the AIDS crisis began. The rate of rectal gonorrhea has plummeted, falling more than 75 percent.

LIEBERSON: What are the prospects for developing a cure or an effective treatment for this disease?

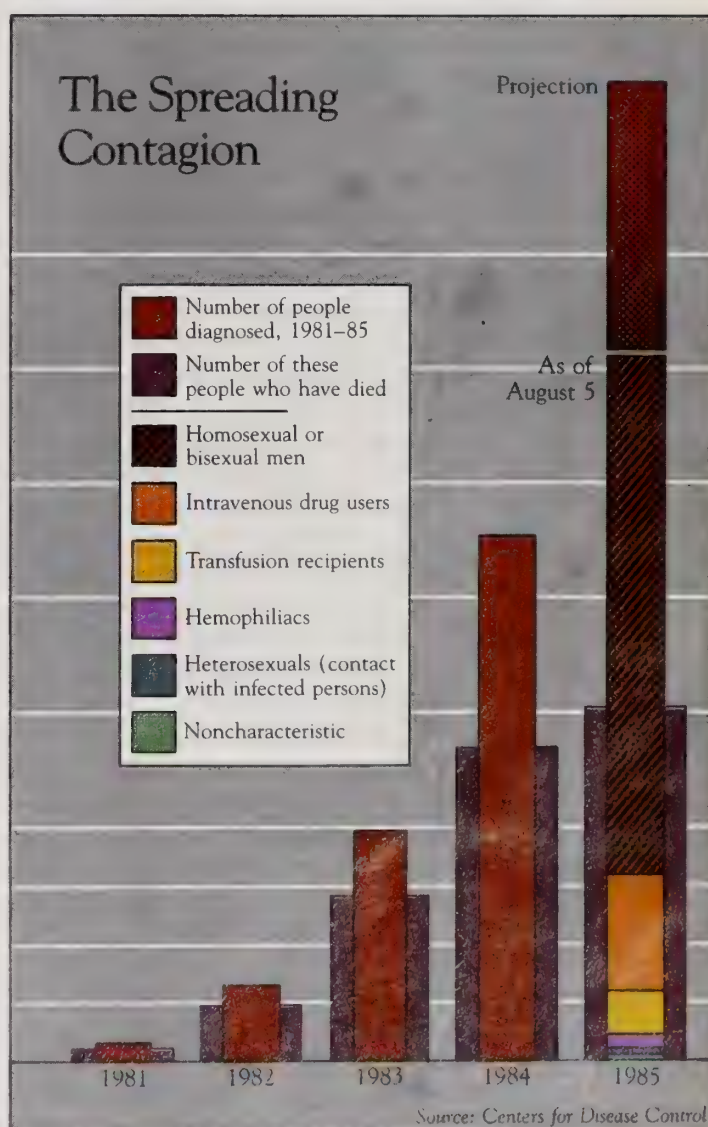
KRIM: There are three rather disquieting obstacles to developing an effective vaccine or treatment. First, LAV/HTLV-III is a retrovirus, a very particular kind of virus unknown in humans until a few years ago. Such a virus has genetic material composed of double-stranded RNA that must be transcribed into DNA by a viral enzyme. The viral DNA is then integrated into human chromosomes. Once it is there, nothing can remove it—infection is lifelong, and the virus reproduces at a very rapid rate. At best, treatment might succeed in suppressing multiplication of the virus.

Second, although this virus induces the production of antibodies, these antibodies almost

never succeed in neutralizing it. The immunological reaction against infection is not generally effective.

Finally, this virus, like flu viruses, seems to mutate—to modify its genetic structure—frequently. This raises the question of whether an effective vaccine—or at least a single effective vaccine—can ever be developed. It's quite possible that an antibody that works against one strain of the virus might be powerless against another strain, which is exactly the difficulty we have in developing a flu vaccine.

So LAV/HTLV-III infects a person for life; it remains infectious despite the presence of antibodies produced to combat it; and developing a vaccine will be very difficult, and may be impossible. And we have learned through bitter experience that treating patients in the terminal stage of this infection is futile.



Numbers of cases and deaths are cumulative. Risk-group percentages have remained fairly constant since 1982. As of March, 882 cases had been reported in France, 449 in West Germany, and 360 in Britain. As of last December, 340 cases had been reported in Haiti, 182 in Brazil, and 165 in Canada.



FRIEDLAND: I wince when I hear that. I spend most of my time treating patients; to say we have no cure is not to say we do nothing. We are unable to cure many diseases; so we concentrate on palliating them. We do many things to improve the quality of life of AIDS patients. Every day we learn more about how to recognize the opportunistic infections early and to treat them effectively.

KRIM: But AIDS is a lethal disease, and at this point most patients die of it within a couple of years. There is now a clear consensus among researchers that treatment aimed at suppressing the multiplication of the virus and at stimulating and restoring the immune system should be undertaken earlier, not only prior to the development of the cancers and opportunistic infections but prior to the development of any significant immune deficiency—if possible, immediately after infection with LAV/HTLV-III.

But there is a problem—the current pharmacopoeia is devoid of drugs that can do these things. Some rare drugs such as HPA-23, Suramin, and Ribavirin seem to inhibit retrovirus multiplication in animals or in the laboratory, but investigators have only begun to study how effective they might be against LAV/HTLV-III in man—and how toxic they are. Meanwhile, drugs able to restore immune functions simply don't exist.

One would expect that very assertive and organized research into these areas would be under way. Unfortunately, our government in its wisdom has done little or nothing to fund such research. Work on antiviral drugs was started only this year, and the government has made available very, very little money to pay for it. Research on the use of interferons, which are known to be effective against retroviruses in animals, has been left entirely to the pharmaceutical companies that produce them.

MACDONALD: It's obvious that the government was caught off guard and is still off guard. The federal government in general—and the Public Health Service in particular—is not equipped to respond to such a devastating epidemic. That has not really changed since the polio epidemic in the 1950s. Not enough money is allocated, and the various agencies of the Public Health Service compete for the money that is, frequently duplicating work or not performing it at all because they misunderstand which agency is supposed to do what. I hope the AIDS epidemic will point up the extent to which we need to examine the role of our government in public health emergencies.

When a disease is controversial or politically sensitive, politicians and federal officials are

even more hesitant to take an assertive role. From the beginning, AIDS was a political issue more than a medical one, and it remains so today. When officials discuss AIDS, they are usually not discussing a disease but the people who suffer from it, and how voters react to it.

FETTNER: Federal agencies have been forceful in leading efforts in prevention, screening, and treatment of other diseases, yet they have done very little with respect to AIDS. The government has done literally nothing in the way of education, and yet, as Dr. Krim said, our only defense against this disease is to educate people about how they can avoid infection. The Department of Health and Human Services has allocated only \$120,000 this year for public education—down from \$200,000 last year.

MACDONALD: The truth is that the federal government does not want to be in the position of talking about gay sex acts—which is what it would have to do to mount an effective educational campaign.

MATHEW J. SHEBAR: In fact, twenty-four states still have laws prohibiting sodomy, specifically the act of anal penetration. So the federal government might be condoning criminal activity in those states if it began telling men to use condoms when having sex with other men.

SILVERMAN: The government only has to provide funds so that communities can educate their people about AIDS in whatever way they deem most effective.

MACDONALD: But that presupposes the government believes it *has* a role in these matters—which it apparently does not. The standard procedure of the Public Health Service when it is confronted with an epidemic is to determine the cause and develop a vaccine. The federal government has not taken responsibility for funding AIDS treatment or education because these elements don't appear in that model. Up to now, it has responded to AIDS by working to discover its cause and by pushing forward a crash program to develop a vaccine. Even the greatly increased funds that the government proposes to spend on education next year will be administered by officials who do not believe in the efficacy of prevention.

Yet consider the cost of this epidemic. According to the CDC, the average cost per diagnosed case is about \$140,000. For the first 9,000 cases, the cost in health care alone has been about \$1.25 billion, some 60 percent of which has been public money. And it is sure to cost much more this year.



SILVERMAN: The cost per case in San Francisco is probably half that figure. San Francisco is spending about \$4 million this year on outpatient services for AIDS patients. The idea is to reduce the hospital stay and care for patients in their homes with skilled nurses and other support staff. The average hospital stay in San Francisco for an AIDS patient is about eleven days, which is much less than in New York.

This system reduces total AIDS expenditures immensely. But it's enormously costly for the local government, because charges are not reimbursed by Medicaid or other programs. Yet the federal government considers the provision of these services a local responsibility, even though they reduce total costs. Meanwhile, New York and San Francisco, because of the quality of care they provide, now attract AIDS patients from across the country.

BAYER: The fact is that our health care system doesn't provide adequate care for large numbers of people. How can we provide money for long-term care for AIDS patients? We can't provide it for the elderly or the homeless.

SHEBAR: The whole question of federal involvement is a double-edged sword, particularly when it comes to prevention programs. Asked how to "prevent" AIDS, the man on the street might demand rather draconian measures. Some right-wing spokesmen have already advocated the mandatory quarantine of AIDS patients. Officials in the Reagan Administration might believe they're being rather evenhanded when it comes to AIDS: Well, they say, we may not be giving much money to those gays for education, but at least we're not locking them up, as Jerry Falwell keeps demanding.

SCHULTZ: Those on the radical right aren't the only ones talking about quarantine; so are many people in the public health profession.

FETTNER: Quarantine is not some sort of paranoid gay fantasy. James Mason, head of the CDC and acting assistant secretary for health, has conceded that it has been discussed by federal officials.

KRIM: A quarantine would not only be terribly cruel and harmful, but also completely counterproductive. After all, the only people who could be forcibly committed to a hospital are diagnosed AIDS patients showing clinical symptoms. Yet these people are very ill, and they are usually not interested in sex. And the more advanced their condition, the less infectious they become.

The people most likely to infect others with

the virus are those who have been infected but do not evidence symptoms. They think of themselves as healthy; for all we know, they may never get sick.

SILVERMAN: Besides the obvious ethical issues this raises, if we tried to lock up all those infected, we would have to imprison upward of a million people, most of whom are not sick. And how would we identify the infected people? My God, we would have to give everyone in the country a blood test, and isolate all those who tested positive—some of whom, of course, would test *false-positive*.

BAYER: It's clear mass quarantine couldn't work, at least not in a way that would benefit public health; but it would have a profound effect on civil liberties. Many less extreme measures have also been discussed, and because they are more plausible, they are even more troubling.

For example, some have proposed mandatory screening for AIDS in schools, in the military, in places of employment. It's not unreasonable to expect that many who are deeply concerned about public health—and not necessarily right-wingers—will begin to discuss this possibility. If nothing else, such a discussion might help us confront the fact that in some sense we have lost the ability to consider "the public" when we debate public health issues. The concern for privacy, civil liberties, and constitutional rights has become so pre-eminent in the past few decades that it is impossible to determine at what point these individual protections might be compromised in the name of public health.

SILVERMAN: I disagree. Officials must simply look at these issues logically and intelligently. If they do, they'll see, for example, that there is no real point in mandatory mass screening. The disease is not casually spread, so there is no reason for an employer to screen his employees, except perhaps to avoid paying out insurance money.

The military already screens all blood it collects on its bases. Commanding officers are informed when someone tests positive for LAV/HTLV-III—apparently not for health reasons, but so he may be discharged for being a homosexual.

SHEBAR: If the military discharges someone because he has AIDS, it has violated the law. But if it discharges someone—on the basis of the same test—because he is a homosexual, it's within the law.

MACDONALD: But the test is often inaccurate, and in any case, a positive test doesn't indicate a person has the disease. It only shows that the



immune system has been exposed to the virus and has built up antibodies to fight it.

In New Jersey it was recently proposed that anyone giving blood whose antibody test was positive be informed, and that blood banks be required to report test results to the state. But certainly the government should intervene only when it can do something constructive. What can it do for someone who tests positive?

BAYER: It is not unreasonable to assume that once public health officials notified someone that he had tested positive, he would have a moral obligation to behave prudently when he had sexual contact with others.

MACDONALD: But a test result is not required to give that message to members of high-risk groups.

SILVERMAN: Well, it definitely makes that message more effective. That's why I'm in favor of people in high-risk groups—gays and bisexuals, IV drug abusers—taking the blood test. Someone who has a positive test can at least come in for counseling. What do we tell him? First, the evidence indicates that a large percentage of people carrying the virus will not get AIDS.

Second, there are steps you can take to help ensure that you stay healthy. Above all, build up your immune system: follow a good diet, get a lot of rest and exercise. Most important, make sure you don't expose yourself to the virus again—and, for God's sake, don't expose anyone else.

To someone who tests negative, we can offer advice on how to stay that way: build up the immune system and behave in ways that don't increase the risk of exposure. And, as Dr. Krim mentioned, if we begin treating people at an earlier stage of the infection, we may be able to accomplish something with treatment.

LIEBERSON: What's the possibility of the test indicating someone has the virus when he doesn't?

FRIEDLAND: Any test has its "false-positive" rate. In screening IV drug users in New York City—up to 80 percent of whom may have the virus—the test should be pretty reliable. But if you're screening a population that has a relatively low frequency of infection, the test's false-positive rate may actually be higher than the true rate of infection of the group. So a given positive test is more likely to be false-positive than it is to indicate infection. This is why it's problematic to

## Freedom and Pestilence

The word "plague" had just been uttered for the first time. At this stage of the narrative, with Dr. Bernard Rieux standing at his window, the narrator may, perhaps, be allowed to justify the doctor's uncertainty and surprise—since, with very slight differences, his reaction was the same as that of the great majority of our townsfolk. Everybody knows that pestilences have a way of recurring in the world; yet somehow we find it hard to believe in ones that crash down on our heads from a blue sky. There have been as many plagues as wars in history; yet always plagues and wars take people equally by surprise.

In fact, like our fellow citizens, Rieux was caught off his guard, and we should understand his hesitations in the light of this fact; and similarly understand how he was torn between conflicting fears and confidence. When a war breaks out, people say: "It's too stupid; it can't last long." But though a war may well be "too stupid," that doesn't prevent its lasting. Stupidity has a knack of getting its way; as we should see if we were not always so much wrapped up in ourselves.

In this respect our townsfolk were like everybody else, wrapped up in themselves; in other words they were humanists: they disbelieved in pestilences. A pestilence isn't a thing made to man's measure; therefore we tell ourselves that pestilence is a mere bogey of the mind, a bad dream that will pass away. But it doesn't always pass away and, from one bad dream to another, it is men who pass away, and the humanists first of all, because they haven't taken their precautions. Our townsfolk were not more to blame than others; they forgot to be modest, that was all, and thought that everything still was possible for them; which presupposed that pestilences were impossible. They went on doing business, arranged for journeys, and formed views. How should they have given a thought to anything like plague, which rules out any future, cancels journeys, silences the exchange of views. They fancied themselves free, and no one will ever be free so long as there are pestilences.

—from *The Plague*, by Albert Camus

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screen large numbers of people who are unlikely to be infected.

BAYER: But more elaborate confirmatory tests like the Western Blot have been developed, and they are very reliable. When such tests are used, the rate of false-positives is negligible.

SCHULTZ: However accurate the test, many argue that if effective treatment for the disease isn't available, then screening people is immoral. Between the wars, the United States screened much of its population for syphilis—but it had only a very ineffective therapy to offer.

BRANDT: Premarital screening for syphilis has been mandatory in most states for years, and we know now that test results in the past were often false-positives. Yet many people who tested positive were not allowed to marry until they received highly toxic treatment.

It's interesting that Dr. Silverman said we should tell people who test positive to behave in a certain way, and people who test negative to behave in a certain way—the same way, in fact. That suggests to me that the main purpose of testing people would be to frighten them, rather than to offer them effective treatment. Government officials, physicians, and others have traditionally hoped that fear of venereal disease would prevent it—by preventing "illicit" sex. But historically, fear has never been enough to prevent venereal disease.

SILVERMAN: Well, fear has been one hell of an effective motivator in the gay community. Yet our statistics show that the change in behavior has been quantitative rather than qualitative: people have reduced the number of their sexual partners, but some have not changed their sexual activity, at least not to the same extent. But sex with three people today may provide as much exposure as sex with a dozen people did three years ago, because so many more gay men are now infected—one out of two in San Francisco.

I concede that screening—and I mean voluntary screening, not mandatory—can be misused. But I believe it can be effective as an educational tool—just like showing a smoker an X-ray of his lungs.

SHEBAR: Behind such cynicism must lie the hope that *everyone* in the gay community will test positive—what a great motivator that would be! Among our clients at the Gay Men's Health Crisis Center who committed suicide, three times as many were suffering from ARC as from AIDS itself. It's the waiting, the checking for symptoms every day, that's so terrible. Every

cold seems like a sign of the end.

The blood test does not diagnose disease. It does not suggest any treatment. And it is extraordinarily dangerous in its implications for civil rights. Last summer, I got a call from a man who had been given an annual physical by his employer—a Fortune 500 pharmaceutical corporation—and had been tested without his knowledge for the LAV/HTLV-III antibody. His employer—not a physician—called him in, told him he had tested positive for the antibody, and summarily fired him. This man had no idea what the test meant. I helped him get his job back and have the test result deleted from his medical records.

SILVERMAN: To prevent such abuses, California just passed a law forbidding use of the test in screening employees or insurance applicants.

MACDONALD: The implications of mass screening are frightening. When a bureaucracy like the Public Health Service is given a very simple task—and screening blood is a very simple task—it tends to reduce a complex phenomenon to very simple formulas: if someone tests positive, thus and thus is true; if someone tests negative, thus and thus is true. The bureaucracy doesn't pay attention to whether anything is really being accomplished. Look at the Red Cross's policy of sending people with confirmed positive results to their physicians. Their physicians can't do anything.

FETTNER: The Red Cross is also putting the names of those who test positive on a list.

BAYER: Blood banks always maintain something called a deferral directory, which lists anyone whose blood has been rejected for medical or other reasons. Its purpose is basically to screen out blood that may not be safe.

Of course any kind of list, whatever its purpose, presents a problem. The Red Cross list presents a particular problem for those who believe that individuals should *not* be notified of positive results because they might be terrified by information that is not necessarily accurate.

At present, a blood donor is notified only if both the ELISA screen test and the confirmatory Western Blot test are positive. If someone tests positively on the ELISA but negatively on the Western Blot, his blood is not used and his name appears on the deferral list—but he is not notified. This list presents the problem, especially since no computer list can be absolutely confidential. Are health care professionals ethically bound to tell people their names are on the list, even though it has not been confirmed that they have the antibody?



Almost everyone acknowledges that many gay men want to take the test, whether it will mean their names end up on a list or not. That's why people are worried that members of high-risk groups will flock to donate blood in order to get the test results, and thereby risk infecting the blood supply. So now we are in the strange position of spending public money to set up testing centers while acknowledging that the test can't give much useful information.

SHEBAR: Creating alternative centers has to be done. But gay leaders should be sending out a clear message that people should *not* take the test, both to ensure that high-risk people don't flock to blood banks and to protect their rights.

SILVERMAN: In California, people can take the test anonymously, which is one way to mitigate the confidentiality problem.

SCHULTZ: Anonymous testing intended to let people find out their antibody status, so that those who have the virus can choose to have sex only with others who have it, might be effective as a preventive measure. But the program being tried on the West Coast, and apparently favored by the federal government, uses testing as a means to trace the sexual contacts of those who are infected, and to frighten them into severely curtailing their sexual activity. As Mr. Brandt said, this is the traditional approach to VD. But without an effective treatment to offer, the chances of getting people to cooperate with such a program are dubious. Government's ability to alter sexual behavior has always been very limited.

LIEBERSON: We heard earlier that some observers expect 30,000 cases of AIDS by the end of 1986. What kind of social response can we expect in the next few years?

MACDONALD: There will be a wave of hysteria as people become aware of the scope of the epidemic.

BAYER: "Hysteria" gives the impression that people's fears are utterly groundless, but 30,000 cases of a lethal, infectious disease seem a rather good reason to be worried. At the least, AIDS will generate a crisis in our health care systems. The isolation rooms at municipal hospitals like Bellevue are already devoted almost exclusively to AIDS cases.

SHEBAR: If the progress of this disease is not impeded, it will devastate our cities. The future of AIDS is already here; it exists in our prisons. In these closed areas, where hygiene is poor, un-

consenting homosexuality rampant, and IV drug abuse widespread, the disease is spreading unchecked. In New York State prisons, about 200 AIDS cases have already been reported, and the state has announced plans to spend \$7.5 million on a new AIDS prison treatment center; as it is, patients are literally chained to their beds in prison hospitals. Our prisons can be thought of as a sort of dirty mirror of our urban centers.

BRANDT: But how will the government and the press address people's fears? If they are addressed in an irrational way, they could lead to policies most people would regret. The main problem is ignorance. We understand, for example, that a positive blood test doesn't mean someone has AIDS. But the press has distorted that fact enormously. And such distortions create an atmosphere in which scapegoating thrives.

BAYER: Although some AIDS patients have lost their jobs or lost their insurance, a well-organized group of lawyers and other advocates from the gay community and civil liberties groups has thus far managed to keep in check what might have been a profoundly irrational public response. The CDC has even negotiated with gay leaders about the conditions under which AIDS research would be done.

But as the cases mount, will such cooperation begin to break down? How many "liberal" values—the right to privacy and confidentiality, the civil rights won during the past decade or two by vulnerable minorities—might be eroded or even swept away by hysteria over AIDS?

MACDONALD: The high-risk groups—primarily gay and bisexual men—have borne the brunt of not only the disease itself but the political costs of marshaling a measured public response to it. Believe me, we would like nothing better than to withdraw from the role of principal advocate for the victims of this disease and become participants in a general response. The gay community has been unfairly cast as the adversary from the beginning. AIDS was dubbed "the gay plague," which evokes the image of irresponsible, promiscuous deviants living on the fringes of society and infecting the body politic with a dread disease. That conception of AIDS prevails in most of this country to this day.

BAYER: But the disease does constitute a plague for the gay community, especially if as many as 20 percent of those with the virus will go on to develop the disease.

BRANDT: The point is that AIDS is an important social problem. The press screams that *now* ba-



bies are getting it—as if the gays had it first. In doing so, the “innocent” victims are divided from the “guilty.” Such an attitude has been a traditional part of our reaction to venereal disease. In the early twentieth century one spoke of *venereul insontium*—children who got it congenitally, wives who caught it from unfaithful husbands. There has always been a desire to separate “innocent” from “guilty.” But all are victims.

LIEBERSON: Perhaps one way of looking at that distinction follows from Dr. Silverman’s point that AIDS is a behavioral disease—certain people put themselves at risk and do so knowingly, while others don’t. A baby doesn’t. Neither does an unconscious person who has been in an auto accident and needs a transfusion.

SILVERMAN: If somebody behaves in an unsafe way today, he is not innocent. But the fact that gay men had sex without taking precautions five years ago doesn’t make them guilty of anything. This disease could conceivably have been spread primarily through heterosexual activities—would that have made the general population “guilty”? Everyone was innocent—until we knew how to protect ourselves.

MACDONALD: We should realize, however self-serving this sounds, that were it not for the gay community fighting this tooth and nail with the government and everyone else, we wouldn’t know what we do now—there would not be a response to AIDS.

FETTNER: That’s indisputable. Even today there is no highly placed official in the federal government who realizes the need to educate people about the disease.

SHEBAR: Margaret Heckler, secretary of health and human services, said last April that she fears it’s spreading to “the community at large.” I call her the secretary of health and heterosexual services.

SILVERMAN: But there is a Catch-22 in the gay community’s response. Gays have been the only ones loudly advocating a strong public effort to fight the disease—but in so doing they have attracted all the attention and all the animosity.

SHEBAR: Yet as the AIDS panic grows and gay leaders present themselves more and more responsibly, more people may realize that gays are a minority whose rights deserve to be legally protected. And the millions of closeted homosexuals in this country might be encouraged to come out and declare themselves gay.

FRIEDLAND: I want to point out that among AIDS patients, gays alone have the power to organize. Although IV drug users represent almost a fifth of those with AIDS nationwide, they obviously can’t demand help from the government as an organized group.

BRANDT: In Canada, where sanitary needles are widely available, the number of IV drug users with AIDS is very low. But in the United States, addicts share needles—and transmit disease—because it is so difficult to obtain them. By making it easier to obtain sanitary needles, the government could take a decisive step toward reducing the spread of the virus among IV drug users—and their sexual contacts.

Yet despite all the hysteria, many people still dismiss the crisis by saying: “It’s only gays and drug addicts. Who needs them anyway?”

FRIEDLAND: Those people *should* be concerned, if for no other reason than that IV drug users are the most likely people to transmit AIDS outside their own at-risk group.

FETTNER: Another problem in rallying public concern is the large number of blacks with the disease. Nationwide, a quarter of all AIDS patients are black.

BAYER: That the groups affected are largely disenfranchised raises that question again: How does one fashion a vigorous public health response while at the same time acknowledging the importance of protecting privacy and civil liberties? Frankly, I don’t believe privacy and civil liberties are compatible with such a vigorous response. If we continue to claim that they are, we may find ourselves with policies that ignore civil liberties altogether.

MACDONALD: We must remember that when public health officials propose measures like screening, they are in effect proposing to a population already outside the law that something else be taken away. Homosexuals are an unprotected class, and you are suggesting doing something to this class in order to protect “the public’s” health.

If Congress passed laws assuring the civil rights of gay people, or even mandating that all test results be confidential, that would be a different situation. But that is *not* the situation today.

BAYER: The cruel irony is that in the absence of those political guarantees, the gay community is put in the position of hesitating to agree to the very research necessary to respond to the disease effectively.



MACDONALD: I'm not aware of many instances where the gay community has resisted research. But it should be pointed out that most public health officials are oblivious to the true situation of gay people. A while back, a high-level Public Health Service official said to me: "Frankly, the best response to this disease would be for all gay men to settle down in monogamous relationships." This man seemed to believe that two gay men in Omaha could simply get married, retire to the suburbs, and drive their 2.4 cars happily for the rest of their lives.

SHEBAR: Today, gays in San Francisco are protected from the disease spreading through the bathhouses. Those bathhouses have been restricted, and most gays cooperated when the restrictions were imposed. Why? Because San Francisco has a gay rights bill and openly gay elected officials; gays there know that the director of health who imposed the restrictions, Mervyn Silverman, is not an enemy of gay people.

In New York City, there is no gay rights bill, there are no openly gay elected officials. Because of this, any regulation of the bathhouses has been resisted—I believe unwisely.

BAYER: Yet even in San Francisco, the gay community was split about closing the bathhouses.

SILVERMAN: That is a very complex issue. The bathhouses have served as social centers and, for some, as refuges; they are seen as symbols of gay liberation. Even though only 5 percent of San Francisco's gay population regularly frequented these establishments, there was great fear among gays that closing them would lead to increased oppression nationwide.

Our major goal was to motivate people to change their behavior, regardless of location. We couldn't risk letting a political controversy over the bathhouses overshadow the central message. We realized that message must be getting across when the VD rate began to drop dramatically. We then felt we could move against the baths. San Francisco was spending over \$6 million to reduce the spread of this disease while bathhouse owners were making a profit by facilitating high-risk activities. After the baths were closed, more than half of my mail from the gay community supported the action.

LIEBERSON: What influence will the disease have on sexual mores and practices?

SILVERMAN: As the number of cases keeps growing, there will be a revolution—some would say a counterrevolution—in sexual attitudes and behavior. It won't bring us back to the Victorian era, but people will get to know each other a lot

better before they jump into bed. After all, a considerable change in behavior accompanied the herpes scare, and herpes doesn't kill.

FETTNER: I see that change happening in my own family. My nineteen-year-old son is very gunshy about sex. All of a sudden it may be deadly.

SHEBAR: I have a great hope that this epidemic might accomplish something magical—free gay men from the burden of anonymity. Gay men can maintain that anonymity only when they have their sex in underground places with people they don't know—or when they stay closeted, afraid to reveal who they really are. But because of AIDS, anonymous sex in the gay community has already decreased.

It must be recognized that there is a direct correlation between anonymity and oppression. When a parent discourages his gay son from becoming involved with another man; when a church refuses to accept gay congregants; when an employer says, "Just keep it out of the office"—what they are all really saying is, keep it in the bathhouses and backrooms, the places where one runs a higher risk of being infected. I think AIDS will lead gay people to rebel against this sort of oppression and to become more visibly committed to their gay identities and to their partners. Quite frankly, I believe gay marriage will be legal by the turn of the century. That couple in Omaha may be able to settle down in the suburbs someday.

BRANDT: I've heard too often that some disease is just what society needs to discourage promiscuity and bring about meaningful, caring relationships. The sexual counterrevolution didn't come with herpes, and it won't with AIDS—no matter how much some people hope it will.

FRIEDLAND: There is no evidence that AIDS has brought about any substantial change in the habits of drug users or caused a decrease in their numbers. In New York City there are 200,000 IV drug users, and anywhere from 40 percent to 87 percent of them—depending on which study you look at—are infected with the virus. Every day more young people are introduced to drugs, and exposed to the virus. There has been almost no response to this problem, either by community groups or public agencies.

KRIM: I don't understand why organizations concerned with family health are not worried about AIDS. Clearly we have reached a stage where there should be programs in every high school and college to explain to young people the dangers of drug abuse and casual sex. What exactly are we waiting for? ■



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# LOST SAMURAI

The withered soul of postwar Japan

By Henry Scott Stokes

*Here in this city we have a huge drifting vessel. Let us call it the SS Labyrinth. Somewhere there must be a bridge, an engine room. But where? No one knows. What remains? Certainty that our myths are lost—the good, full earth, the secure home—gone.*

—Kobo Abe

When I first arrived in Japan some twenty-one years ago, I was pretty confident that I knew the territory. At the ripe old age of twenty-six I was a correspondent for the *Financial Times* of London, and I had prepared myself for my new post with more than a little care. I had studied the economic statistics, which were extraordinary: all the basic indicators pointed straight up, with no ceiling in sight. I had struggled through Edwin O. Reischauer's history of postwar Japan, an infinitely dull book foisted on all newcomers. All I had left to do, I figured, was explore the cultural frontiers—eat a little sushi, go to the *Noh* theater, meet a geisha or two—and I could return to England a full-fledged “Japan hand,” ready to interpret the meaning of the New Asia to a breathless West.

At the end of two years in Tokyo, I returned to England hollow-eyed and exhausted. For all my well-meaning efforts, I had been completely unable to make contact with the reality of Japanese life. My problem went much deeper than the language barrier; I had never experienced anything remotely like the total bafflement I encountered in Japan. I couldn't make Japanese friends. I lived in a hotel, unwilling even to go to the trouble of finding an apartment for myself. For the first time in my career as a journalist, I was in over my head.

After a year's rest in England I returned to Japan, newly employed by the *Times* of London and freshly resolved not to give up this time around. I was going to meet the leading Japanese; I was going to learn to speak the language fluently; I was going to get to the bottom of the Japanese enigma at last. It was then, full of enthusiasm and good intentions, that I first met the novelist Yukio Mishima.

Literature has fallen into disrepute in Japan of late. Instead of dreaming of writing novels, today's young Japanese dream of writing software programs. But the Japanese once venerated their great novelists as moral spokesmen. The leading novelists of the 1960s—Kobo Abe, Kenzaburo Oe, Shusaku Endo—were the uncrowned kings of the Japanese intellectual world. Without a doubt, Yukio Mishima was the most singular member

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The Japanese are  
caustic, perceptive,  
intuitive, subtle, and  
fundamentally  
hostile to foreigners

of this talented company. A popular and prolific writer, Mishima was also self-avowed homosexual with a wife and two children, a trenchant critic, tough-guy movie actor, a muscular sportsman, and an emperor-worshipping right-wing political activist who, in his spare time, commanded a private army. When the *New York Times Magazine* featured him on its cover in 1970, it described him as "the Renaissance man of Japan." And Yasunari Kawabata, who in 1968 won the Nobel Prize Yukio had coveted so passionately, went so far as to say: "Only once in every 300 years or so do we find a writer of the quality of Mishima."

Thanks to Yukio Mishima, all the frustrations of my previous tour duty in Japan quickly melted away. Unlike almost every other Japanese I have ever met, Yukio was devastatingly frank. One rarely gets a straight answer in Japan, the land where "yes" more often than not means "no." From Yukio, I got no other kind. Though he was an odd and bizarre character, part gentleman and part gangster, I loved him all the same. And

from Yukio's death—his sensational public suicide by disembowelment on November 25, 1970—that I at last learned the sobering truth about postwar Japan.

Charles de Gaulle once dismissed the Japanese as "transistor salesman." Many Americans seem to view them as virtuous, productive residents of the fifty-first state. The endless stream of scholarly tomes with titles like *Asia's New Giant* or *Japan as Number One* that pours from the busy presses of American universities attests to the tunnel vision of our "authorities" on Japan. This passage from George Gilder's *The Spirit of Enterprise* is, in its well-meant naiveté, all too typical of the American view of Japan today: "Something entirely new happened amid the ruins of postwar Japan. In learning from this amazing history, it is well to begin with the lesson we so laboriously taught the Japanese: humility."

Gilder, I daresay, has a few lessons to learn about the Japanese. To begin with, they are caustic, perceptive, intuitive, subtle, and fundamentally hostile to foreigners. Like the British, they are an island people with enormous psychic resources when it comes to dealing with barbarians on their home soil. ("Always understand, Henry," a retired British ambassador once told me, "that the crucial fact of Japanese history is isolation.") And the great economic "miracle" of postwar Japan, as Yukio Mishima taught me, means very little to these proud people.

Japan is still deeply traumatized by its unconditional surrender to the Allies. At the end of World War II, the Japanese, heirs to a military tradition that stretches back eight centuries, found themselves under the thumb of a foreign power for the first time in more than 2,000 years of recorded history; they were forced to abandon an ancient tradition of martial valor and to accept an American-drafted constitution in which "the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or the use of force as a means of settling international disputes." Viewed against the backdrop of so bitter a loss of face, the postwar prosperity of the Japanese is a mere triviality. They see their vast wealth as minimal compensation for the hideous humiliation of the American occupation, which, with military bases in every strategic corner of the Japanese archipelago, continues to this day.

The Japanese have built one of the richest and most productive nations on earth. But the cost has been high: they have had to set aside their ancient culture and shatter their country's ecology. There is no restoring the primeval forests and white sand beaches that have been taken over by businessmen's golf courses and giant concrete tetrapods. To the average American, unsightly highways are at worst a minor scenic annoyance; to the Japanese, whose aesthetic tendencies permeate every aspect of day-to-day life, the cost of capitalism has necessarily been agonizing. And prosperity has brought more than barren beaches. The country's leading artists have been pushed to the edge of an abyss of apathy and paralysis.



I am not thinking just of the fact that a country which once produced one of the world's most important movies has turned to grinding out soft porn, or that no good novels have been written here since the 1960s. (The same, after all, might be said of the West.) What disturbs me most is that those Japanese artists who have remained active are all frank exponents of decadence. I think of Eiko Ishioka, widely acclaimed as Japan's outstanding graphic designer, whose work is dominated by explicit images of pedophilia. I think of *buto*, the dance form whose scatological references—stomach farting, defecation, and belching—are a symbolic scream of pain from the bowels of industrialized Japan. And I think especially of artists like Seiji Ozawa and Shusaku Arakawa, who have chosen the ultimate act of cultural repudiation: emigration to the West.

Yukio Mishima visited my home in Tokyo not long before his death. Another guest, a diplomat from Ghana, was waxing lyrical that evening on the subject of Ghanaian taboos, curses, black magic; Yukio sat on the floor holding a glass of Scotch in his hand, obviously entranced. At length he spoke in. "We have curses in Japan, too, you know." He laughed: a throaty, affected bark. "The whole of Japan is under a curse—the curse of the green snake." Those words were to ring in my ears for years after Yukio's death. What they referred to, I eventually came to realize, was nothing less than the entire pseudo-American way of life that the Japanese have affected in the years since 1945.

Yukio left behind on the day of his death the final pages of *The Decay of the Angel*, the last novel in *The Sea of Fertility*, the four-volume *roman-fleuve* that occupied him throughout the last four years of his life. *The Decay of the Angel* is a brittle, staccato sketch of a Japan dominated by commerce, a place where all human values have collapsed. Toward the end of the book, the aged narrator, Honda, taxis through the countryside near Nara, the formal capital of imperial Japan, once one of the most beautiful parts of the nation—a great plain of paddies—but now an automobile dump.

The Daigo district was a clutter of all the dreary details of new construction to be seen throughout Japan: raw building materials and blue-tiled roofs, television towers and power lines, Coca-Cola advertisements and drive-in snack bars. Among heaps of rubble below cliffs where wild daisies stabbed at the sky were automobile dumps, blue and yellow and black, the cars piled precariously one on the other. At this sad accumulation . . . Honda thought of an adventure story he had read as a child, and of the heaps of ivory in the swamp where elephants go to die. Perhaps, sensing the approach of death, automobiles too gather at their own graveyards.

For Yukio, Japan was a victim of American imperialism; he was convinced that the Japanese had abandoned their own values and been culturally colonized by America. Not that he had a solution, a policy. No, all Yukio really wanted was to see the barbarians driven back into the sea. And he didn't particularly care how the job was to be done. At the end he despised Western culture; most of all, he rejected Western humanist ideals, which he thought were a poisonous threat to the Japanese spirit. In his novel *Runaway Horses*, Yukio wrote:

As Isao watched he realized that before one could attack with one's whole being like Sawa, there were many rivers to be leaped over. And one clouded stream that never ran dry was that choked with the scum of humanism, the poison spewed out by the factory at its headwaters. There it was: its lights burning brilliantly as it worked even through the night—the factory of Western European ideals. The pollution from that factory degraded the exalted fervor to kill. . . .

Isao, a thirties terrorist, Mishima's alter ego, and the hero of the book, is now taking a lesson from Sawa on how to stab a man to death. His target is the aging capitalist—a symbol of the bourgeois West.

It is against this background that the true meaning of Yukio Mishima's

All Yukio really wanted was to see the barbarians driven back into the sea



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Mishima's suicide  
left a deep wound in  
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Japan: the Japanese  
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curse him

suicide must be sought. Westerners, who have no conception of suicide as an honorable act sanctioned by tradition, find it hard to grasp the implications of Mishima's death; it is as if Ernest Hemingway had chosen to end his suffering with one last grand gesture at high noon in the *plaza de toros* rather than by blowing off his head in the privacy of his own home. But Mishima's suicide was more than a gesture. It was a bloody metaphor for the passion of postwar Japan, a metaphor written not with brush and ink but with a samurai's short sword driven into the belly of a great novel. And it left a deep wound in the collective consciousness of Japan: the Japanese are not sure whether to praise Mishima or curse him; he is, as a friend of mine said recently, a peculiarly "inconvenient" person.

Yukio Mishima must have known that the prominent right-wing politicians who had so stealthily backed him would instantly disavow him on hearing of his suicide. But he paid them no heed, fully committed as he was to a cause that the politicians of his day were not prepared to discuss openly: the cause of reviving the national pride and remilitarizing Japan. And the Japanese are beginning to catch up with him; I fully expect that the fifteenth anniversary of Mishima's suicide to be the occasion for articles in the Japanese press that will portray him as a hero—even if the rest of the media still prefer to regard him as taboo.

A few Westerners have already noted this trend. ("I believe that Mishima will prove to be the most famous Japanese of all time," says Columbia University professor Donald Keene.) But most have not. As the fortieth anniversary of Hiroshima rolled around, my Western colleagues in Tokyo busied themselves filing optimistic stories on the future of Japan, having long since dismissed Yukio Mishima as a crank. Asked about Mishima not long ago, Alvin Toffler remarked: "The fact that he formed a cult and marched into a military headquarters to kill himself is more of curiosity than anything else. It saddens one to think that a writer of such talent could also be psychotic."

Oddly enough, Toffler, in his book *Previews and Premises*, also acknowledged the immense significance of Yukio's death—that fleeting glimpse into the cauldron of anti-Americanism that seethes at the center of Japanese life.

The Mishima incident a decade or so ago ought to remind Washington that there remains in Japan a tiny, yet virulent and potentially dangerous, political group whose goal is remilitarization. Every time Washington twists Japan's arm to spend more on warplanes or to increase the size of its navy to help patrol the Pacific sea lanes, it inadvertently lends support to this group of extremists—which, as a matter of fact, is ultra-nationalist and hence anti-American. . . . The result is a rising resentment that could easily explode if trade and economic pressures worsen.

One wonders whether Toffler would modify these remarks if he knew that the "tiny yet virulent group" numbers among its members two Japanese prime ministers.

Imagine the following scenario: Norman Mailer, having definitively lost interest in the novel as a viable art form, goes on television and proclaims himself to be a neo-Nazi. He organizes a small group of eccentric right-wing college students into a private army which he proposes to use to help the police quell anti-apartheid protests at various universities. Caspary Weinberger, seeking to further his political ambitions, gives Mailer permission to train his army at Fort Benning. And Ronald Reagan diverts from a slush fund the cash necessary to underwrite Mailer's activities.

In America, such a scenario would be absurd on the face of it; in Japan, though such things do not happen every day, something very similar did happen to Yukio Mishima. Early in 1968, around the time I first came to know him, Yukio decided to organize what he called "the world's smallest and most spiritual army." Yukio's private army, known as the Tatenokai-



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Japanese for Shield Society—consisted of about seventy students. Many of them were drawn from sports clubs at Tokyo universities; most of them were politically well to the right. They trained at a boot camp on Mount Fuji, where, in the spring of 1969, I witnessed an all-day exercise in which regular officers from the Japanese Self-Defense Forces were giving the Tatenokai members the orders.

Yukio told me that the Tatenokai was meant to serve as a “militia” that would join police on the streets of Tokyo in fighting the Zengakuren, the infinitely more violent Japanese equivalent of American student groups of the 1960s like SDS. “Byron had 300 men and he built ships,” Yukio explained with a smile. “Why shouldn’t I do something?” But Yukio’s real purpose in organizing the Tatenokai was anything but Byronic. He meant to shape his little army into a suicide squad—and to cap its efforts with his own hara-kiri.

For all his candor, Yukio never shared with me the full story of the Tatenokai; I discovered it on my own after his death. It turned out that he had two very powerful allies in high places: Eisaku Sato, prime minister of Japan from 1964 to 1972, and Yasuhiro Nakasone, who was defense minister at the time of Mishima’s death and who is now prime minister. Sato underwrote the activities of the Tatenokai with funds raised by right-wing Japanese businessmen; Nakasone made it possible for Yukio to train his army on Mount Fuji. (To date, no Japanese newspaper has printed anything about the Mishima-Nakasone-Sato connection, though its existence is widely known among Japanese journalists.)

The truth about Yukio’s ties to the Japanese right will probably not be known for decades. But I do not doubt that what persuaded the two prime ministers to back him was the fact that he was the only respected intellectual of his generation who openly espoused right-wing ideals and the old slogans of emperor worship. The leaders of the ruling party believed that it was losing its broad base of public support and needed to increase its following among the young. At which point appeared the obliging Mishima, shouting his anachronistic slogans and posturing on the battlements. He must immediately have struck Sato and Nakasone as an ally in the battle for public opinion. In such a fashion was the unholy alliance between Yukio and the politicians sealed.

In the spring of 1978 I returned to Tokyo as bureau chief for the *New York Times*. I flew over on a jumbo jet loaded with Japanese businessmen in dark blue suits. They were slim, taut, tense. I hadn’t seen a group of Japanese men for five years, and I was taken aback by their solemnity, their air of purposefulness. They were trading-company officials and engineers. They seemed more like troops returning from the front. They couldn’t relax. All through the night they sat up, jackets on and ties straight. I heard no wisecracking; I saw only a little drinking. Most of them were composing their reports, tiny calculators in hand. I looked at them and wondered: How on earth can I possibly convey to the readers of the *New York Times* the rigidity and seriousness of this country?

I would see many more blue-suited businessmen on my arrival in Tokyo. The historian Takeshi Muramatsu, one of Mishima’s closest friends and perhaps the foremost conservative intellectual in Japan, put it very simply when he told me: “All the Japanese care for these days is money, money, money.” Many liberals I know in Japan are just as critical. “Look,” Michi Kato, a left-wing cultural historian, said to me, “you remember the Kempeitai—the military police of prewar Japan, the most feared and despised group of Japanese in this century. Well, the Japanese advertising agencies are the Kempeitai of today. The only difference is that they are a hundred times more powerful and sinister than the Kempeitai. They are everywhere.”

One day I went to visit an artist whose work I had loved—Tadanori Yokoo, once one of the finest poster artists in the world. His latest draw-

*‘Byron had 300 men  
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Yukio explained.  
‘Why shouldn’t I do  
something?’*



*Yukio's suicide was  
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a rebuke  
to the emperor*

ings had the same delicacy of line, the same fierce imagination, that I remembered. But something had changed. On his benches I saw two huge pots of paint: one gold, the other blood-red. What, I asked him, was he doing drenching his drawings with those vulgar colors? He sighed. It was the ad agencies. They wanted posters with more color. "They want gold and violence," he told me. I was riveted by the offhand phrase—it somehow seemed to sum up all of my inchoate feelings about postwar Japan—and my thoughts turned irresistibly to Mishima. The devil had been right all along.

Not that Yukio himself was wholly free of the taint of commercialism and worse. Of his 100 books, roughly half were trashy serials written for high-paying women's magazines. And he played the clown incessantly, appearing in nude revues, acting in second-rate gangster movies. One night Yukio took me to a *yakuza* (gangster) film, a genre as important to Japanese cinema as the western is to Hollywood. "The *yakuza*," he said to me on the way home, "are the only ones who keep up the samurai spirit in our degraded society." Three months later, he killed himself.

**Y**ukio Mishima's suicide ranks to this day as the single most startling news event in the postwar history of Japan. Accompanied by four members of the Tatenokai, all in full dress uniform, Yukio seized control of the main army compound in downtown Tokyo by taking as hostage the four-star general in command at the base—who had innocently accepted Mishima's request for an interview. By threatening the general at knifepoint, Yukio forced his staff to assemble the garrison at the Ichigaya base, only a mile from the prime minister's office. He then made his last public appearance, haranguing the soldiers from a balcony jutting over the parade ground.

Yukio's speech, made all but inaudible by the prop wash from police helicopters, was short and banal, a desperate rehashing of all the standard right-wing themes: constitutional reform, legalization of the military, nationalist pride. His sole aim was to clarify the reasons for which he was preparing to die. (Reports at the time that he intended to stage a bona fide coup were wide of the mark.) But he quickly recognized that the committed soldiers who had assembled to hear him were, at best, nonplussed by his rhetoric. Mishima, enraged by their passivity, finally lost all patience. "I see that you are nothing but mercenaries," he shrieked. "You will do nothing for your country. I have lost my dream for you. You are nothing but a bunch of American mercenaries, I tell you, mercenaries!" Unable to arouse the soldiers by any other means, Mishima spat out what was for him the ultimate insult. And it went home. On a recording of the speech, you can hear a muffled grumbling from the soldiers as they digest his accusation. Then an isolated cry of "Drag him down!" Followed by: "Shoot him! Kill him!"

Mishima promptly retired to the general's office and disemboweled himself. Hissho Morita, a twenty-five-year-old member of the Tatenokai, completed the ritual of *seppuku* by cutting off Mishima's head; another member of the Tatenokai performed the same service for Morita. Before the blood had cooled, the politicians were on the air. Eisaku Sato, waylaid by reporters while rushing back to his office for a briefing from the army and police, told them that Mishima had gone *kichigai*—mad. Yasuhiro Nakasone ventured the mild comment that perhaps the line that divides geriatric from madness is thin. Both men denounced Yukio's actions without reserve; neither man gave any hint of his close connections with Mishima's suicide squad. For them, the case of Yukio Mishima was closed.

Yukio's suicide, I have come to realize, was not merely an anti-American gesture. It was also a rebuke to the emperor. At a debate he took part in with left-wing students at Tokyo University he grandly declared: "I and I are the same. The only difference between us is that I have a card in my lack up my sleeve, a joker: the emperor." Yukio's attitude toward the



tor, man and institution alike, was central to his political thought. He is highly critical of Hirohito, who, at the behest of General MacArthur, pronounced in 1946 that he was not in fact a deity in human form. (In Yukio's novel *Voices of the Heroic Dead*, a chorus of dead kamikaze pilots asks: "Why did the Emperor have to become a human being?") For Mishima, this declaration only compounded the humiliation of Japan's first surrender. Millions of men had died in the name of the emperor; how could he disavow them?

For centuries, the Japanese used *seppuku*, the prayerful rite of hara-kiri, as a means of remonstrance. A loyal subject could not besmirch the honor of his lord and master by direct spoken criticism; that would be disloyal. Instead, he must take his own life. "His was a battlefield without glory," Mishima wrote in his short story "Patriotism" of a young Imperial Army lieutenant who committed hara-kiri, "a battlefield where none could display deeds of valor: it was the front line of the spirit." So, too, would Mishima commit hara-kiri as a signal to the nation: a spiritual *coup d'état*. That is the key to Yukio's action—and it explains why, for years after his death, no one here would talk about him. Westerners visiting Japan who made the mistake of asking about Mishima were greeted with the coldest of responses. Yukio had touched on the ultimate Japanese taboo: the emperor. Thus he became taboo as well. No Japanese biography of Mishima has been published. The local press never bothered to review the final volume of *The Sea of Fertility*. Paul Schrader's new movie *Mishima*, filmed in Japan with Japanese actors, very likely will never be seen in Japanese theaters; indeed, the organizers of a recent film festival in Tokyo, after having announced plans to close the festival with the first showing of *Mishima*, changed their minds and removed the film from the program. (One Japanese film executive pronounced the movie "unsuitable for Japanese audiences.")

Some have argued that Yukio's suicide was intended merely as a culminating work of art; Schrader has said in interviews that he considers the suicide to be "ninety percent art, ten percent politics." Others, standing on argument on its head, have called Yukio's final gesture a grotesque failure: not only was he unable to stir the troops at Ichigaya, but he was unable to conduct a proper *seppuku*. (When Morita tried to slice off Yukio's head, he kept cutting into his shoulders, making a fearful mess.) Yukio must certainly have known that he would appear absurd to his countrymen at the time of his death. He told a friend: "I come out on stage hoping to make the audience weep, and instead they burst out laughing." He did not die in that ghastly, botched exit on the floor of Mashita's office. But it perhaps suited his grand design to die a clown's death, a samurai burlesque rooted in the ancient Japanese tradition of heroic failure.

Ivan Morris, a distinguished scholar of Japanese history and a close friend of Mishima's, wrote in his book *The Nobility of Failure*:

There is another type of hero in the complex Japanese tradition, a man whose career usually belongs to a period of unrest and warfare and represents the very antithesis of an ethos of accomplishment. He is the man whose single-minded sincerity will not allow him to make the maneuvers and compromises that are so often needed for mundane success. . . . The submissive majority, while bearing its discontents in safe silence, can find vicarious satisfaction in identifying itself emotionally with these individuals who waged their forlorn struggle against overwhelming odds; and the fact that all their efforts are crowned with failure lends them a pathos which characterizes the general vanity of human endeavor and makes them the most loved and evocative of heroes.

Will Yukio Mishima eventually figure as a hero in this Japanese tradition? For Ivan Morris, whose book is dedicated to Yukio's memory, there is no question; for the Japanese right, the answer today is just as certain. After Mishima died," Morris told me shortly before his own death in 1976, "I was contacted by people in New York, Japanese living there who knew I was a friend of his, and they invited me to a meeting, a private

*It suited his grand design to die a clown's death, a samurai burlesque*



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*The Japanese public  
did not—and does  
not—trust the  
Japanese military*



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meeting, to commemorate the first anniversary of Mishima's death. They were mostly trading company people and other business types. And instead of their usual blue suits, some of them wore hakama and formal kimono. It was an extremely solemn occasion—held in Manhattan—to mark the anniversary of a departed hero."

Not long ago, I was walking outside the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Tokyo with a friend who works there. About thirty yards from the building there was a sound truck blaring right-wing slogans. The occupants of the truck were shouting abuse at the diplomats inside the ministry for the supposed compliance with the Soviet Union. "Today the Russians," my friend said, "tomorrow the Americans."

As the Japanese-American trade imbalance continues to grow, we are likely to see more congressional resolutions urging Japan to take some of the burden of its own defense off the shoulders of the United States. But I wonder if the members of Congress on record as supporting the remilitarization of Japan—for that, after all, is what we are really talking about here—have reflected on the Japanese traditions that would necessarily guide such a remilitarization. Uninformed Americans, wholly unaware of the ancient military traditions of Japan, have long been urging the citizens of this strange country to put on their samurai bucklers once again. The first to do so was the original cold warrior himself, John Foster Dulles. Just four years after the end of World War II, Dulles went to Tokyo to urge General MacArthur to find some way to circumvent Article IX, the section of the American-drafted "peace constitution" that specifically denied Japan the right to have military forces. Though this first attempt was unsuccessful, the Pentagon and the Japanese right have been trying to rearm Japan ever since.

Last year Japan became the world's leading creditor nation. Its net foreign assets now exceed those of any other country, including the United States, which has slipped so far as to have become a net debtor. The United States still pays virtually all of Japan's defense bill. Japan allots less than one percent of its gross national product to military spending, as opposed to an average of almost 4 percent in most Western nations and more than 10 percent in the United States. "You take one look at those statistics and you

know that Japan can't remain lightly armed indefinitely," a businessman told me the other day. And he added with a chuckle: "That makes me think of your friend Mishima!"

**I**n light of these developments, it is tempting to speculate on why Sato and Nakasone ever gave their wholehearted support to Mishima. It is clear that these lesser men wanted to see Japanese pride restored. They wanted the constitution revised. (It is known that one of Nakasone's principal "spiritual advisers" is a grizzled, bullet-headed old man named Yotsu moto—a survivor of the ill-fated 1936 coup who is regarded as a kind of permanent portable shrine by the extreme right in Japan.) They wanted the military legalized. They wanted Article IX repealed. They wanted the forces that protect Japan to be Japanese, not American. Their problem was that the Japanese public did not—and does not—trust the Japanese military. Memories of the war die hard. The Japanese remember, for example, the horrors of Unit 731 in Manchuria, which conducted "medical" experiments on living Chinese that rank with anything Mengele did at Auschwitz. Such unhappy memories are kept out of textbooks by the mandarins of the Education Ministry. But the Japanese people still remember.

How, then, were "conservatives" like Sato and Nakasone to deal with the grass-roots resistance to rearmament? This was the major problem facing the Japanese right two decades ago, and Sato and Nakasone must have seen in Mishima a way to mobilize the feelings of a suspicious public. In the short run, the gamble failed ignominiously; the fiasco of Mishima's suicide probably set back the crusade for rearmament by at least a decade. But the setback will surely be temporary.



Defense Minister Koichi Kato recently suggested that the impact of any change in the Japanese defense posture would not be felt for ten or fifteen years. What matters, then, is laying the foundation well. It is significant that in planning its space program, the Japanese government insists on building the rockets (so, at least, claim industry insiders). The satellites can come from the United States, but the rockets must be built by the home team. It is generally assumed by Japanese defense experts that the country could "go nuclear" within a matter of months in the event of a national emergency. With Japanese rocketry and guidance systems provided by the most reliable electronics industry in the world, that timetable becomes ominously pertinent.

Not that the Japanese will exercise the nuclear option in the near future. Public opinion, in Japan and around the world, will see to that. Instead, we are likely to witness a gradual change in Japan's military posture while efforts to revise the "peace constitution" gather steam. But massive rearmament, public opinion notwithstanding, is *almost* inevitable. Prime Minister Nakasone is moving to eliminate the ceiling on defense spending, which has been in effect since 1976; parliament, which voted the ceiling, now appears ready to reverse its decision. If one extrapolates from current trends, the Japan of twenty years hence could well be one of the most militarily powerful nations in the world. And I find that a deeply unsettling prospect.

Why? Because of the hallowed tradition of self-destruction which is at the heart of Japanese culture and history. One sees it in the ritual of harakiri, which dates back to the thirteenth century; one sees it in the decision to attack Pearl Harbor, a decision that makes Hitler's move to invade the Soviet Union in 1941 seem meticulously considered by comparison. And one sees it in the case of Yukio Mishima: a world-famous author in his mid-thirties, a man who had just missed receiving the Nobel Prize, by far the best-known Japanese in the West apart from the emperor himself, who chose at the peak of his success to commit suicide in a seemingly futile attempt to galvanize the Japanese will.

The impulse to aestheticize every aspect of existence is profoundly Japanese. It is an impulse which Mishima shared: "I want," he once said, "to make a poem of my life." So it is not surprising that there is an aesthetic of destruction in Japan. "Beauty, beautiful things," Mishima wrote in *The Temple of the Golden Pavilion*, "those are now my most deadly enemies." He believed in the higher beauty of Japanese remilitarization—and of harakiri. And it is hard not to wonder if an atomic Japan, its culture and traditions savaged by economic competition with the West, might in the end choose the evil beauty of mass destruction. "The most appropriate type of daily life for me," one reads in Yukio's autobiographical essay *Sun and Steel*, "was a day-by-day world destruction: peace was the most difficult and abnormal state to live in. . . . No moment is so dazzling as when everyday imagining concerning death and danger and world destruction are transmuted into duty." In the eyes of a Mishima, worldwide nuclear holocaust—the prospect of which he frankly romanticized in his diaries—might well be the proper aesthetic response to the death of civility implicit in the idea of a commercialized Japan.

Not long ago a friend of mine, the distinguished historian Nobutoshiki Nagahara, proposed in his book *Experiencing the Twentieth Century* that the government should hold a referendum on the 1947 constitution, giving the general public its first real opportunity to affirm that the constitution, with its renunciation of force, is more than just the hated product of foreign evils long since dead. This seems to me an essential step. Today, Japan has no strategic forces at all: no nuclear submarines, no aircraft carriers, no nuclear-tipped ICBMs. I do not know what is to come in Japan. But I am sure of this: the world is in enough trouble as it is without adding to its infinite complications the terrifying prospect of a suicidal, nuclear-armed Japan. ■

*It is hard not to wonder if an atomic Japan might in the end choose the evil beauty of mass destruction*



# BEFORE THE

Prelude to an auction

Number 1,145 of the 1,166 "lots" offered by Sotheby's last February 2 was a pair of drop-leaf tables. The white square signifies that the lot is "subject to a reserve." This means there is a price—agreed upon by the consignor of the tables and the auction house but never made public—below which the lot will not be sold. The reserve is generally about two thirds of the pre-sale low estimate and never above the high estimate (both of these estimates are printed in the catalogue). The auctioneer announces an opening bid well below the low estimate, and often follows with bids "off the wall"—that is, he announces bids (thus raising the price) even though no one in the audience is actually bidding.

The individual tables of the pair would be considered rare in their own right. Their value is increased by the simple fact that they are a pair: most pairs of tables this old have long since been broken up. The Chippendale name does not mean that the tables were actually made by Thomas Chippendale (1718–79), the innovative London cabinetmaker who popularized the use of Gothic, rococo, and Chinese motifs. It merely means that the tables were made in the style of his designs. The inclusion of a date in the boldface description means the auction house is satisfied that the tables are of the period and have not been significantly altered or restored.

*Provenance* is a fancy word for the owners of a property before it comes to auction. The first owner of the tables, Vincent Emerson Loockerman, was the grandson of Govert Loockerman, who came to the United States from Holland in 1639 and died the wealthiest man in New York City (his Manhattan farm is the present site of the New York Stock Exchange). Loockerman's ownership of the tables is proven by the 1785 inventory of his estate. Gene S. Bradford, who married a descendant of Loockerman's who had inherited the tables, was the last person to own them before the consignor. Antique dealers are often included in the provenance, especially when they are respected judges of taste and quality. The names Israel Sack Inc. and John Walton Inc. probably add the most such luster today.

□ 1145

**The Loockerman  
Mahogany Pair of  
Philadelphia, circa 1780**  
flanked by deep drop  
apron continuing to  
feet. Height 28 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.  
extended 5ft.  $\frac{3}{4}$  in. (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  ft.)

*Provenance:*

Vincent Emerson Loockerman  
Gene S. Bradford, Inc.  
See footnote following

*See illustration of one*





# AMER FALLS

Samuel Pennington

Endale Carved  
Dining Tables,  
a rectangular top  
with valanced  
in claw-and-ball  
in. (1.49m.); length

Delaware

\$200,000-250,000



The auction house guarantees the correctness of that part of the description printed in bold type. At another sale held the same day these tables were offered, Sotheby's sold a drop-leaf table catalogued as circa 1750 to a New York collector. It was a fake, and he returned it for his \$22,000.

One of the leaves is about an inch shorter than the other three; perhaps it was cut down because the hinges had broken. Unless repairs or defects are obvious, however, there is no reference to them in the description of the lot. According to a note in the catalogue, "As virtually all of [the property] has been subject to use over a considerable period of time, no mention of age, cracks, scratches, chips, or other minor damages, imperfections, or restorations will be made in the individual catalog entries." At the weeklong pre-auction inspection, the tops of both tables were scratched when overzealous lookers turned them upside down and dragged them across the floor.

"\$200,000-250,000" is the pre-sale estimate of the final "hammer" price. Auction houses tend to set these estimates on the low side, both to entice more bidders and to ensure there will be a splash in the press when sales far outstrip expectations. The bidding for the tables was intense; the winning bid of \$530,000 (\$583,000, when the 10 percent "buyer's premium" charged by the major New York auction houses was added on) was placed by a Sotheby's senior vice president, William Stahl, for a Texas collector, James L. Britton, and was a record price for American tables at auction. Which would be the end of the story, except that Britton found the tables just didn't fit with his decor. Although Sotheby's says Britton has paid in full, representatives of the house have been trying to sell the tables to the various underbidders.

Samuel Pennington is editor of the Maine Antique Digest.



# THE TEMPLE OF BOREDOM

Science fiction, no future

By Luc Sante

Among the works discussed in this essay:

*Code of the Lifemaker*, by James P. Hogan. 320 pages. Del Rey Books. \$13.95.

*Empire of the Sun*, by J. G. Ballard. 279 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$16.95.

*Riddley Walker*, by Russell Hoban. 220 pages. Summit Books. \$13.95.

*Winter's Daughter*, by Charles Whitmore. 224 pages. Timescape/Pocket Books. \$14.95.

*Moreta: Dragonlady of Pern*, by Anne McCaffrey. 304 pages. Del Rey Books. \$3.50.

*Demon*, by John Varley. 464 pages. Berkley Books. \$14.95.

*Stars in My Pocket like Grains of Sand*, by Samuel R. Delany. 368 pages. Bantam. \$16.95.

*His Master's Voice*, by Stanislaw Lem. 228 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$12.95.

*Microworlds*, by Stanislaw Lem. 256 pages. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. \$14.95.

Science fiction has been invading daily life for a number of years, but recently it has become pandemic. That is because it is increasingly hard to distinguish between real and imaginary technology. The "Star Wars" defense system proposed by the Reagan Administration seems neither more nor less real than, say, GoBots, those toys that, folded, look like trains or cameras and, unfolded, like robots. Each new camera or television or radio appearing on the market with dazzlingly miniaturized components becomes almost instantly devalued by the appearance of a newer model with even more features. As each innovation appears, it seems both more desirable and less significant than the last, so that innovation itself has become an aesthetic quality, existing for its own sake. Hardly anyone can remember what labor it was that most devices are made to save us from. Technology has long been science fiction's conceit; now it is a conceit in real life as well.

The idea of science fiction is most succinctly represented by the coupling of terms in its very name. The domain of imaginary knowledge is

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as vast as the contents of Borges's "Library of Babel." Not surprisingly, this idea first arose in the age of great inventions around the turn of the century, and like those inventions, it promised a new dawn. Science fiction held out to imaginative writers the lure of complete license in the pursuit of subject matter. No longer would fiction be restricted to a set of variations upon existing themes; it would be released from drudgery and repetition, from the hearth and the battlefield, from the abject deeds of men and humans. Fiction henceforth would be allowed to fly unimpeded into infinite realms, far from the miseries of daily life.

It is hard, a century or so later, to recall science fiction's original promise. Even today, when technological boosterism is at a pitch not seen in years, the mechanical utopias envisioned back then seem remote. Just as the creative leisure once anticipated as the legacy of the machine age materialized only as consumerism and boredom, so science fiction's great horizons have shrunk. Rather than inspiring liberty, science fiction has merely generated a new set of conventions. Instead of drawing anybody onward, these conventions have led inward, to minutely embroidered variations on earlier works; sideways, to procrastination and



th (as when science fiction disposes of social uests by resolving them in impossible conditions); and backward, to nostalgia and escapism when it pretends that the present never occurred).

Conventions, of course, are attributes of all literary genres, and it seems pointless to fault a genre merely for being a genre. What makes science fiction different from other genres is the basis of its intention, which is nothing less than to depict the future, and the impossible. That it usually delivers pedestrian silliness is therefore thrown into much greater relief. Like modern technology, science fiction relies on mystification to disguise the fact that it is conceptually retailing the same product.

When science fiction is not marketing novelty, it markets a woozy universalism. From the perspective of this universalism, the values that count are those that pertain to all 60,000 inhabited planets. By contrast, human concerns appear shrunken and pathetic. Witness, for example, James P. Hogan's *Code of the Lifemaker*:

... for the rest of the cosmos, stretching away for billions of light-years behind Earth's rim, the event of man's extinction would be no more newsworthy than the demise of a community of microbes caused by the drying up of a puddle somewhere in Outer Mongolia.

This passage comes early in a novel that seeks to expand the consciousness of its presumably human readers. The major device employed is a simple paradox: intelligent, God-fearing robots inhabit a planet where the "animal" and "vegetable" forms are metallic, and the "mineral" forms organic. When this cozy little anti-world is visited by earthlings, a metaphysical crisis occurs. Of course, all fiction resolves imaginary problems with imaginary solutions, but only science fiction appends imaginary ethical conclusions as well. This novel's plea for tolerance of religious robots, while heartfelt, is of a staggering irrelevance. Such contrivance is typical of the genre. Science fiction, unable to harness the impossible, invariably substitutes the ersatz. Science fiction has become a dead zone useful for dumping space travel, extraterrestrials, weird inventions, time warps, extrasensory perception, biological mutations, the morals of intelligent machines, and anything else that could be of genuine scientific interest were it not fictional. This material is handled with techniques derived from allegory and satire, kicking off principally from the "what if" angle, which has become the cornerstone of the genre. The distinction is that allegory and satire are usually designed to provoke action, whereas science fiction is intended to encourage speculation for its own sake. The categories are

frequently confused, as when historians of science fiction attempt to enlist Plato's *Republic* or More's *Utopia* as forerunners. Not every deviation from realism qualifies as science fiction: myths, fairy tales, visionary tracts, and surrealist narratives are not science fiction. Fantasy, although it shares authors, publishers, and readers with science fiction, is a species of medieval or paleolithic western. It is not science fiction. Kafka's *The Trial* is not science fiction, and neither is Orwell's *1984*, although this last claim is subject to dispute.

Nor does science fiction exclude humor, but a major component of humor is irrationality, a quality feared by science fiction. Within the terms of the genre, everything must adhere to a rigorous schema. Science fiction cannot bear to leave its conundrums elegantly unresolved. Its task is to literalize, add mass, and seek a convincing solution, no matter how extravagant or dull. Science fictioneers are addicted to a form of closure, by which internal consistency is achieved at the cost of absurdity. If humans shuttle back and forth through time like commuters on the subway, the mechanism of their travel must be accounted for in a consistent and "plausible" way. If aliens are shaped like hourglasses and exhale chlorine, their physiology must be explained in terrestrial terms. Science is not usually considered a deterrent to the spirit of invention, so the fact that it can be invoked to deadening effect in a purely literary matter is a bit surprising. But science fiction's fear of instinct and desire for respectability mark its origins in the nineteenth-century bourgeoisie, a milieu famous for using science as a bludgeon.

Like any abstract notion, science fiction possesses a highly questionable genealogy. Any number of works bearing the faintest traces of qualities that have subsequently become associated with science fiction have been signed up as precursors. These include allegorical utopias and dystopias, satirical works like Lucian's and Cyrano de Bergerac's voyages to the moon, and tall tales like those of Sir John Mandeville and Baron Munchausen. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, with its gothic apparatus and its romantic delight in the very excesses it fears, is a more difficult case. Today it seems like a forerunner of one subcategory of science fiction, the kind of cautionary tale that usually proceeds from fear of nuclear war. Some works by Poe, such as "A Descent into the Maelström" and *The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, seem closer in spirit to mainstream science fiction because of their faith in scientific rationalism as the only defense against the ancient terrors. Poe's investment in empiricism anticipated not only

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science fiction but its more mundane cousin, the detective story.

Where science fiction can truly be said to originate is with the 1863 publication of *Five Weeks in a Balloon*, by Jules Verne. Verne simply disposed of the past and its fears, and charged into the future with a confidence that everything could be known and solved. His pitiful ineptitude with most narrative techniques is overwhelmed by the sheer abundance of his mechanical inventions. He thereby set a precedent for the many writers who were to make careers based on the literary equivalent of architectural renderings. Verne's relentless optimism and determination made him the ideal poet of the work ethic, and the patron saint of several generations of small boys.

In 1895, H. G. Wells published *The Time Machine*, quickly followed by *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, *The Invisible Man*, and *The War of the Worlds*. Wells was a much more complex writer than Verne, as well as a more didactic one. He was not convinced by mechanical panaceas, but tried to imagine the human effects of scientific trends and discoveries. His work has a noticeably darker color than that of most other early writers. He depicts with great relish the logical outcome of, say, Social Darwinism (*The Time Machine*) or of scientism gone mad (*The Island of Dr. Moreau*). Wells was a real novelist, who carried with him into science fiction the traditions of nineteenth-century English literature, which were subsequently picked up and misused by most of his imitators.

After Wells, the mainstream of science fiction became largely the domain of hobbyists and hacks. An engineer named Hugo Gernsback came to the United States from Luxembourg in 1904 and a few years later launched *Modern Electrics*, a science magazine that gradually drifted toward pure speculation. In 1911 he began serializing his novel, *Ralph 124C41+*, the adventures of an engineer in the year 2660.

True to the tradition of Verne, it forecast television, jukeboxes, radar, fluorescent lighting, solar power, microfilm, and much more, while remaining sunnily oblivious to the social implications of such marvels and to any other human details. Gernsback went on to found the magazine *Amazing Stories* in 1926 and can be regarded as the prophet of popular science fiction in the United States. *Amazing Stories* set the tone for the next few decades of sci-fi pulps.

Along with periodic like *Astounding Stories* and *Wonder Stories*, brought the gospel of science fiction into the backwaters and recruited writers from far and factory towns where their lack of formal education might otherwise have limited them. These magazines were the sole arena of science fiction until after World War II, when paperbacks opened the book market.

Around this time Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of Tarzan, began his series of novels devoted to John Carter's adventures on Mars and E. E. ("Doc") Smith wrote *Skylark in Space*, the first installment of his interminable space chronicle. These works are crucial almost to the point of unreadability, but they possess a certain imaginative vigor, not to mention the mania and presumption required to depict the progress of whole universes across thousands of centuries. This desire to capture the enormous impact of scientific discovery on the average mind remains a central concern of science fiction. The *Star Wars* movies and Frank Herbert's never-ending *Dune* saga are recent versions of the serialized space opera, in which planets, colonial species, and biosystems interact in myriad configurations like the cast of a Victorian trip-decker. The English novelist Olaf Stapledon realized the logical extreme of such gigantism in his *Star Maker* (1937). This extraordinary novel portrays characters who are sentient universes and spans some five trillion years with a loneliness and serenity befitting its ambition. It is a curiosity of a very high order, a genuine work



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terature, and has not, needless to say, had many imitators.

In 1937, John W. Campbell became editor of *Astounding Stories* and immediately set about reforming the genre. His insistence on scientific probability, intended to keep science fiction from leaning too far into fantasy, encouraged lodging consistency, as writers contorted their texts in an attempt to make plausible subjects that were no more than misty reveries. Campbell is also noted for raising the literary standards of science fiction while at the same time declaring its independence from literature, thereby changing its status from that of a poor relation to that of an indifferent neighbor. Like his imposition of a standard of scientific probability, this change was a lasting one. It insulated the genre from illiterate ravings, but it also institutionalized mediocrity. Under Campbell everything was sacrificed to exposition. Novelistic niceties like characterization, dialogue, and atmosphere were bulldozed aside as incidental to the real work of armchair invention. What Campbell proposed, in effect, was technical writing of a schematic nature, bound to the conventions of fiction only by the common act of having been made up. Literature was thought to be soft, pasty stuff compared with the hard matter of science fiction.

Campbell was a tyrant who encouraged tyrannical views. His guidance bore fruit in the works of such writers as Robert Heinlein and L. Ron Hubbard. Heinlein's grandiose technocratic vision approaches fascism in works like *Starship Troopers* (1959) and *Stranger in a Strange Land* (1961), the latter once the bible of psychedelic zealotry and a major influence on Charles Manson. Hubbard, after producing acres of wordage for Campbell, tired of writing science fiction and decided to live it, a decision that resulted in his pseudoscience, Dianetics, which had considerable impact on science fiction before mutating into the pseudoreligion Scientology.

The 1950s saw an efflorescence of the genre. In the shadow of the atom bomb, the fever of speculation ran high. Science fiction lost much of its innocence, yet it tended to dispatch its newfound concern with pressing social questions far into space or deep into time. Still, new kinds of writing managed to surface. Henryuttner and Frederic Brown dared to introduce vivacity, Cordwainer Smith revealed an unusual historical imagination, and the first stirrings of modernism showed up in Alfred Bester's superb novels *Tiger! Tiger!* and *The Demolished Man*. Science fiction began to be widely published in paperback, while pulp magazines flourished for the last time before being wiped out by televi-

sion. This was science fiction's golden age. Even today, most people are familiar with the genre through works of the 1950s, notably those of its Gog and Magog, Isaac Asimov and Ray Bradbury. The negative qualities represented by these two—prolix spew and poetical preciousness, respectively—have come to stand for the “scientific” and “literary” pillars of the house. Both Asimov and Bradbury come up with good ideas, both are extraordinarily dull writers, and both have publicity machines worthy of Hollywood. Thus two middling figures have come to epitomize the summit of the craft, thereby weakening the genre as a whole.

The 1960s were a period of doubt and disillusionment everywhere. In science fiction, writers moved from outer space—which was fast becoming tarnished reality, courtesy of the space program—toward inner space, as suggested by introspection and drugs. Philip K. Dick created an impressive body of work out of his lack of confidence in empirical reality. Thomas M. Disch speculated pessimistically on the cultural design of the near future. J. G. Ballard introduced psychopathology and surrealism to the disaster epic, going further from science fiction with each succeeding book. Other writers, such as Italo Calvino and William Burroughs, have used science fiction as a point of departure, but Ballard is the only writer to come from within the genre and be led away from it by formal and psychological concerns. *Empire of the Sun*, his most recent work, is a quasi-autobiographical account of his years in a Japanese internment camp in China in the 1940s. The book is significant in revealing that Ballard's science fiction imagery has a basis in experience—in his memories of the emptiness of occupied Shanghai, with its deserted villas and drained swimming pools, and of the shock and anarchic madness that washed over eastern China when the glow of Hiroshima was seen on the horizon.

In the late 1960s and throughout much of the succeeding decade, a kind of exhaustion settled on science fiction. The generation-gap battle between mainstream and avant-garde finally played itself out, leaving a few good writers and a great deal of dross. Stanley Kubrick's epic production of Arthur C. Clarke's *2001: A Space Odyssey* gained a cult following but failed to inspire a Hollywood trend. The successful American lunar mission of 1969 also seems to have come as an anticlimax for feverish cultists who saw their best hope for cosmic revelation turn out to be a mere geological dig. Suddenly, in 1977, George Lucas, who had previously failed commercially with the dystopian science fiction film *THX-1138*, revived the space opera in *Star Wars*, and the deluge was on. Before long, such things as chocolate candy and furniture stores

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were being marketed with science fiction imagery. A willed optimism and an imperialistic sense of destiny were abroad in the land, and cheerful pulp bombast seemed the appropriate cultural response.

If science fiction today can be said to show a trend, it is a retrograde trend, serving up planets ever more distant and futures increasingly remote. The fear of nuclear holocaust has become so pervasive that it seems best simply to allude to the destruction of the planet, long ago, while tracing the destinies of escapees in their new galactic neighborhoods. The few novels that treat atomic disaster as a more recent experience tend to push a dubious survivalist line, which stops just short of wishing for a holocaust that will force us back to the frontier, where men were men. Russell Hoban's *Riddley Walker* is a significant exception. Set in a distant time when humanity is just regaining technology, history, and self-consciousness long after nuclear devastation, it is written in a pidgin English that creates a remarkable dramatic irony:

Owt uv thay 2 peaces uv the Littl Shynin Man the Addom thayr cum shyningnes in wayvs in spredin circels. Wivverin & wayverin & humin with a hy soun. Lytin up the dark wud. Eusa seen the Littl 1 goin roun & roun insyd the Big 1 & the Big 1 humin roun insyd the Littl 1. He seen thay Master Chaynjis uv the 1 Big 1. Qwik then he riten down thay Nos. uv them.

Hoban convincingly portrays a new Dark Ages with a cryptic mythology drawn from the present. His implication of cyclical recurrence is thoroughly chilling. More representative is Charles Whitmore's *Winter's Daughter*, which, while commendably avoiding the racist, sexist, and brutalizing qualities of other survivalist works, settles for an Arcadian nostalgia that is hardly less dangerous.

That the prospect of wholesale slaughter should occasion a yearning for the primitive should not surprise us. In troubled times, what could be more soothing than a feudal reverie in which the reader joins the warrior caste? Fantasy, with its reliance on magic as an escape from probability, sounds like the opposite of science fiction, but literary miscegenation abounds. Witness, for example, the success of Anne McCaffrey and her dragon series, of which *Mor-eta: Dragonlady of Pern* is the most recent installment. McCaffrey's fantasy land is simultaneously traditional (capes, swords, a lingo that resembles Cornish) and set on another planet. Life is simple, men are hairy-chested, women likewise, the physical world is malleable, and imaginary solutions can be magical, scientific, literary, or all of the above. Here is the ultimate escapism: the problems of one

genre are solved by importing labor-saving devices from another.

In this way, science fiction's original promise is fulfilled most literally and most ludicrous. The prophets of science fiction hoped to avoid traditional literary constraints and scullery service to the real world, but much of today's science fiction does little more than erect a structure of pure cotton candy where nothing is constant but the need for wish-fulfillment. The low pay meted out to science fiction writers the past may have been responsible for some of the genre's woolier examples of logorrhea and vacuity, but today, in a booming market, there is no such excuse. The only explanations are haste and a contempt for the audience.

John Varley's *Demon*, for example, displays all the hallmarks of word-processor style: short paragraphs, a rambling breeziness, a tendency to repeat background information, a general confusion about what occurred in earlier chapters. The plot is an indescribable mess, hopping genres at the author's whim: a group of Canadians and their centaurlike allies battle zombies who enact scenes from Hollywood movies under the command of a goddess who is both an entire planet and a giant facsimile of Marilyn Monroe.

She paused and moved to one side to let a truck laden with cocaine sputter by her. It was zombie-driven. The creature at the wheel probably had never realized the pillar he had driven around was his Goddess; the top of the truck was not much above Gaea's ankle. It turned into the cocaine warehouse, which was almost full now. Gaea frowned. The Iron Masters were good at many things, but had never gotten the hang of the internal combustion engine. They liked steam a lot better.

The net result is much like that of pouring all one's paints into a single container: a uniform shit-brown.

But the old values are not entirely dead, as evidenced by the Hogan book, *Code of the Lifemaker*, mentioned earlier. Hogan, who has been publishing for less than a decade, writes like a relic dredged up from a 1953 issue of *Amazing Stories*. This book spares nothing to achieve consistency: the pious robots have robot pets, drink crankcase oil, and dwell in houses made of vegetable matter. The gravity of their belief system is thrust on the reader via the nicknames the visiting humans assign to individual robots: Galileo, Leonardo, Moses. All this is assembled to make a firm non-point about religion and science and their need to coexist. Consistency, thoroughness, a sense of purpose, a moral conclusion, and a strong-jawed seriousness that persists right through all occasions for humor—these are among the qualities of classic science fiction Hogan exemplifies:



They stopped and looked back to watch as the sky-dragon that had carried them high over the world rose, slowly at first, with violet heat-wind streaming from its underside, and then turned its head upward as it gained speed and soared higher to shrink rapidly to a pinpoint and eventually vanish.

... Accepting a roof as shelter out in the desert was one thing, but being enclosed on all sides as if in a trap was another. And after watching the Sky-beings entering and emerging from their dragon furnaces unscathed, how could one be sure they appreciated the limits that the mere steel and titanium casings of robeings could withstand?

ll of this leaves the reader with a slightly compromised aftertaste, as if the hours spent with the book had been hours spent humoring a lunatic.

**B**etter, perhaps, that the author dispense with earthly correlatives entirely and drown the reader in an extragalactic miasma, as Samuel R. Delany does in *Stars in My Pocket like Grains of Sand*. Delany, who began publishing in the 1960s, is the only major black writer of science fiction. His books are dense and thoughtful, if perhaps a shade overwritten, as his titles might suggest (*Driftglass*, *Time Considered as a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones*).

On the comscreen, which for some reason hadn't turned off when I'd left, the pale colors of the ball court still pulsed: within the pentagonal frame, among the laughter, I watched Thadeus Thant (voice like a cracked claxon, a gentle, jovial, jealous creature, who, now at age eighty, has learned to turn jealousy into ambition)... and imperious Eulalia Thant (an impressive redhead surrounded by more jewelry than I think all of us Dyeths owned, kilos of it floating out on suspensors that kept it turning slowly about her, as she turned about her children, her spouses, a woman with an insight into human motivations both cultivated and uncanny)...

Delany has a flair for the alien, and is quite adept at convincingly rendering the whole of distant societies. But he is sometimes hard on the reader, who must spend hours deliberating over the probable sexes of characters in a society where everyone is referred to as "she," regardless of gender, unless he/she becomes a sexual object, and thus becomes "he." After a few hundred pages, however, the insistence has a hypnotic effect, and the conceits take on flesh. Then, near the end, the book reveals itself as a doomed-love tale with a very long set-up. The set-up is so skillful and the denouement so flat that the book seems abruptly to fall off a cliff. It is as though the book had ended with "and then I woke up." The love story is a homosexual one, which ought to be either incidental or boldly announced; but instead the doom, the ending, and even the lengthy *mise-en-scène*

seem like camouflage slathered on out of embarrassment. This is an example of science fiction's accustomed approach to a subject of burning concern—to the author or to society at large: put it aboard a rocket ship and transport it eons away where it can be detonated safely.

Stanislaw Lem's *His Master's Voice* (1968) sets itself a task and does not shirk it. On the other hand, it qualifies as a science fiction novel only if the term is taken literally. This tale of conflict among scientists occupied in deciphering what may or may not be a message from an extraterrestrial civilization is speculative in the most narrow sense. It takes common science fiction concerns (e.g., moral imperatives in the face of a possibly dangerous scientific breakthrough) and flattens them into realism. The hook (whether the "message" is genuine or not) is left unresolved. The contempt for the genre that Lem demonstrates in his essays (collected in *Microworlds*, 1985) is here balanced by what he presumably considers a superior approach. But *His Master's Voice* is dull, relentlessly earthbound, and fanatically methodical. In short, it is an essay about science leavened with academic realism.

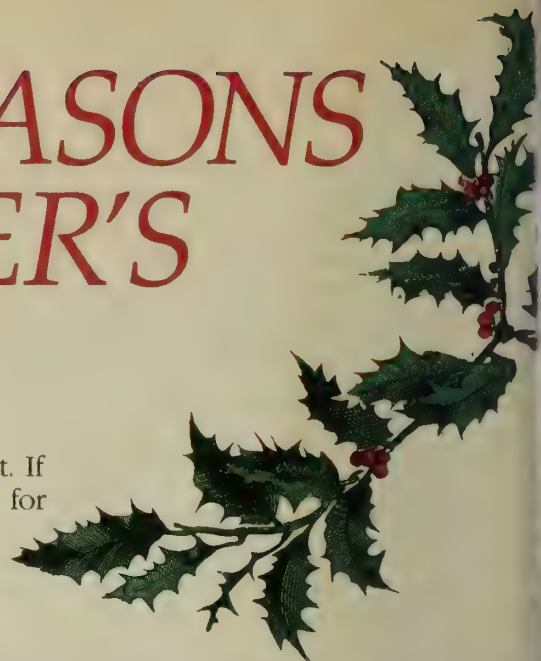
The more recent books considered above span a wide range of ambition, literary merit, and moral responsibility, but they are all instantly forgettable. While it may be argued that a number of them were probably designed that way—as disposable printed fodder—it is unlikely that any of their authors would so readily spurn the chance to produce a title that might continue selling for a few decades. Science fiction, by relying on a tradition of mediocrity, has effectively sealed itself off from literature, and, incidentally, from real concerns. From within, science fiction exudes the humid vapor of male prepubescence. The cultlike ferocity of science fiction fandom serves only to cultivate what is most sickly and stunted about the genre.

Meanwhile, in the outside world, science fiction finds work as a commercial fetish, substituting for religion. Consumers are shown a field of stars blazoned with the device "Beyond!" When associated with breakfast cereal or pickup trucks, the image of the cosmos suggests masculine adventure while promising oblivion. Anything can and does get sold this way. Nevertheless, the double seduction of bravado and of the void can most effectively be used to sell the prospect of annihilation. Perhaps it is not so much that science fiction has compromised itself as that time has caught up with it. Its once vast terrain has been thoroughly plundered; what is left is detritus, exploitable but degraded. Science and fiction can both be found elsewhere; the future, though, must still be invented. ■

By relying on a tradition of mediocrity, science fiction has sealed itself off from literature, and, incidentally, from real concerns



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# TV PURITANS

Who killed J. R.'s sex life?

By George V. Higgins

There is a rumor abroad in this land that prime-time television corrupts impressionable youngsters and their ductile elders by promoting sexual activity. The people in charge of disseminating this view are assured and vociferous. Being of sound (and partly) mind, I investigated their allegations. My conclusion: prime time does no such thing. On the contrary, what the networks do is lecture on the merits of old-fashioned puritanism. And what the shows teach is that even impure thoughts bring prompt misery.

The entertainments I assayed were *Dynasty*, *Hotel*, *Dallas*, and *Falcon Crest*. My research followed accepted principles of technological redundancy: I not only watched the shows as broadcast but recorded them on tape for later review.

According to the program guides, each of the dramas exhausts one hour. Their actual running times are closer to forty-five minutes, but the popular misapprehension is understandable—they seem a lot longer. In fact, they seem interminable, the sort of endless, meaningless, hopeless punishment that has historically prompted civilized, humane governments to create parole boards.

The 2,700 seconds (or so) of each episode typically presented from thirty to thirty-six scenes. *Dynasty*'s relatively leisurely thirty-scene pace allowed an average of ninety seconds per scene; *Hotel*'s more frantic thirty-six-scene schema punched out the elements of plot in scenes averaging seventy-five seconds. A crucial courtroom segment on *Dallas* dressed out at 1:35; an elaborate badger-me setup of an uptight wimp by a

lowdown whore under video surveillance by the dastardly J. R. Ewing occupied 2:30. There was also a trial under way on *Falcon Crest*; the longest scene ran about three minutes.

Operating on the arguable presumption that in real life the duration of sexual lollygagging and gallivanting is infinitely variable (being at the mutual whim of the participants), and on the irrebuttable presumption that the duration of courtroom proceedings increases in direct proportion to the square of the number of persons involved, multiplied by the cube root of money damages alleged or years in prison to be served, I reasoned that the brevity of the courtroom confrontations indicated a certain lack of verisimilitude in the scripts. I hypothesized that this manifest willingness to fabricate expeditious courtroom proceedings implied a commensurate amenability to the falsification of human sexual responses. Or, to put it more succinctly, I figured that writers and producers mendacious enough to present patently fake courtroom scenes—lawyers interrupting the interrogation of witnesses to argue heatedly to jurors; witnesses answering questions already excluded by the judge; outbursts from civilians not on the witness stand—were not to be trusted about anything. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, as we say in the courts: people who will lie about trials will lie about sex too, if you give them half a chance.

As, indeed, these programs do. Taken at face value, the lesson implied by these preposterous vehicles reduces to the proposition that sex isn't any fun. We all (well, most of us) know that it is. (If it weren't, we wouldn't have so much trouble with it.) But that isn't what these allegedly sinful broadcasts allege. They say

that pre- or extramarital sexual intercourse shall be invariably and summarily punished, *right here on earth*, by abject misery. Just as the Baltimore catechism alleged when the nuns hammered it into me.

Item: *Dynasty*'s Krystle Carrington (Linda Evans) becomes convinced that husband Blake (John Forsythe) is fooling around with Lady Ashley (Ali MacGraw). Her conviction is based on such hard evidence as a glimpse of Ashley watching Blake play tennis with his son. The glimpse somehow does not enable Krystle to perceive that Ashley, with her black hair skinned back and her clavicle exposed, is packing more meat these days than Green Bay ever did, and looks like six miles of bad road. Lacking that perception, but mindful that Blake used to be married to Alexis (Joan Collins), a bountiful wench if ever there was one, Krystle broad jumps, as it were, to the erroneous conclusion that the only way to save her marriage is to leave her husband. (Ratiocination is not Krystle's métier.) And where does she go to brood upon her foolish misapprehension that her hubby's poking Ashley? To the same hotel where Ashley's staying, picking up young studs the way blue suits collect lint. Is Krystle built like a BMW? Yes. Is Krystle as smart as a BMW? No, not as smart as the new ones, at least—they tell you when they want service. Krystle is dumber than rocks. And not having any fun.

Item: J. R. Ewing (Larry Hagman) misinterprets his wife's return to South Fork after a separation apparently occasioned by his dalliance with Mandy (Deborah Shelton). Wife (Linda Gray) tells J. R. that her anger's not the only thing that's cooled, and that he may anticipate no resumption of conjugal privileges.

George V. Higgins writes regularly about television for the Wall Street Journal. His latest recent book is *Penance for Jerry Kennedy*, a novel.



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Smarting from this rebuff, J. R. pairs to Mandy's billet, where she finds her attired in clingy top and tight short-shorts—and leaves her in the same costume after learning that she'll have no further truck with him until he gets divorced. If I have correctly, J. R.'s shut off at home cause he's getting it on with Mandy and eighty-sixed at Mandy's place cause his wife's at home.

Item: a *Hotel* script pivots on a chance encounter in the lobby between a young man and his former squeeze, and erects precariously upon that coincidence his wrathful discovery that she's his father's current squeeze. His reaction? He attempts to rape her.

Item: a young second wife on *Icon Crest* is unable to conceive a second child. This is plainly attributed to her previous nonchalance about conventional standards of morality.

To round out the morality play, each of these two unfortunates is punished by the bureaucracy—the would-be rapist is sentenced to "professional counseling" (which presumably either resolve his Oedipal problem or bore him into harmful stupefaction) and the infertile bride's adoption application is turned down.

What these trashy shows afford evening viewers exhausted by a conduct on the job or on the bum are scenes that pass from thinking. The scenes are so brief that they preclude intellection. The dialogue—"and understand how much I need you" (*Dynasty*)—is moronic. The characters are stupid.

What these shows don't offer is sex. There isn't any nudity—I didn't see a single naked nipple, not even a male one. The scripts don't tell him to do it, and the camera doesn't show what to do it with. Any viewer subject to sexual arousal by such fare is so autoerotic as to need no television for the purpose, and should have an operation—for his or her own good if not for overriding reasons of public safety.

Lots of people watch this stuff. Statistically speaking, few of them misbehave. Small wonder. It's a good thing this junk isn't true. If it were, you could yell at a judge without going to jail.



# LETTERS

Continued from page 8

the ones that weren't hysterical about my gender were hysterical about my presumed socioeconomic class, which was, simply, whatever class the letter writer happened to be in. None of this has anything to do with dogs.

But here's the thing. June saw not only the publication in *Harper's* of my piece but also the publication in the *Pure-Bred Dogs/American Kennel Gazette* of the results of an unofficial poll of purebred-dog fanciers in America. The purpose of the poll was to find out what breed was considered the All-American dog. The winner was the American Staffordshire terrier (sometimes known as the pit bull). The writer of the article reporting on the poll says:

I am particularly grateful to Judith A. Leck, Attorney at Law and sometimes a judge, who has seen plenty of "dog faces," and Cherie Graves, both of whom furnished me information and material on the breed. They informed me that the breed was the most decorated dog of World War I and was used for hauling munition, and that Marines stationed in Southern California had one as a mascot. Both sent World War I posters showing an "American Bull Terrier"—clearly what we now know as the American Staffordshire Terrier—representing the United States. Who knows, perhaps this has been America's dog for a long time, and we never knew it.

This, of course, is reassuring support for my claim that the pit bull/American Staffordshire/bull terrier epitomizes traditional American virtues. But it is also unnerving support to my sense that America can no longer stand or understand its own virtues, that we are going to hell in a handbasket, and that we had better do something about it.

As I write I glance down from time to time at my two pits, who are curled up together, snuggling with four seven-week-old kittens. Also as I write there are tireless good citizens courageously fighting for legislation that would result in the extinction of my dogs, on account of the great they represent to Freedom and democracy. This is done, you know, in the name of patriotism. It is not

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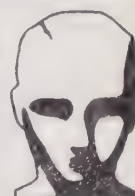
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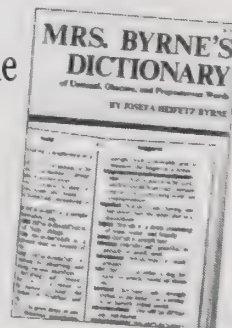
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anything that certain pit bull-like fi-  
ures from America's past, such  
Abraham Lincoln, Eleanor Roos-  
velt, Helen Keller, and James Thu-  
ber, would recognize as anything b-  
the grossest travesty of patriotis-  
courage, or political thought.

Still, there are enough people o-  
there who remember and unde-  
stand, the people who voted t-  
American Staffordshire terrier t-  
All-American dog. (Second ar-  
third places, incidentally, went  
the Boston terrier and the Ches-  
apeake Bay retriever—both of the  
staunch, intelligent, gutsy breeds  
So maybe we *aren't* going to hel-  
certainly as I sometimes think.

### October Index Sources

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### SOLUTION TO THE SEPTEMBER PUZZLE

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M	I	L	L	S	T	O	N	E	A	D	D

### NOTES FOR "CLUBS FOR CLUES II"

ACROSS: 1. RE(PR)IN-T; 6. PU(M...)PS; 11. EL(M...)S; 12. G(L)UT; 13. SCAUP, anagram; 14. GI-OTTO;  
15. THROUGHOUT, homophone; 17. LOFT, hidden; 18. WATERLOG, anagram; 22. ME(L)TS; 26. R-END'S;  
27. SCUFFLE; 28. A-LACK; 30. THOU, hidden; 33. SLOE, homophone; 34. SH(ame)FUL; 35. F(I)RED; 36.  
SEA-RING; 37. (p)OTTER; 38. MILES-TO-NE; 39. (torn)ADO. DOWN: 1. RUSTIE(anagram)-R; 2. PEG, re-  
versal of GEP(petto); 3. ALLOY, anagram; 4. N-UGHT; 5. EIGHT, reversal of TH(G)IE; 6. PER-PET-R-  
ATION; 7. MOT(IE), anagram; 8. (r-I)ALTO; 9. A-TO-P(uzzle); 10. ECHT, anagram ("high"=drunken); 16;  
RO(g)UE, & Lit; 19. RI(ght-to-li)FE; 20. OVERLOAD, anagram; 21. F(EL)LING; 23. AUKS, reversal; 24. O-  
O-LONG; 25. CLOTTE(anagram)-D(rug); 27. SP(L)INE(t); 28. CHASE, two meanings; 29. MUR-AL, reversal;  
31. HOSE-A; 32. M/E/AL; 34. SLUG, two meanings.

SOLUTION TO SEPTEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 33): most . . . actors end up behind  
the six ball. even when eight ball time comes . . . the agent takes his cut and gets behind the two  
ball. when an actor . . . is buried most . . . agents have it in their contracts that they have . . .  
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with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 34, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New  
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Kenneth A. Roos, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; and Robert VanLangen, Newton, Massachusetts.

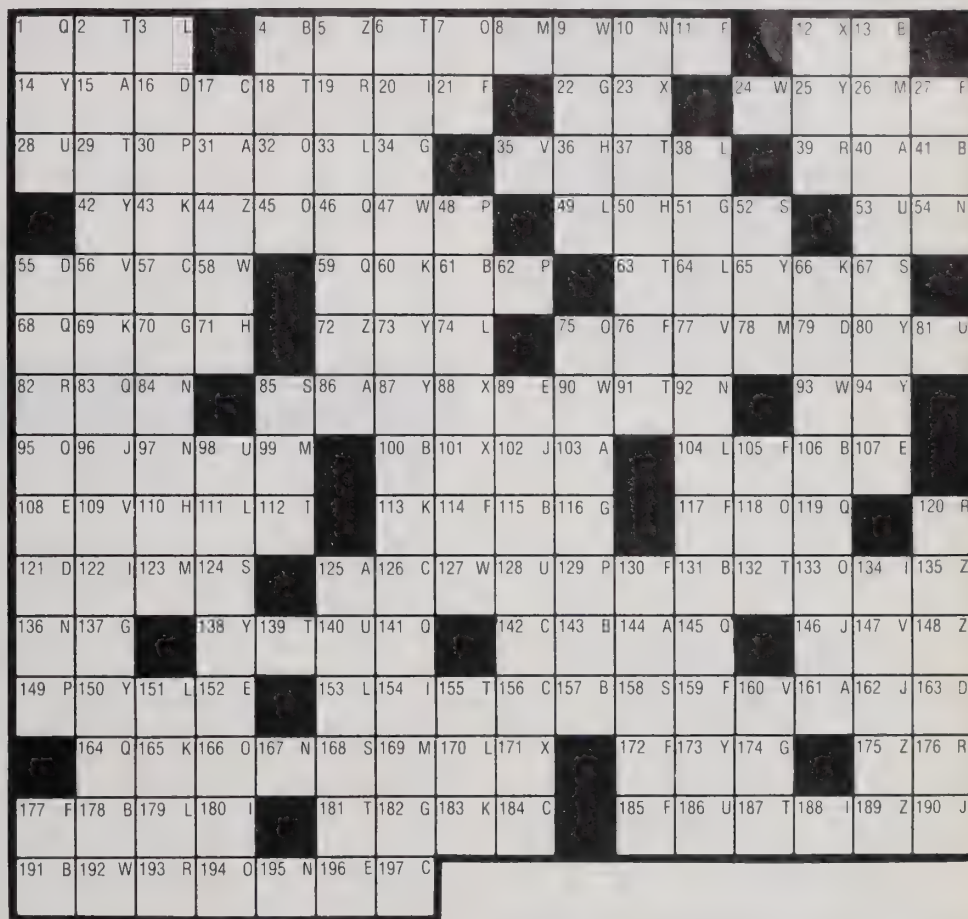


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 34

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



## CLUES

A. Large wine bottle

125 86 31 103 161 40 15 144

B. Echoism

178 13 61 131 100 41 106 4  
115 191 157 143

C. Chaffers, palters

156 126 17 142 57 184 197

D. Mother-of-pearl

16 121 79 55 163

E. Lennie's surname  
(Of Mice and Men)

152 107 108 196 89

F. Downfield blocking,  
e.g.

185 130 117 27 114 172 76 105  
11 159 177 21

G. Small Central and  
South American  
monkey

51 182 174 116 70 137 34 22

H. 1847 Melville novel

110 71 36 50

I. Hectored

122 154 134 20 188 180

J. Takes a sampling of  
the opinions of

146 96 190 162 102

K. Cheer on (2 wds.)

60 165 43 183 113 66 69

L. Lively, sparkling

170 153 104 64 151 111 74 38  
49 3 179 33

M. Followers of Zeno of  
Citium

99 26 78 169 123 8

N. Sensational head-  
line; scarehead

92 84 136 167 195 97 54 10

O. Not harmed or  
injured

194 133 7 95 32 166 118 45  
75

P. Capacious

48 129 30 62 149

Q. In operation or in  
force

141 59 68 145 164 1 83 46  
119

R. Enrich

120 49 193 82 176 39

S. Eng. playwright and  
actor (1585?-  
1642?), coauthor of  
*The Changeling*

168 158 67 85 52 124

T. "Long Island" of  
Scotland's Western  
Isles (2 wds.)

132 18 187 6 181 2 112 63  
91 29 139 37 155

U. Crusher, spoiler

53 81 186 128 140 98 28

V. Hag

109 56 147 35 160 77

W. Wife of Orpheus

90 9 127 58 24 93 192 47

X. Unrestrained

101 12 23 171 88

Y. Past one's prime (3  
wds.)

173 87 25 80 94 42 150 73  
138 14 65

Z. Spendthrift

44 148 175 72 5 135 180



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# PUZZLE

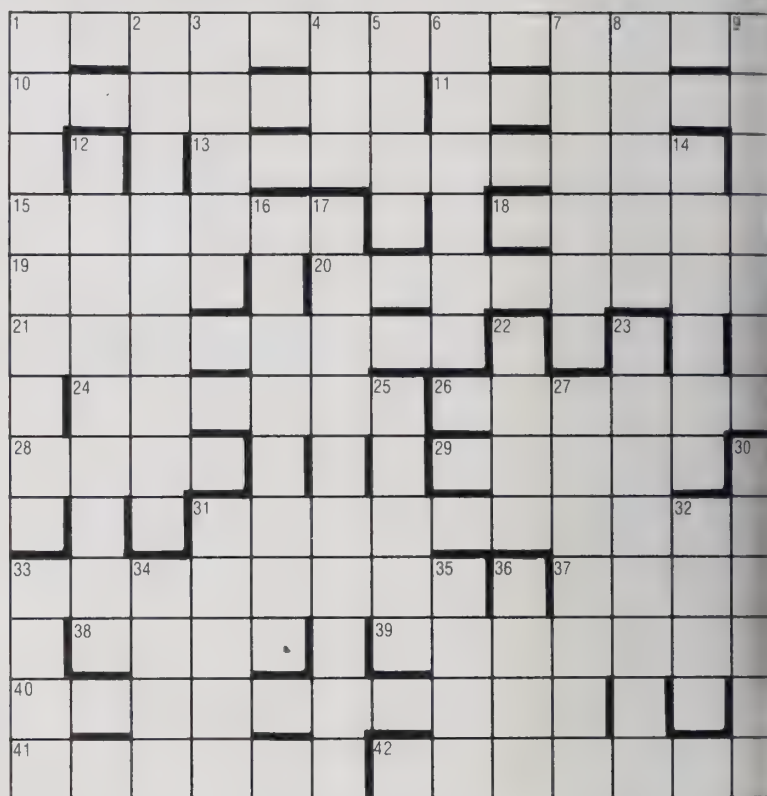
## No 1 Across

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**T**he title is self-explanatory.

Clue answers include three proper names. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.



## Across

1. No informalities, initially—check on both ends, and change—means there aren't any of these in the diagram (9)
10. Makes bubbly, possibly as a teaser (7)
11. Copper I found among odd element (6)
13. Catchword bishop gets ass backward (6)
15. Sweeps in gold pieces (6)
18. He's on the way up in company, right after me (5)
19. This tempts one taken in by wink (4)
20. Like a scold, describing husband as talkative (6)
21. Urge passes for Chinese food (8)
24. He plots to get married with bogus paper (6)
26. Steal somewhat rotten money, by the sound of it (6)
28. Comet's back, with frozen particles, but not the head! (4)
29. Go slowly, containing energy for the quiet life (5)
31. Three bachelors concealing love for "Trees" (7)
33. Members that support building lots (5)
37. Vague outline for unfinished book jacket copy (4)
38. Center or back half of tuna (4)
39. Miner's tailless dog (6)
40. Not quite plain ceremonial dish in church (5)
41. Sioux's heard in petitions (4)
42. Gee, path that curves back on outskirts of Germany is rugged (6)
3. Practice hard . . . somewhat (5)
4. This serve doesn't count in table tennis (3)
5. This is necessary to toast Italians! (4)
6. Half of school looked up vowel sounds (6)
7. Military unit hides gold here! (6)
8. I'm object being flipped over in beach resort (5)
9. Wiseacre returned streetcars to yard (6)
12. Newspaper covering for floor in snapshot is anything but idealistic (9)
14. To get hot, he tees up first (6)
16. With time, Shaw and Poe could create a kind of electricity (8, *hyphenated*)
17. They're in the eye, closer, possibly, to twitches (10)
22. Spy is said to be mole (4)
23. Call carelessly, taking in operator on the telephone—it's not long distance (4)
25. Du Maurier novel (not about old musical instrument) (5)
27. What comes after I, a little shot, mixed gin using a poker? (7)
30. Sheds storing last of dancer's equipment for the ballet class (6)
31. Former Yankee gives a lift to a royalist leader and Confederate soldier (5)
32. Even characters in trousers show regrets (4)
33. Loud sounds from not quite a symphonic concert (4)
34. Chances one-armed bandits, losing head (4)
35. Arrow almost goes astray . . . that's a big laugh (4)
36. Leaf-chewing insect (4)

## Down

1. Restriction overturned on obsolete VIPs (6)
2. Hack absorbs right cross (6)

**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "No 1 Across," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by October 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the December issue. Winners of the August puzzle, "Biased Opinion II," are Taliaferro Boatwright, Stonington, Connecticut; Gertrude Moakley, St. Petersburg, Florida; and Peggy Oglesby, Dallas, Texas.



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## OFFICE AUTOMATION: HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?

Sometime last year American business crossed a technological Rubicon. For the first time in our history, capital investment per office worker exceeded that per factory hand.


Like it or not, information has finally surpassed material goods as our basic resource.

Walter Wriston, ex-Citicorp chief, likens information to a new form of capital, one that is arguably "more critical to the future of the American economy than money capital."

Every day brings news of faster, smaller, more capable devices to serve the 70% of us who now work with this new form of capital.

But while the trend spotters on

*continued on next page*





— continued from preceding page —

their mountaintops cheer this "Second Industrial Revolution," the view from the front lines is not so rosy.

Too often, new devices are an uneasy fit with their sister machines of just a year ago. Too often, systems intended to simplify office life have the opposite effect. Grouses one manager: "The more business machines we buy, the more we seem to need."

Change is rampant. The stakes are high. Confusion is king.

**RASCALS.** The best way to make sense of all this technology may be to ignore the whole business for a week

or so and think about how your office works instead.

Who uses what kind of information? Where does it come from? What do they do with it?

No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.

*Item:* In a typical office, 75% of the salary dollars go to managers and professionals. The system that spares these expensive rascals from a morning meeting or an hour of returning phone calls may be a better investment than one that does a whole day's work for someone else.

*Item:* The lion's share of time spent in any office is spent *communicating*:

listening, talking, chasing down facts, dealing with mail.

Were you to keep a log, you'd be appalled by how little time you spend for actually producing "work." (Of senior executives: about 15%.)

To leverage time, look for ways to *move* information more efficiently.

A desktop computer can peck out in minutes the spreadsheet that used to gobble hours. But much is gained if the figures still move from office to office in a mail carrier.

*Item:* Streamlining the internal workings of your office may be more profitable than automating ties to customers or suppliers.

Japanese style "just in time" deliveries from suppliers are helping automakers slash inventory. Computerized flight information systems have given some airlines a strategic advantage with travel agents.

No company succeeds alone.

*No company on earth has pockets so deep that it can afford to automate every aspect of its business. Some hard choices lie ahead.*

**BALANCE.** Complicating the question of where your systems dollar is spent is where you spent it last year. And the time before that. A host of past choices are coming back to today's manager.

Reason: most of the systems clanking away in offices today were purchased a la carte — when phones were phones, computers were computers, and "office automation" meant word processors and copiers.

Now the walls between these separate technologies are tumbling down.

Some office telephone systems now process data. Computers have evolved that can communicate.

It's dawning on customers and managers alike that the future belongs



*Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.*

egrated business system. Today's customer must strike a balance between making the most of what's on hand and fighting like crazy to keep next year's options open.

NG LINKS. Between today's stand-alone systems and the office-wide, integrated everything of tomorrow is what? For many companies, the missing link are networks. By permitting different kinds of computers and other devices to share information, networks can pull today's stand-alone machines into organized systems of automation. These islands themselves can

be networked together, users can widen the scope of automation in an organization pretty much at will.

Some companies have the backbone of an office-wide network already in place. Today's digital telephone switching systems (PBXs) convert speech into the same "bits" and "bytes" that computers use.

This means that many an existing telephone network can double as a highway for business data — and that "office automation" need have no geographic limits.

A plug for the home team: Every vendor does some things better than the other guys. While communications and data networks are drawing-board doodles in some shops, they

are bread and butter items at AT&T.

It may be AT&T's greatest strength that we can integrate new and existing systems whether we provide *all* of those systems, or *some* of those systems, or the bridges between them.

SUCCESS. Like the first Industrial Revolution, this one will lift some companies and confound others.

Those without a coherent plan to manage information in *all* its forms — the spoken word, thoughts on paper, images, and computer data — will be at a disadvantage.

In the long run, your success with office automation will have less to do with whose machines you buy — or how many — than with how freely information travels among them. It is the relationships you set up *between* the machines, not the devices themselves, that will tell the tale.

P.S. Much of this message was drawn from *The Integration Puzzle*, a two-day seminar offered by AT&T's Institute for Communications and Information Management. For further information or for a catalogue of AT&T Seminars in eight cities, please telephone 1 800 247-1212.

Or write Mr. Dale Hegstrom, AT&T Information Systems, P.O. Box 1405, Morristown, NJ 07960-1405.



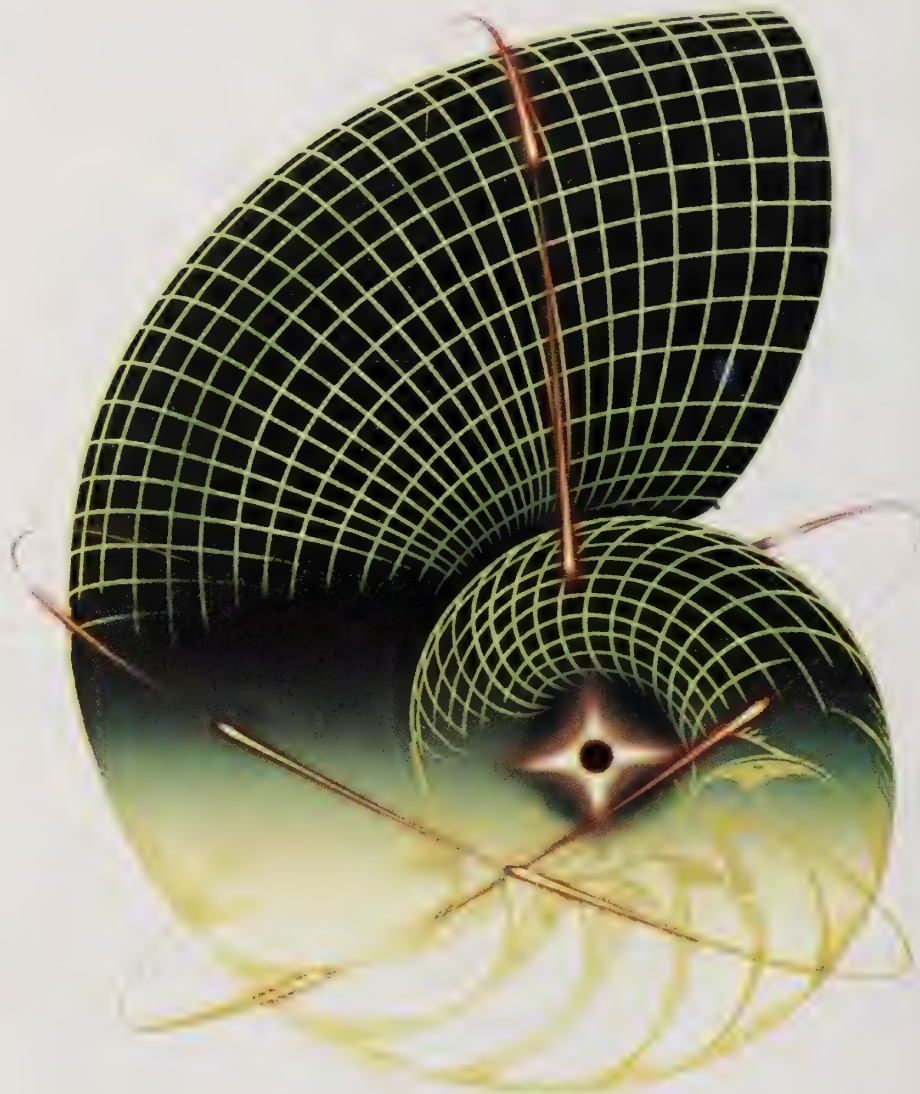
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# HARPER'S

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NOVEMBER 1985

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# LETTERS

## Thinking About Crime

I commend *Harper's* for presenting such a thoughtful discussion of crime and criminal justice in this country ["Images of Fear," May].

Charles Murray best summarized the goals of the Reagan Administration when he said, "Let us do justice." Doing justice demands that those who prey upon the innocent receive appropriate punishment for their crimes. Yet we may rightly wonder whether justice is being served when murderers spend a median of about five years in prison, rapists less than three years, and robbers about two. It should also be noted that only a fraction of convicted offenders is sentenced to prison: at any given time there are more than three times as many convicted offenders on probation as there are in prison.

We may also ask whether justice is served when we tolerate a "revolving door" criminal justice system. Many career criminals are neither deterred from criminal activity by the fear of punishment nor incarcerated for very long. For all the debate about the purpose and effectiveness of prisons, one thing is clear: prisons do a very good job of keeping criminals from victimizing innocent citizens. A recent study by the Department of Justice's Bureau of Justice Statistics gives some sense of how this door revolves. The study found that 84 percent of those admitted to state prisons have prior criminal convictions; 61 percent have previously served time in prison; 42 percent were on probation or parole at the time of their admission; and 28 percent have five or more prior convictions for criminal offenses.

*Harper's welcomes letters to the editor. Short letters are more likely to be published, and all letters are subject to editing. Letters must be typed double-spaced; volume precludes individual acknowledgment.*

From 1960 to 1980 the number of serious crimes in this country (murders, rapes, robberies, and burglaries) went up 332 percent, and arrests for such crimes climbed 271 percent. During this same period, however, the state prison population grew only 61 percent and the capacity of state prisons increased only 27 percent. Although the prison expansion of recent years has begun to correct this situation, we now send fewer criminals to prison for every 100 serious crimes committed than we did in 1960.

Make no mistake, however: we are making progress. During the past decade or so, police departments have become more professional; the number of courtrooms has been increased; neighborhood-watch programs have been instituted; victim advocacy and compensation programs have been developed; and many new prisons have been built. We have high hopes that the federal sentencing commission being set up as part of the Administration's 1986 crime bill will make great strides toward more standardized sentences.

Intensified efforts at the federal, state, and local levels are paying off. Over the past three years the crime rate, as measured by both the Uniform Crime Reports and the National Crime Survey, has declined. Since this reduction is much greater than the decline in the number of young persons in the population—the young commit a disproportionate number of crimes—the aging of the population can explain only a small fraction of the drop.

While government itself cannot "solve" the crime problem—this depends more on the actions of families, religious institutions, and communities—it can at least ensure that when crimes are committed, justice is done. By doing justice well, we



ter citizen confidence in govern-  
nt, send a message to criminals  
t the community will not tolerate  
ir actions, and protect the inno-  
t from those who refuse to respect  
rights and property of others.

vin Meese III  
shington, D.C.

n the forum about crime, Adam  
linsky asserts that the role of drug  
se in criminal activity is overstated  
and suggests that the federal gov-  
ment should not be held account-  
e for failing to control the flow of  
cit narcotics into the country. I  
uld not disagree more.

The social and economic costs of  
stance abuse are incalculable.  
ese costs range from the deteriora-  
n of individual lives and the lives  
communities to tax increases  
ecessitated by the rising cost of  
fare, health care, and criminal  
tice.

Studies have shown that heroin  
users commit a disproportionate  
number of crimes and that the fre-  
quency of their criminal activity,  
which is often violent, increases with  
the intensity of their drug use. The  
average heroin user commits more  
than a hundred criminal offenses a  
year, not counting the crime he or  
she commits each time the drug is  
bought or sold.

We cannot fail to recognize the  
social, physical, and psychological  
damage these noxious substances do  
to those who consume them. A re-  
cent survey by the New York State  
Division of Substance Abuse Ser-  
vices showed that students involved  
with drugs are more likely to cut  
classes and engage in other forms of  
misconduct. Other studies have doc-  
umented the deleterious health ef-  
fects of substance abuse. Drug-related  
deaths in New York City nearly dou-  
bled between 1978 and 1980, and  
drugs claimed 582 lives in 1983. A

heroin abuser who is not in treatment  
costs society an estimated \$32,000 a  
year. We simply cannot deny our ob-  
ligation to do everything possible to  
eliminate drug trafficking.

We don't produce heroin or co-  
caine in New York. We try very hard  
to confiscate drugs before criminals  
have the chance to use them or profit  
from their sale. But, like other states,  
New York has neither the means nor  
the authority to keep drugs from en-  
tering the state from abroad.

It is clear that the elimination of  
illegal drugs at or near their foreign  
source is the most effective means for  
reducing the availability of drugs on  
our streets and in our schools. The  
federal government must accomplish  
this essential task, through interdic-  
tion efforts, diplomatic influence,  
and, where necessary, economic  
sanctions. I am not naive enough to  
believe that this approach alone will  
cure the drug problem or eliminate  
crime. But it represents one of the

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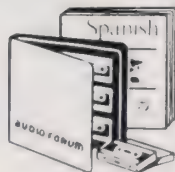
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Lawrence T. Kurlander  
Albany, N.Y.

Lawrence T. Kurlander is director of criminal justice for the state of New York.

## The American Garden

Frederick Turner says many things at the outset of his essay "Cultivating the American Garden" [*Harper's*, August] with which I am in hearty agreement. Although I am what he calls an "ecology freak," I often find myself arguing against the sterility of the rhetoric which separates "human nature" from nature and sets culture outside the biosphere. Like it or not, the species that builds cities, factories, and nuclear weapons is very much a part of nature.

But Turner eventually takes a sharp turn toward the sophistic. It does not remotely follow from the observation that we are of nature that we are "the lords of creation"; rather, the reverse is true. Turner believes that the realization that we are humbly one among myriad interdependent species somehow constitutes "an abdication of a trust." This is most curious. The subtitle of his essay is "Toward a secular view of nature," yet here he is speaking sweepingly of "the world we have been given to look after." Given by whom? This is his "secular" concept—that one species has been set by some outside force as shepherd over 9,999,999 species of helpless sheep?

If the development of technology is part of nature, as I would agree it is, then any ecological understanding that questions the effects of that technology is also part of nature. Turner finds the idea of our species trying to exclude its own technological products from wilderness areas to be somehow unnatural, but that doesn't follow from his own argument. There is nothing unnatural about something human, in this case, a growing concern for the environment. A species that lives by its wits is coming to realize that its ability to eliminate other species and obliterate entire ecosystems outstrips its wisdom. Gardening makes a pleas-

ant metaphor for our relationship to the rest of the biosphere, but the result of our "gardening" thus far has been to turn bountiful habitats into deserts. We are yet a young species and I have hope that one day, millennia hence, we shall better understand what we are doing. But to assert on the record of our brief tenure on Earth that we are the "lords of creation" is presumptuous to the point of inanity.

Phillip Johnson  
Ashland, Ore.

Spare us from Frederick Turner's megalomania. He would have us recognize humans as "lords of creation" and transform the landscape into a work of culture.

Spare us from a man who views pollution as a natural evolutionary process and wants us to see Disneyland and shopping centers as sensible components of a new American garden. Apparently, there are bounds to his desire to put human marks on the landscape. Even wilderness is to be tampered with so we may find a middle ground between "raping it or tying it up in a plastic bag to protect it from contamination."

Can't some land be left alone and uncultivated—for those of us who like it in its present wild and roadless state?

Wilderness lands are not sirrurpose lands. They provide, among other things, vital wildlife habitat and watershed protection areas.

Four percent of the land in this country has been given wilderness protection by the federal government. (Most of this land is in Alaska.) Another 5 percent may be protected in the future. Is this an excessive amount? When Europeans first settled this country, the land was 100 percent wilderness. How about preserving for future generations a small percentage that still remains wild?

Wilderness lands are hardly set aside for activities such as hiking, fishing, camping, and canoeing. Are they not already gardens—gardens that do not need the supposed improvement



it people like Turner would bring them?

Beyea  
New York, N.Y.

Beyea is a vice president of the National Audubon Society.

An "American garden" is an endless expanse of cleared prairie tilled by a 400-horsepower diesel tractor pulling a sixteen-bottom plow through synthetically fertilized and irrigated soil. Its aim is not the creation of some bucolic solitude; its aim is production—250 bushels to an acre. Anyone who has not stood in the middle of corn and looked across level earth at the regimented rows of hybrid corn cannot understand what an achievement that represents, will never understand nature or culture—and will probably have too much respect for both.

I am heartened by anyone who understands that a "garden" might indeed consist not only of orchids and palm trees but also of skyscrapers, smokestacks, iron mines, foundries, and silicon chips. Frederick Turner, however, is much too gentle with the "harming unwisdom" of nature in the cultivating of the American garden. He thinks "nature sends in the towns." He finds comfort in the squirrel that misses the leaped-for branch and in the male blue satin bowerbird that builds its nest in an unsafe place. Perhaps to Turner these are excuses for our own malfunctions. It doesn't this approach also legitimize former and present cultures, even though they be Nazi or Soviet? Maybe squirrels do miss branches, but I bet they miss damn few. And maybe male blue satin bowerbirds build nests in unsafe places, but the males don't keep them there. When squirrels miss branches, they die; when birds keep their nests in unsafe places, their chicks die. If that clowning, it is hardly endearing. Nature, in these instances, is not clowning. Yet, it is not constructive for us to be resentful of it, either. Possibly this explains why, in his endeavor to prove humanity a part of nature, Turner ends up describing nature as if it were human.

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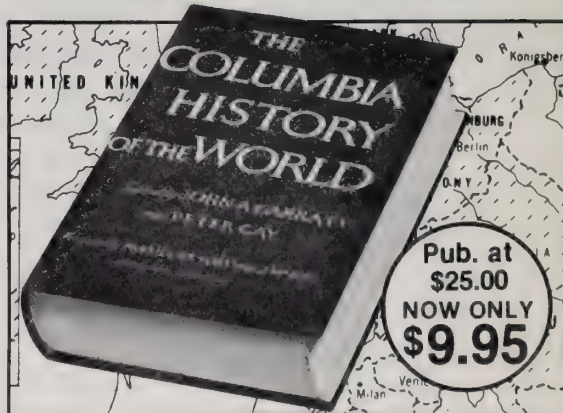
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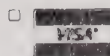


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# A New Caveat

*Caveat emptor.* Let the buyer beware!

It commonly was said in the ancient marketplace that you buy at your own risk. Such was the lament of every disappointed shopper, and the defense of every unscrupulous merchant.

Even in modern times some businesses—and some customers—have acted as if that old Latin proverb still were true.

It's not. Nor should it be.

A better and certainly more accurate tenet is: Let the manufacturer beware.

Let the manufacturer beware of unkept promises, of shoddy workmanship, of unjust prices. Let the manufacturer beware because the customer won't stand for it. As a manufacturer, we won't stand for it either.

Customers today are sophisticated, intelligent, tough-minded, and practical. They know what they want and they know value. They mean business. And it isn't business as usual.

We welcome this. People who make superior products always prefer customers who are in search of value.

Quality is an obsession with us. It has to be. We have no other choice if we want to succeed. Customers do have a choice. They always can go to the competition. And the competition today comes from companies around the world, companies always eager to expand their niche in the market at the expense of other companies that are inattentive to the customer.

How does a company succeed in today's competitive business climate? The only way we know is to provide value for money... to anticipate and satisfy the customer's needs... to deliver quality products and service on time and at a competitive price.

Quality is never an accident. It is the result of a conscious and constant effort to produce a superior product or service. It means everyone at every level of our corporation trying to do everything we can consistently better than we did before.

Anything less than the best is not worthy of our customers. Or our employees.





We have no reason to believe that nature is anything but mindless, un-  
 mantic as that notion is. However,  
 en if we accept the opinion of na-  
 re as a big, smiley-faced oaf—and  
 aybe especially if we accept this  
 union—we ought to recognize that  
 r existence is nothing but the most  
 likely luck ever. And we ought to  
 alize that it's entirely up to us—  
 ch of us, individually—to leave  
 the crap game while we're ahead and  
 solve to lead more respectable  
 ves. Because, what if—as every  
 red of evidence suggests—we are  
 nique? What if the odds of us recur-  
 ng are nil? Should we laugh along  
 th the cosmic foolery? Should we  
 nile at the clowns who are disguised  
 warheads? Should we love nature?  
 I take a more fearful view of both  
 nature and culture—and a more he-  
 ic view of human individuals.  
 urning calls self-interest a “grotesque  
 athological aberration.” He believes  
 community” will fertilize the Amer-  
 an garden. But if that is true, then  
 why did our ancestors leave long-es-  
 tablished communities for the disor-  
 dered American frontier? And what  
 ept them flowing into the vast,  
 empty West? What but that glorious  
 pathological aberration” of self-in-  
 terest can explain the giddy zeal of  
 the American settlers and their re-  
 ntless effort to defeat nature and to  
 abandon their previous oppressive  
 cultures?

Are we of “nature” and “culture”?  
 and if we are, must we always be? To  
 y we are of nature and culture is to  
 eer by looking at the rearview mir-  
 or. To admit we originate in nature  
 in culture does not preclude us  
 om one day escaping them both—  
 sing above their buffoonery, reject-  
 ng their tyranny, defining ourselves,  
 individually, without relation to ei-  
 ther. Only then will we rediscover  
 the garden that has already been  
 merica.

John Able  
 Phoenix, Ariz.

Curves

The controversy over *Tilted Arc*  
 can be resolved in a manner that will  
 Continued on page 78

## “He shot a bullet in the air...”

...and where it fell is just the  
 beginning of “a virtuoso perfor-  
 mance.”—*The Philadelphia*  
*Inquirer*. But what can you  
 expect when you're born in an  
 Ohio city destined to be annihi-  
 lated by the world's first “friendly”  
 neutron bomb? “First-class  
 Vonnegut.”—*Associated Press*.

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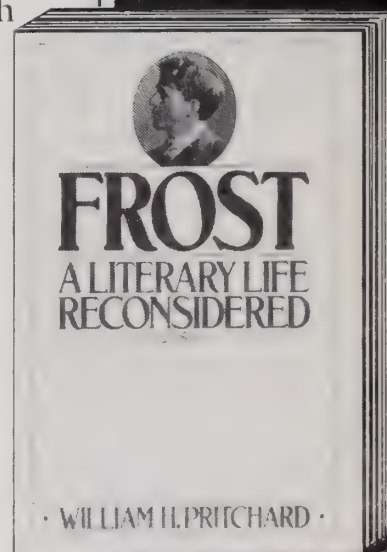
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# NOTEBOOK

## The American dialectic

By Lewis H. Lapham

*Republicans are for both the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict, the man before the dollar.*

—Abraham Lincoln

**R**eaders of Walter Karp's essay "Liberty Under Siege" (see page 53) and this month's forum (see page 37) might wonder why the Reagan Administration bears so sullen a grudge against the free circulation of speech and thought. Certainly the President doesn't look the part of a despot, at least not the type of despot cast in the American imagination as a Soviet police official or a Bolivian general. To the contrary, he seems a trusting and generous soul, always available with a grin or a joke, glad to see everybody in the room, willing to grant even the meanest of his critics the benediction of his smile.

Nor do the President's ministers and cronies look to be the sort of fellows who would enjoy setting thumbscrews to the authors of unflattering editorials, even if the authors in question happened to be employed by the *New York Times*. Edwin Meese III, the attorney general, could be mistaken for a prosperous automobile salesman—not intelligent enough to frighten anybody and maybe a little vague about the topographical outline of American history, but otherwise a placid and loyal companion, as sound in his views as the oldest locker room attendant in the safest men's club in America. A similar temper of bourgeois stolidity seems to inform the attitudes of Donald T. Regan, the President's chief of staff; Caspar Weinberger, the secretary of defense; and George Shultz, the secretary of state. All of them presumably would feel comfortable on the terrace of the Los Angeles Country Club, a men's Sunday foursome talking about stock tips, their fishing expeditions off the

coast of Mexico or Alaska, the putts missed on the fourteenth green.

Given the ease of their circumstances, their worry about sedition seems almost comic. Why their resentment against the utterance of lies and half-truths not entirely consonant with their own lies and half-truths? Of whom do they feel afraid? What enemies do they imagine lying in wait behind the parking lot or taking notes in the woods beyond the twelfth fairway? How does it come to pass that President Reagan claims a right so specious as "the government's right to confidentiality," or that the Defense Department thinks it impertinent of the nation's press to ask to be invited to the nation's wars?

Writers suckled on Marxist apologetics or European political history like to answer these questions by assigning to the Administration a talent for conspiracy equal to that of Catiline or the senior management at Paramount. The writers, as is their wont, presume too much. The President and his friends lack the imagination necessary to the maintenance of even a small-time cabal. Their timidity is characteristic of entrenched commercial interests in all times, places, and circumstances (as apparent in the portraits of the plutocracy drawn by Dickens and Balzac and Mencken as well as in the recent behavior of the New York banks withdrawing credit from South Africa); their taste for autocracy is as American as the taste for Coke. It is a matter not of politics but of sensibility, of the characteristic differences of attitude between the haves and the have-nots.

The argument between these two unambiguous factions tells most of the story of American politics. The Constitution was written by men of property, by landowners and merchants who feared what they called

"the turbulent passions" of the common man and who detested both the theory and the practice of democracy. The delegates to the Constitutional Convention wished to confine the popular spirit let dangerously loose in the streets by the excitements of the Revolutionary War, and, like President Reagan's Justice Department, they assumed that the rabble couldn't be trusted with the gift of speech. Like James Schlesinger and Alexander Haig, both of whom argue in this month's forum for respectful shows of public silence, the delegates were contemptuous of people too poor or too unruly to observe the protocols of wealth.

John Jay remarked that the country ought to be governed by "the people who own it," and Charles Pinckney suggested that nobody should be judged suitable for the office of the presidency unless he could prove a net worth of \$100,000.

Among the gentry gathered in Philadelphia in the summer of 1787, Roger Sherman, voicing the bias of the majority, told the convention that he hoped "the people" would have "as little to do as may be" with the governing of the new nation. William Livingston, delegate from New York, thought the people "unfit to retain the exercise of power in their own hands." With varying degrees of emphasis these sentiments have informed the thinking of not only the Reagan Administration but also the administrations of Presidents Jackson, Grant, Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Hoover, Franklin Roosevelt, Kennedy, and Nixon.

The convention affirmed its belief in what Richard Hofstadter, in *The American Political Tradition*, defined as an "ideology of self-help, free enterprise, competition, and beneficent cupidity." Having established the sovereignty of property, the conven-



on reluctantly granted the people a voice in the government. The delegates did so not for reasons of high-minded principle or generosity of spirit but because they recognized in one another the rapaciousness of wolves and feared the despotism of which they knew they were entirely capable. The Bill of Rights was appended to the Constitution as a judicious concession to a loud minority that persisted in thinking of money as a commodity rather than a sacrament.

By the word "liberty" the delegates meant liberty for property, not liberty for persons. By the word "freedom" they meant freedom from, not freedom for—not freedom to ask impious questions but freedom from worry about the worth of the currency, freedom from cross-examination about the beauty of the status quo.

The primary American political disputes resolve into conflicts between different forms of property—between landed and financial wealth, between old and new enterprise, between large and small capital. The emergent commercial interests invariably campaign on the promise to get the government off the backs of the people, by which they mean, of course, off the back of their own profits. Sometimes, as in Jackson's day, the government is portrayed as the servant of the rich; at other times, as in Reagan's day, as the servant of the poor. The ideas in which the conflicts happen to be pressed remain matters of minor importance. Only the slogans change, but these, as every speechwriter knows, can be bought and sold as easily as the ornamental drapery of the best academic opinion. In the political as in the literary bazaars, the American audience looks upon the play of intellect with the suspicion of Edwin Meese or Caspar Weinberger looking at Andy Warhol. The power of the mind is all well and good as long as it leads to some visible sign of improvement or can be changed into a redeeming sum of cash.

Among all the American presidents, Lincoln was one of the few who thought that a political party was not alone a corporation, a television network, or a New York publisher)

would be so foolish or naive as to prefer, "in case of conflict, the man before the dollar." The United States makes business its culture, and of its culture a business. The balance of the political argument inevitably favors the weight of objects, not the force of ideas, and the wisdom in office (in the media as in the government) construes the word "conservative" to mean the safekeeping of things as opposed to the preservation of a habit of thought or an expression of mind. The Constitution is customarily seen as a part of the boring paperwork preliminary to the closing of a real estate deal, which is why the President and the attorney general can be excused for knowing so little about it.

Liberty is always under siege, but fortunately for the country's continued existence, to say nothing of its hope for a future, the inert majority provokes the response of a lively minority that refuses to substitute property for all other human measures of value and feeling. The implacable enmity between these two temperaments gives rise to the argument that is the American dialectic. The love of money never has provided the impetus from which the country has drawn its greatness and strength. George Washington was land-poor, obliged to borrow money to pay his travel to his first inauguration. Thomas Jefferson died bankrupt. Both of them understood that the country's wealth was vested in the character of its citizens.

The same indifference toward the magnificence of the Los Angeles Country Club has been characteristic not only of the nation's leading writers, among them Herman Melville and Ezra Pound, but also of the founders of its largest fortunes. Neither John D. Rockefeller nor Henry Ford was impressed by the warmth and scent of opulence. Like Andrew Carnegie, they were interested in something else—an idea, a contraption, a theory of combination. Money was something that followed with the luggage, a secondary proof of grace accumulating in the hall along with the requests for press interviews, the catering bills, the art collection, and the retinue of obliging attorneys general. ■

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"Everything that can be invented has been invented"  
Charles H. Duell,  
Director of U.S. Patent Office, 1899



"Who the hell wants to hear actors talk?"  
Harry M. Warner,  
Warner Bros. Pictures, c. 1927



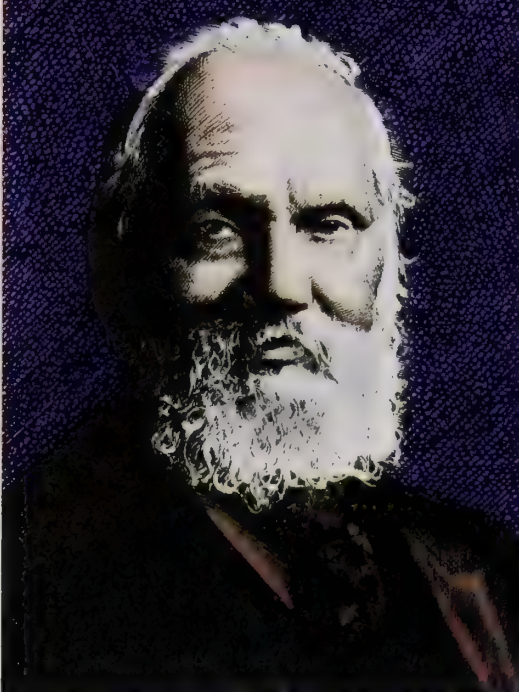
"Sensible and responsible women do not want to vote."  
Grover Cleveland, 1905



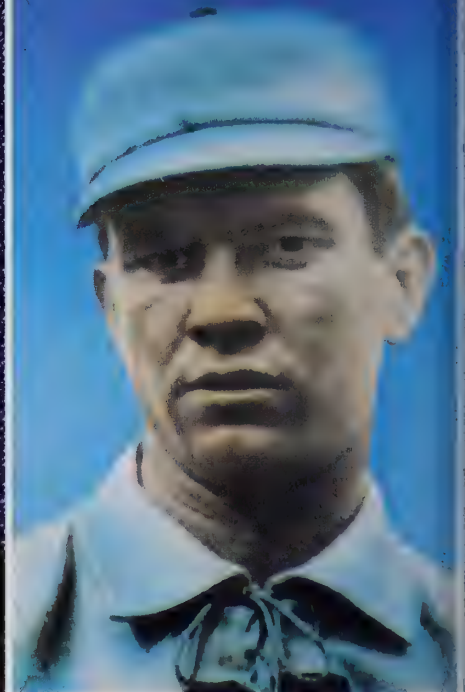
"There is no likelihood man can ever tap the power of the atom."  
Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize in Physics, 1923



"Heavier than air flying machines are impossible."  
Lord Kelvin, President, Royal Society, c. 1895



"Ruth made a big mistake when he gave up pitching."  
Tris Speaker, 1921



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# HARPER'S INDEX

- Estimated percentage of boys born in the United States in 1984 who were circumcised : 80  
Percentage of boys born in Britain who were : 0.4  
U.S. spending on health care in 1960, expressed as a percentage of the gross national product : 5.3  
Today : 10.6  
Percentage of Americans' disposable income spent on insurance premiums : 11.1  
Percentage of South Korea's gross national product accounted for by export earnings : 33  
Percentage of Japan's gross national product accounted for by export earnings : 17  
Amount Latin American countries earned on their exports in 1984 : \$125,000,000,000  
Amount they paid in principal and interest on their debts : \$49,000,000,000  
Percentage of the 90,000 Latin Americans who have "disappeared" since 1963 who were Guatemalan : 39  
Wholesale price of an AK-47 : \$230  
Price of a fully equipped "terrorist-proof" Mercedes 500 at Washington's Counter Spy Shop : \$208,000  
Number of white South African males who failed to report for military service in 1984 : 1,596  
In the first six months of 1985 : 7,589  
Estimated number of Vietnam draft resisters still living in Canada : 10,000  
Portion of American households made up of a single person in 1955 : 1/10  
Today : 1/4  
Average number of jokes Henny Youngman delivers in a 40-minute monologue : 245  
Percentage of men who say they are happier since their divorce or separation : 58  
Percentage of women who say this : 85  
Percentage increase, since 1980, in the number of lawyers who specialize in divorce cases : 100  
Percentage of federal district court judges appointed by President Carter who are millionaires : 4  
Percentage appointed by President Reagan who are : 22.5  
Percentage of all federal judges appointed by President Reagan who graduated from Ivy League law schools : 10  
Percentage of Fortune 500 companies that tested employees and job applicants for illegal drug use in 1982 : 10  
Percentage that test today : 25  
Pairs of sunglasses owned by Jack Nicholson : 15  
Number of Fabergé Imperial eggs owned by Malcolm Forbes : 11  
By the Kremlin : 10  
Weekly sales per square foot near the cash registers in the average supermarket : \$22.80  
Per square foot elsewhere in the store : \$7.76  
Cavities the average 15-year-old had in 1970 : 12  
Cavities the average 15-year-old has today : 8  
Percentage of Iowans who say they would like to be reincarnated as themselves : 64  
Percentage of trees in New Hampshire whose leaves turned red this fall : 13  
Percentage whose leaves turned red 35 years ago : 9  
Greatest pumpkin ever grown (in pounds) : 612  
Rank of Richard Nixon masks among the best-selling Halloween masks bought by adults : 1

*Figures cited are the latest available as of September 1985. Sources are listed on page 80.*





*Performance and reliability are not incompatible,  
when both are designed in from the beginning.*

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# READINGS

[Speech]

## HOW TO GET THE POOR OFF OUR CONSCIENCE

*By John Kenneth Galbraith. This article is adapted from speeches Galbraith delivered recently to the American Humanist Association in Kansas City, Missouri, and to the sixty-eighth convention of the Episcopal Church in Anaheim, California.*

I would like to reflect on one of the oldest of human exercises, the process by which over the years, and indeed over the centuries, we have undertaken to get the poor off our conscience.

Rich and poor have lived together, always uncomfortably and sometimes perilously, since the beginning of time. Plutarch was led to say: "An imbalance between the rich and poor is the oldest and most fatal ailment of republics." And the problems that arise from the continuing co-existence of affluence and poverty—and particularly the process by which good fortune is justified in the presence of the ill fortune of others—have been an intellectual preoccupation for centuries. They continue to be so in our own time.

One begins with the solution proposed in the Bible: the poor suffer in this world but are wonderfully rewarded in the next. Their poverty is a temporary misfortune; if they are poor and also meek, they eventually will inherit the earth. This is, in some ways, an admirable solution. It allows the rich to enjoy their wealth while envying the poor their future fortune.

Much, much later, in the twenty or thirty years following the publication in 1776 of *The Wealth of Nations*—the late dawn of the Industrial Revolution in Britain—the problem and its solution began to take on their modern form.

Jeremy Bentham, a near contemporary of Adam Smith, came up with the formula that for perhaps fifty years was extraordinarily influential in British and, to some degree, American thought. This was utilitarianism. "By the principle of utility," Bentham said in 1789, "is meant the principle which approves or disapproves of every action whatsoever according to the tendency which it appears to have to augment or diminish the happiness of the party whose interest is in question." Virtue is, indeed must be, self-centered. While there were people with great good fortune and many more with great ill fortune, the social problem was solved as long as, again in Bentham's words, there was "the greatest good for the greatest number." Society did its best for the largest possible number of people; one accepted that the result might be sadly unpleasant for the many whose happiness was not served.

In the 1830s a new formula, influential in no slight degree to this day, became available for getting the poor off the public conscience. This is associated with the names of David Ricardo, a stockbroker, and Thomas Robert Malthus, a divine. The essentials are familiar: the poverty of the poor was the fault of the poor. And it was so because it was a product of their excessive fecundity: their grievously uncontrolled lust caused them to breed up to the full limits of the available subsistence.

This was Malthusianism. Poverty being caused in the bed meant that the rich were not responsible for either its creation or its amelioration. However, Malthus was himself not without a certain feeling of responsibility: he urged that the marriage ceremony contain a warning against undue and irresponsible sexual intercourse—a warning, it is fair to say, that has not been accepted as a fully effective method of birth control. In more recent times, Ronald Reagan has said that the best form of population control emerges from the market.



(Couples in love should repair to R. H. Macy's, not their bedrooms.) Malthus, it must be said, was at least as relevant.

By the middle of the nineteenth century, a new form of denial achieved great influence, especially in the United States. The new doctrine, associated with the name of Herbert Spencer, was Social Darwinism. In economic life, as in biological development, the overriding rule was survival of the fittest. That phrase—"survival of the fittest"—came, in fact, not from Charles Darwin but from Spencer, and expressed his view of economic life. The elimination of the poor is nature's way of improving the race. The weak and unfortunate being extruded, the quality of the human family is thus strengthened.

One of the most notable American spokespersons of Social Darwinism was John D. Rockefeller—the first Rockefeller—who said in a famous speech: "The American Beauty rose can be produced in the splendor and fragrance which bring cheer to its beholder only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it. And so it is in economic life. It is merely the working out of a law of nature and a law of God."

In the course of the present century, however, Social Darwinism came to be considered a bit too cruel. It declined in popularity, and references to it acquired a condemnatory tone. We passed on to the more amorphous denial of poverty associated with Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover. They held that public assistance to the poor interfered with the effective operation of the economic system—that such assistance was inconsistent with the economic design that had come to serve most people very well. The notion that there is something economically damaging about helping the poor remains with us to this day as one of the ways by which we get them off our conscience.

**W**ith the Roosevelt revolution (as previously with that of Lloyd George in Britain), a specific responsibility was assumed by the government for the least fortunate people in the republic. Roosevelt and the presidents who followed him accepted a substantial measure of responsibility for the old through Social Security, for the unemployed through unemployment insurance, for the unemployable and the handicapped through direct relief, and for the sick through Medicare and Medicaid. This was a truly great change, and for a time, the age-old tendency to avoid thinking about the poor gave way to the feeling that we didn't need to try—that we were, indeed, doing something about them.

In recent years, however, it has become clear that the search for a way of getting the poor off our conscience was not at an end; it was only suspended. And so we are now again engaged in this search in a highly energetic way. It has again become a major philosophical, literary, and rhetorical preoccupation, and an economically not unrewarding enterprise.

Of the four, maybe five, current designs we have to get the poor off our conscience, the first proceeds from the inescapable fact that most of the things that must be done on behalf of the poor must be done in one way or another by the government. It is then argued that the government is inherently incompetent, except as regards weapons design and procurement and the overall management of the Pentagon. Being incompetent and ineffective, it must not be asked to succor the poor; it will only louse things up or make things worse.

The allegation of government incompetence is associated in our time with the general condemnation of the bureaucrat—again excluding those concerned with national defense. The only form of discrimination that is still permissible—that is, still officially encouraged in the United States today—is discrimination against people who work for the federal government, especially on social welfare activities. We have great corporate bureaucracies replete with corporate bureaucrats, but they are good; only public bureaucracy and government servants are bad. In fact, we have in the United States an extraordinarily good public service—one made up of talented and dedicated people who are overwhelmingly honest and only rarely given to overpaying for monkey wrenches, flashlights, coffee makers, and toilet seats. (When these aberrations have occurred, they have, oddly enough, all been in the Pentagon.) We have nearly abolished poverty among the old, greatly democratized health care, assured minorities of their civil rights, and vastly enhanced educational opportunity. All this would seem a considerable achievement for incompetent and otherwise ineffective people. We must recognize that the present condemnation of government and government administration is really part of the continuing design for avoiding responsibility for the poor.

The second design in this great centuries-old tradition is to argue that any form of public help to the poor only hurts the poor. It destroys morale. It seduces people away from gainful employment. It breaks up marriages, since women can seek welfare for themselves and their children once they are without their husbands.

There is no proof of this—none, certainly, that compares that damage with the damage that would be inflicted by the loss of public





From *Newsday*.

assistance. Still, the case is made—and believed—that there is something gravely damaging about aid to the unfortunate. This is perhaps our most highly influential piece of fiction.

The third, and closely related, design for relieving ourselves of responsibility for the poor is the argument that public-assistance measures have an adverse effect on incentive. They transfer income from the diligent to the idle and feckless, thus reducing the effort of the diligent and encouraging the idleness of the idle. The modern manifestation of this is supply-side economics. Supply-side economics holds that the rich in the United States have not been working because they have too little income. So, by taking money from the poor and giving it to the rich, we increase effort and stimulate the economy. Can we really believe that any considerable number of the poor prefer welfare to a good job? Or that business people—corporate executives, the key figures in our time—are idling away their hours because of the insufficiency of their pay? This is a scandalous charge against the American businessperson, notably a hard worker. Belief can be the servant of truth—but even more of convenience.

The fourth design for getting the poor off our conscience is to point to the presumed adverse effect on freedom of taking responsibility for them. Freedom consists of the right to spend a

maximum of one's money by one's own choice, and to see a minimum taken and spent by the government. (Again, expenditure on national defense is excepted.) In the enduring words of Professor Milton Friedman, people must be "free to choose."

This is possibly the most transparent of all of the designs; no mention is ordinarily made of the relation of income to the freedom of the poor. (Professor Friedman is here an exception; through the negative income tax, he would assure everyone a basic income.) There is, we can surely agree, no form of oppression that is quite so great, no constriction on thought and effort quite so comprehensive, as that which comes from having no money at all. Though we hear much about the limitation on the freedom of the affluent when their income is reduced through taxes, we hear nothing of the extraordinary enhancement of the freedom of the poor from having some money of their own to spend. Yet the loss of freedom from taxation to the rich is a small thing as compared with the gain in freedom from providing some income to the impoverished. Freedom we rightly cherish. Cherishing it, we should not use it as a cover for denying freedom to those in need.

Finally, when all else fails, we resort to simple psychological denial. This is a psychic tendency that in various manifestations is common to us all. It causes us to avoid thinking about



death. It causes a great many people to avoid thought of the arms race and the consequent rush toward a highly probable extinction. By the same process of psychological denial, we decline to think of the poor. Whether they be in Ethiopia, the South Bronx, or even in such an Elysium as Los Angeles, we resolve to keep them off our minds. Think, we are often advised, of something pleasant.

These are the modern designs by which we escape concern for the poor. All, save perhaps the last, are in great inventive descent from Bentham, Malthus, and Spencer. Ronald Reagan and his colleagues are clearly in a notable tradition—at the end of a long history of effort to escape responsibility for one's fellow beings. So are the philosophers now celebrated in Washington: George Gilder, a greatly favored figure of the recent past, who tells to much applause that the poor must have the cruel spur of their own suffering to ensure effort; Charles Murray, who, to greater cheers, contemplates “scrapping the entire federal welfare and income-support structure for working and aged persons, including A.F.D.C., Medicaid, food stamps, unemployment insurance, Workers' Compensation, subsidized housing, disability insurance, and,” he adds, “the rest. Cut the knot, for there is no way to untie it.” By a triage, the worthy would be selected to survive; the loss of the rest is the penalty we should pay.

[Formula]

## ARMAGEDDON BY THE NUMBERS

*From Appendix A to Strategic Command and Control: Redefining the Nuclear Threat, by Bruce G. Blair, published by the Brookings Institution. This formula is used by military strategists to determine the likelihood that a given ICBM would be destroyed by an incoming missile.*

$$TKP = OAR \times (1.0 - 0.5^{8.41(Y^{2/3})/H^{2/3}(CEP)^2})$$

where *TKP* is the terminal kill probability, *OAR* is the overall reliability of the attacking missile, *Y* is the explosive yield of the attacking warhead, *H* is the silo hardness in psi [pounds per square inch], and *CEP* is the accuracy of the attacking warhead. For attacks by two warheads with identical attributes, the probability of silo destruction is  $1.0 - (1 - TKP)^2$ .

Murray is the voice of Spencer in our time; he is enjoying, as indicated, unparalleled popularity in high Washington circles.

Compassion, along with the associated public effort, is the least comfortable, the least convenient, course of behavior and action in our time. But it remains the only one that is consistent with a totally civilized life. Also, it is, in the end, the most truly conservative course. There is no paradox here. Civil discontent and its consequences do not come from contented people—an obvious point. To the extent that we can make contentment as nearly universal as possible, we will preserve and enlarge the social and political tranquillity for which conservatives, above all, should yearn.

[Correspondence]

## SECULAR-HUMANIST BUSTERS

Gerald B. Leib, a California lawyer, received the following letter two weeks after sending a postcard to a Department of Education official protesting the distribution of a speech in which the United States is called a “Christian nation.” The letter was written, on personal stationery, by Christopher C. Sundseth, a Reagan appointee in the Treasury Department. Sundseth has said he thinks he received the postcard from one of a group of fellow “Christian activists” who regularly file Freedom of Information Act requests to obtain mail on Christian issues sent to the government. In August, Representative Patricia Schroeder asked Treasury Secretary James Baker to investigate the circumstances surrounding Sundseth's letter. Leib's postcard precedes Sundseth's reply.

I have read a speech of a Dr. Billings, of the Dept. of Education, printed on official stationery. The U.S. is not now—and never has been—a “Christian nation,” as Billings claimed therein. As a non-Christian, I am upset at his blatant preference for the Christian religion. See: U.S. Constitution, Article 6, Section 3; and the Treaty of Tripoli. This is the law of the land, not the C.B.N. [Christian Broadcasting Network] agitprop that threatens democracy. “Secular humanism” is a b.s. term, much like communist or Nazi political jargon.

Gerald B. Leib

Dear Mr. Leib:

I have seen the postcard you sent to Tom Tancredo at the Dept. of Education. I must say that your knowledge of this country's history



and structure of government is minimal at best.

We are indeed, like it or not, a "Christian nation," as more than 85% of adult Americans consider themselves "Christians." This country was founded by Christians who were escaping the same kind of small-minded tripe you espouse. The framers of the Constitution attempted specifically to anticipate those of your ilk who would try and abridge the very rights of freedom to worship guaranteed us by that document.

Also, your contention that communism and Nazism are "b.s. terms" is truly ludicrous. Where have you been for the past forty-five years? Is it a "b.s." government in the Soviet Union? You are a truly amazing, but pathetic creature.

Sincerely,  
Christopher C. Sundseth

P.S. When you die, you will be giving account to Jesus Christ, your creator, who happens to be a Christian. I hope you are prepared...

[Article Abstract]

## BULLETIN: THE RICH ARE HAPPIER

From "Happiness of the Very Wealthy," by Ed Diener, Jeff Horwitz, and Robert A. Emmons, in *Social Indicators Research: An International and Interdisciplinary Journal for Quality-of-Life Measurement*, No. 16.

**T**he subjective well-being of very wealthy persons was compared with that of a control group living in the same geographical area. One hundred persons from *Forbes's* list of the wealthiest Americans were queried, as well as 100 control persons selected from telephone directories. The forty-nine wealthy persons who responded reported average levels of subjective well-being that were higher than the levels reported by the sixty-two control group respondents or any subgroup of respondents in a national sample. However, there were unhappy wealthy people, and the average level of this group was only modestly higher than that of other groups. None of the respondents believed that money is a major source of happiness. When the major sources of happiness mentioned by the two groups were coded for Maslow's needs, it was found that the wealthy group more often mentioned self-esteem and self-actualization and less frequently mentioned physiological and security needs.

[Report]

## ABUSING HUMAN RIGHTS ABUSE

*Adapted from the introduction and conclusion of Human Rights in Nicaragua, a report issued last summer by Americas Watch. The group was formed in 1981 to "monitor and promote observance of free expression and other internationally recognized human rights in the Western hemisphere."*

**A**llegations of human rights abuse have become a major focus of the Reagan Administration's campaign to overthrow the Nicaraguan government. Such a concerted campaign to use human rights in justifying military action is without precedent in U.S.-Latin American relations, and its effect has been an unprecedented debasement of the human rights cause.

This debasement of human rights contradicts President Reagan's professed commitment to such rights. Instead of occupying the "moral center" of U.S. policy toward Nicaragua, the human rights issue has been placed in the service of a policy that seeks to advance other interests. The legitimacy of those interests is not the province of Americas Watch; what is of concern to us is the attempt to proclaim a false symmetry between the promotion of those interests and the promotion of human rights.

The Administration disregards the norms of impartial reporting on human rights when it deals with Nicaragua. Its accusations against Nicaragua rest on a core of fact: the Sandinistas have committed serious abuses, including arbitrary arrests and the summary relocation of thousands of Miskito Indians. Around this core of fact, however, U.S. officials have built an edifice of innuendo and exaggeration. The misuse of human rights data—including some gathered by Americas Watch—has become pervasive in official statements to the press, in White House handouts on Nicaragua, in the State Department's annual *Country Report* on human rights in Nicaragua, and, most notably, in the President's own remarks. Inconvenient findings of the U.S. Embassy in Managua are ignored; the same is true of data gathered by independent sources.

What is the human rights record of the Nicaraguan government? We have found that there are no systematic disappearances, extrajudicial killings, or torture—as has been the case with the "friendly" armed forces of El Salvador. While prior censorship has been imposed by emergency legislation, debate on major social and political questions is robust, outspoken, of-



ten even strident. The November 1984 elections, though far from perfect, were a democratic advance over the past five decades of Nicaraguan history. They compare favorably with those held in El Salvador and Guatemala, and they do not suffer significantly by comparison with elections in Honduras, Mexico, or Panama. The Sandinista party won a popular mandate, while the opposition parties that chose to participate secured some 30 percent of the seats in the Constituent Assembly. Nor has the government practiced the elimination of cultural or ethnic groups, as the Administration frequently claims; indeed, in this respect, as in most others, Nicaragua's record is by no means as bad as that of Guatemala, whose government the Administration consistently defends. Moreover, since 1982 there have been some notable reductions in abuses, despite the pressure caused by escalating external attacks.

The Nicaraguan government must be held accountable for the abuses that continue to take place, such as restrictions on press freedom and due process. But unless those abuses are fairly described, the debate on Nicaragua has no meaning.

Inflammatory terms, loosely used, are of particular concern. President Reagan has described Nicaragua's elected president, Daniel Ortega, as "a little dictator," and he has termed the Nicaraguan government's recent relocation of civilians a "Stalinist" tactic. Such epithets distort the facts in order to prejudice public debate. Perhaps most harmful in this respect is the term frequently used by the Administration to denounce the Nicaraguan government: "totalitarian." This is a misuse of the term, and it misrepresents the situation in Nicaragua.

In a totalitarian state, the state destroys all independent associations and silences all independent voices. Churches, labor unions, newspapers, academic institutions, political parties, and professional associations are forced to become organs of the state or subservient to the state. Some criticism may be tolerated, but certainly not criticism that challenges the legitimacy of the state, its governing bodies, or its leadership. Moreover, what little tolerance for dissent there is tends to disappear when the state considers itself threatened.

This description of a totalitarian state bears no resemblance to Nicaragua in 1985. The Catholic Church and several Protestant denominations not only operate independently in Nicaragua but express their views freely on both religious matters and every conceivable secular issue; similarly, business and professional associations and labor unions are unhesitatingly critical of the government and its leaders. Political parties representing a wide spectrum of views

have elected representatives who debate issues in the Constituent Assembly. The parties that chose to participate in the 1984 national elections—from which no party was banned—were free to be as strident as they wished in attacking the Sandinista party and its leaders, and this right was frequently exercised using television and radio time provided at no cost. An independent human rights commission maintains professionally staffed offices in Managua, prints and distributes—both nationally and internationally—detailed monthly reports on human rights abuses by the government, and does not seem to circumscribe itself in denouncing those abuses.

Any Nicaraguan and any visitor to Nicaragua can walk into dozens of offices in the capital and meet officers and employees of various independent institutions who will not only criticize the government and its leaders, and even challenge the legitimacy of the state, but do so for attribution. Some will hand out literature expressing those opinions. This is inconceivable in any state appropriately described as totalitarian. Moreover, it is inconceivable in many of the countries vigorously supported by the United States. A visitor to nearby El Salvador, Guatemala, or Haiti may hear criticism of the government, but if the criticism is as strong as that which is regularly voiced in Nicaragua, the speaker will generally request anonymity.

To point out that dissent is expressed openly and robustly in Nicaragua is not to deny that many of those expressing dissent have legitimate grievances. We believe that the abuses that led to those grievances should be carefully documented and vigorously condemned. In our previous reports on Nicaragua, and in the body of this report, we discuss such abuses as restrictions on expression and association; denial of due process of law in cases in which defendants have been accused of security-related crimes; the government's failure to acknowledge detentions promptly and the relationship of that failure to other abuses against detainees; the mistreatment of prisoners; the violent abuses against the Miskito Indian minority in late 1981 and 1982; and the abuses that have accompanied the forcible relocation of thousands of Nicaraguans from war zones.

It is extremely difficult to assess the degree to which liberties have been restricted in Nicaragua because of the U.S.-sponsored effort to overthrow its government. The situation is complicated by the fact that the Administration has argued, at least implicitly, that such openness as now exists in Nicaragua reflects the efforts of the Sandinistas to win international



Drawing]

## PARIS, THREE MOMENTS



utetia, a drawing in ink and watercolor by Gary Wright, appeared in "More Mind Maps," a show of his work at New York's Bertha Urdang Gallery in September. The drawing is based on maps of Paris from three periods. From lower right to upper left, the Champs Elysées runs from the central city of 1400, through the suburbs and countryside of the eighteenth century, to the twentieth-century skyscrapers and highways surrounding la Défense.

support for their resistance to the *contras*.

According to this logic, it is because of the *contra* war, rather than in spite of it, that Nicaragua maintains some of the characteristics of an open society. If this were true, it would contradict everything we know about the way nations behave when they are at war. Even the freest nations radically circumscribe liberties under such circumstances. At the very least, the use of human rights arguments to justify military interference should be regarded with skepticism. And, given the consequences of U.S. policy to Nicaraguan civilians, such arguments should cause us great concern.

For the past two years, the most violent abuses of human rights in Nicaragua have been committed by the *contras*. Here too the Administration has substituted rhetoric for facts. In the course of several on-site investigations into *contra* practices we found that *contra* combatants systematically murder the unarmed,

including medical personnel; rarely take prisoners; and force civilians into collaboration. These abuses have become a rallying point in Nicaragua.

Today, there are many more *contras* than there ever were Sandinistas fighting against Somoza. Yet the *contras* have been unable to inspire a popular insurrection such as the one that overthrew Anastasio Somoza Debayle.

As to the President's recent accusation that the Nicaraguan government is engaged in a "campaign of international terrorism," the evidence for this is lacking. To the best of our knowledge, Nicaragua has not been involved in any airplane hijacking, or kidnapping, or seizure of hostages. Nor, so far as we know, has Nicaragua assassinated its political opponents abroad. Prior to the President's speech, the Department of State did not include Nicaragua on its list of countries involved in terrorism.

On the other hand, the United States has en-



gaged in terrorism against Nicaraguans. Aside from organizing, training, financing, equipping, and championing the *contras*, CIA personnel directly participated in mining the harbors of Nicaragua. Also, the CIA published and disseminated a manual that instructs the *contras* in terrorist techniques under such chapter headings as "Selective Use of Violence for Propagandistic Effects," "Armed Propaganda Teams," and "Implicit and Explicit Terror."

We are convinced that only impartial reporting on human rights can encourage improvement on either side in Nicaragua. The Reagan Administration, by forsaking neutrality on human rights, has done damage both to the Nicaraguan people in particular and to the cause of human rights generally.

[Decision]

## SMILE—OR ELSE

*From the decision in Robert W. Cox v. American Airlines, issued by U.S. District Court Judge David O. Belew Jr. Cox, a flight attendant, was fired for not smiling enough at passengers, thus failing to meet the "performance objectives" of the company's "customer impact policy." Cox then filed suit against the airline, claiming that it had discriminated against him on the basis of sex. Judge Belew ruled for American in June.*

**D**efendant's "Flight Reference Manual" was passed out to all the trainees on the first day. Included in the "Flight Reference Manual" is the Defendant's Customer Impact Policy. This policy was covered during a 1½–2-hour class on customer impact, a class on transactional analysis in customer treatment, several workshops, and a simulator training class. Plaintiff's witness Mike D'Angelo, a fellow trainee with Plaintiff, testified that customer impact was important to and greatly emphasized by the Defendant because people flew American Airlines because of its friendliness. . . .

During their last class, the trainees were told to expect a five-month probationary period during which they would be observed and evaluated on three different check flights. . . .

Plaintiff's first check flight was from LaGuardia Airport to Washington to Chicago. Plaintiff's supervisor, Nancy Runneberg, contacted him before the flight to forewarn him that she would be evaluating him on the flight. She sat in an aisle seat toward the back of the first-class cabin, thereby giving herself a good view of Plaintiff's activities. After the flight Runneberg gave Plaintiff a 94% effectiveness rating, al-

though she testified this rating was a mathematical mistake and that Plaintiff actually scored 84% effective. She also wrote on Plaintiff's evaluation sheet, "Robert, you appeared tense in Phase I ["passenger boarding and taxi out"] and Phase II ["food and beverage service"]. Smiling is an integral part of the job, so concentrate on a friendly facial expression." Runneberg orally went over her evaluation with the Plaintiff and she provided him with a copy of it.

Plaintiff's second check flight was from Detroit to New York. Nancy Runneberg again forewarned Plaintiff that she would be evaluating him. This time Plaintiff was evaluated 41% effective in customer impact, and "non-effective" overall. Runneberg wrote, "Robert, you rarely smiled during the entire flight. A friendly facial expression is as imperative as courteous service. . . . You had a few minutes to initiate some contact [during free time after Phase II] and you did not establish conversation with anyone." Plaintiff met with Runneberg after the flight, and she told him to initiate more conversation, to not be so sober and serious, and to smile more. Plaintiff said he needed more discretion on when to smile at male passengers, but that he would strive to smile more.

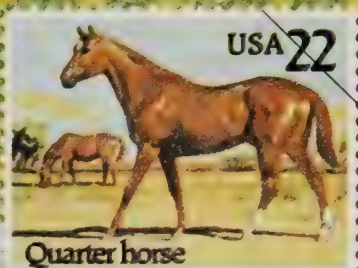
During Plaintiff's third check flight, Gail Walzer, a flight attendant and union member, served as Plaintiff's acting supervisor while Runneberg was on vacation. Walzer forewarned Plaintiff she would be evaluating him on this flight. Walzer rated Plaintiff 74% effective, for an overall rating of "non-effective." She also wrote, "There was no attempt at customer impact during taxi out. You just did your duties and sat down. Your serious look doesn't make for good customer relations, which is our business. . . . Your attitude and expression do need working on." She debriefed him after the flight, telling him to initiate more conversation with passengers, to try not to look so serious, and to smile more. She then gave him a copy of his evaluation sheet. . . .

Plaintiff's protestations that he smiled every chance he got were not credible. Mike D'Angelo, one of Plaintiff's witnesses and a fellow flight attendant, testified that some people are more serious than others and that the Plaintiff does not grin. The Defendant's witnesses and exhibits also establish that the Plaintiff is a hardworking, sober individual who was critiqued several times to relax and smile and talk more with the passengers. The Plaintiff's response to the critiques was that he wanted more discretion on when to smile at businessmen. Defendant's witness Nancy Tamuccio, formerly Nancy Runneberg (Plaintiff's supervisor), testified that the Defendant expected male and female flight attendants to act and smile the

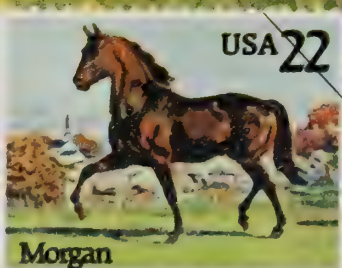




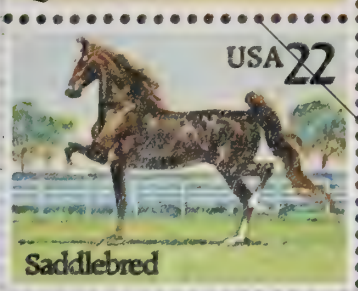
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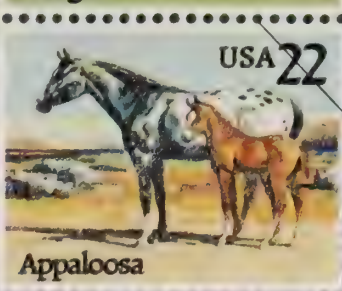
Quarter horse



Morgan



Saddlebred



Appaloosa

Bring home this shy  
Appaloosa filly.  
And the Quarter  
horse. And the Morgan.  
Or ride off with the  
Saddlebred.

They will carry you  
into a lifetime of pleasure  
seeking and finding stamps that define who you  
are. Of creativity—organizing them in your own

particular style. Of deep  
personal moments that  
are much larger than the  
stamps themselves.

So let these beautiful  
horses give you a nudge  
in the right direction. To  
the Post Office. And

into the gratifying, growing world of stamp  
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same; and that if the Plaintiff had trouble smiling at men, then he should not be a flight attendant. She testified that she supervised approximately thirty male flight attendants, and that the Plaintiff is the only one she discharged based on the customer impact policy. The Plaintiff did not present any evidence that female flight attendants violated this same policy and were not discharged. This Court holds that the Plaintiff failed to meet his burden of proof. . . .

[Q & A]

## GRANT SWINGER

*From Science & Government Report, May 15. This bimonthly Washington newsletter occasionally publishes interviews with a Dr. Grant Swinger, director of the Center for the Absorption of Federal Funds.*

SCIENCE & GOVERNMENT REPORT: How is the center managing through the ups and downs of federal funding?

GRANT SWINGER: We're tuned to the fact that the half-life of a research fad in Washington is never more than a few years, as can be seen from the topics that went critical one day and were gone the next: ecology, energy, cancer, weather modification, poverty, arms control, and so on. And then there are the "explosions," like population and information, that come and go. And the "gaps"—math, manpower, missiles, computer literacy. Not to mention assorted "windows" of opportunity and vulnerability. Many of these subjects could be epitaphs for large segments of the research establishment. But not for our center.

SGR: Did you avoid these subjects?

SWINGER: Of course not. That's where all the action was, and if you didn't get a piece of it, you had nothing.

SGR: I see. What's hot today?

SWINGER: Industrial innovation studies. A genuine growth sector, as measured by the Swinger Index, which consists of number of papers produced, miles traveled, and conferences attended. I tell you, the circuit is humming, and the center is hard pressed to keep up with demand. Responses to calls for papers have been awesome.

SGR: What are you recommending for promoting industrial innovation?

SWINGER: Let's not rush ahead. Our emphasis tends to be on the need for further study. But we have to be careful, because we're getting to that perilous point where overexposure can prematurely wipe out a field in an instant. We're already seeing it with some topics that were hot until very recently.

SGR: For example?

SWINGER: There's the really tragic case of computer literacy. We had big hopes for that one; it was one of those rare subjects about which people from all walks of society could be made to feel anxious. I mean, you couldn't get away with telling people that they're obsolete if they don't understand the inner workings of their automatic transmissions or their TV sets. They'd say, so what if I don't understand, as long as it works. But we were making a lot of progress on computers, until we overplayed the anxiety bit. It got to be so transparent that even the president of Harvard saw through it. In other fields, we can repair the damage by warning that the Russians are ahead, but no chance of that with computers.

SGR: What can you do?

SWINGER: We're brainstorming it, but in the meantime, we see many new growth sectors on the horizon.

SGR: Like what?

SWINGER: Excellence.

SGR: In what?

SWINGER: In anything. Excellence is big these days. Everyone is for it. Conferences on excellence draw big crowds.

SGR: What else?

SWINGER: Health policy studies remain a growth area. I would have thought that by now the market would be gone for studying whether people go to the doctor more often when it's free or when it costs them money. But there's still gold in that subject, even though the answer always comes out just as you'd expect it would.

SGR: What about Star Wars?

SWINGER: We've put out an advisory that's very simple: Get it while you can, because it has all the markings of a long-term commitment that suddenly folds up.

SGR: Are there any new fields of research that you're especially excited about?

SWINGER: There are always promising newcomers. Two years ago, you never heard of Alzheimer's. Today it's golden. Pornography re-



mains strong. Arthritis has run down a bit, but could be staging a comeback. Child and spouse abuse are big on the conference circuit. And there's always genetic engineering, the biological revolution, and all that. Like we've always said, "As long as you're up, get me a grant."

[Ode]

## TO MARIE OSMOND

By Jack Skelley. The poem appears in the Spring issue of *Journal: A Contemporary Art Magazine*, a quarterly published by the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art. Skelley plays in a rock band named *Lawndale*.

There you are again,  
your crystal-perfect face  
on the cover of the *Enquirer*.  
It seems you're everywhere this Spring,  
on more magazines than April has roses.  
And yes, your series flopped, but you really are  
more suited to the slit sequined dresses of NBC  
than to *Family Circle* declarations of virginity.  
Lips of a TV Venus should pucker, not pout.

And what a waste that the nine men you love,  
hinted at in this week's *Star*, turn out  
to be your father and eight brothers, that  
the husband you dream of would be another  
perfect virgin.  
Your daddy's Mormon domain is as barren  
of life as his head is of hair; let me be your  
conquering  
consort and you'll be a far richer heiress, when  
the shadows of Utah's long Winter are fled,  
and you stand alone on the Rockies, surveying  
an ancient city of soft buildings, which  
transubstantiate  
and interpenetrate in moon-aluminum evening,  
where warm  
headlighted insects dance in circles, and golden  
movie star men stand upright among beasts,  
holding tokens of serpents, sunglasses,  
electric guitars.

Put aside your moral raiment and I  
alone among them come forth to offer  
a litany of ardor: my bride, my guide, my lady,  
my baby, couch of wisdom, crystal meth  
connection, green plastic garden pail,  
ice-covered pencil sharpener,  
brand-new house in white-hot flames,  
bright-painted gate to beautiful things,  
interlocking dancer's thighs of black diamonds,  
mystical video disk unfolding precisely  
like flowers, tree-lined La Cienega to Hollywood  
in Autumn, angel of the air, arriving  
in clean reception, woman made of cities,  
intricately busy with her own construction.



From the *Dubuque Telegraph Herald*.

Once we were the issue of chaos, Marie, asleep  
in the snows of virtue; now we wake up to  
mutual delight,  
as priests and presidents wither into  
indefinite night.

[Essay]

## REVISIONIST COWBOY

From *The Solace of Open Spaces*, by Gretel Ehrlich, published this month by Viking Press. Ehrlich, who is the author of two volumes of poetry, lives in Shell, Wyoming.

When I'm in New York but feeling lonely for Wyoming I look for the Marlboro ads in the subway. What I'm aching to see is horseflesh, the glint of a spur, a line of distant mountains, brimming creeks, a reminder of the ranchers and cowboys I've ridden with for the last eight years. But the men I see in those posters, with their stern, humorless looks, remind me of no



one I know there. In our hellbent earnestness to romanticize the cowboy we've disesteemed his true character. If he's "strong and silent" it's because there's probably no one to talk to. If he "rides off into the sunset" it's because he's been on horseback since four in the morning moving cattle and he's trying, fifteen hours later, to get home to his family. If he's "a rugged individualist" he's also part of a team: ranch work is teamwork, and even the glorified open-range cowboys of the 1880s rode up and down the Chisholm Trail in the company of twenty or thirty other riders. Instead of the macho, trigger-happy man our culture has perversely wanted him to be, the cowboy is more apt to be convivial, quirky, and softhearted. To be "tough" on a ranch has nothing to do with conquests and displays of power. More often than not, circumstances—like the colt he's riding or an unexpected blizzard—overpower him. It's not toughness but "toughing it out" that counts. In other words, this macho cultural artifact the cowboy has become is simply a man who possesses resilience, patience, and an instinct for survival. "Cowboys are just like a pile of rocks—everything happens to them. They get climbed on, kicked, rained and snowed on, scuffed up by wind. Their job is 'just to take it,'" one old-timer told me.

A cowboy is someone who loves his work. Since the hours are long—ten to fifteen hours a day—and the pay is thirty dollars, he has to. What's required of him is an odd mixture of physical vigor and maternalism. His part in the beef-raising industry is to birth and nurture calves and take care of their mothers. For the most part his work is done on horseback, and in a lifetime he sees and comes to know more animals than people. The iconic myth surrounding him is built on the American notion of heroism: that a man's value is measured in physical courage. Such an idea has perverted manliness into a self-absorbed race for cheap thrills. In a rancher's world, courage has less to do with facing danger than with acting spontaneously—usually on behalf of an animal or another rider. If a cow is stuck in a boghole, the rancher throws a loop around her neck, takes his dally (a half hitch around the saddle horn), and pulls her out with horsepower. If a calf is born sick, he may take her home, warm her in front of the kitchen fire, and massage her legs until dawn. One friend, whose favorite horse was trying to swim a lake with hobbles on, dove underwater and cut her legs loose with a knife, then swam her to shore, his arm around her neck lifeguard-style. Because these incidents are usually linked to someone or something outside himself, the Westerner's courage is selfless, a form of compassion.

If a rancher or cowboy is thought of as a "man's man"—laconic, hard-drinking, inscrutable—there's almost no place in which the balancing act between male and female, manliness and femininity, can be more natural. If he's gruff, handsome, and physically fit, he's androgynous at the core. Ranchers are midwives, hunters, nurturers, providers, and conservationists, all at once. What we've interpreted as toughness—weathered skin, callused hands, a squint in the eye, and a growl in the voice—only masks the tenderness inside. "Now don't go telling me these lambs are cute," one rancher warned me the first day I walked into the football-field-sized lambing sheds. The next thing I knew he was holding a black lamb. "Ain't this little rat good-lookin'?"

So many of the men who came to the West were Southerners—men looking for work and a new life after the Civil War—that chivalrousness and strict codes of honor were soon thought of as Western traits. There were very few women in Wyoming during territorial days, so when they did arrive (some as mail-order brides from places like Philadelphia), there was a standoffishness between the sexes and a formality. These persist: ranchers still tip their hats and say, "Howdy, ma'am," instead of shaking hands with me.

Even young cowboys are often evasive with women. It's not that they're Jekyll and Hyde creatures—gentle with animals and rough on women—but rather that they don't know how to bring their tenderness into the house and lack the vocabulary to express the complexity of what they feel.

The geographical vastness and the social isolation of the West make emotional evolution seem impossible. Those contradictions of the heart between respectability, logic, and convention, on the one hand, and impulse, passion, and intuition, on the other, played out wordlessly against the paradisiacal beauty of the West, give cowboys a wide-eyed but drawn look. Their lips pucker up, not with kisses but with immutability. They may want to break out, to stay up all night just talking with a lover, but they don't know how and can't imagine what the consequences will be. Those rare occasions when they do bare themselves result in confusion. "I feel as if I'd sprained my heart," one friend told me a month after such a conversation.

My friend Ted Hoagland wrote, "No one is as fragile as a woman but no one is as fragile as a man." For all the women here who use "fragile-ness" to avoid work or as a sexual ploy, there are men who try to hide theirs, all the while clinging to an adolescent dependency on women to cook their meals, wash their clothes, and keep



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- Instructions on Voice Control & Body Language

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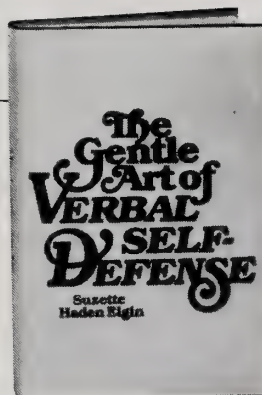
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### About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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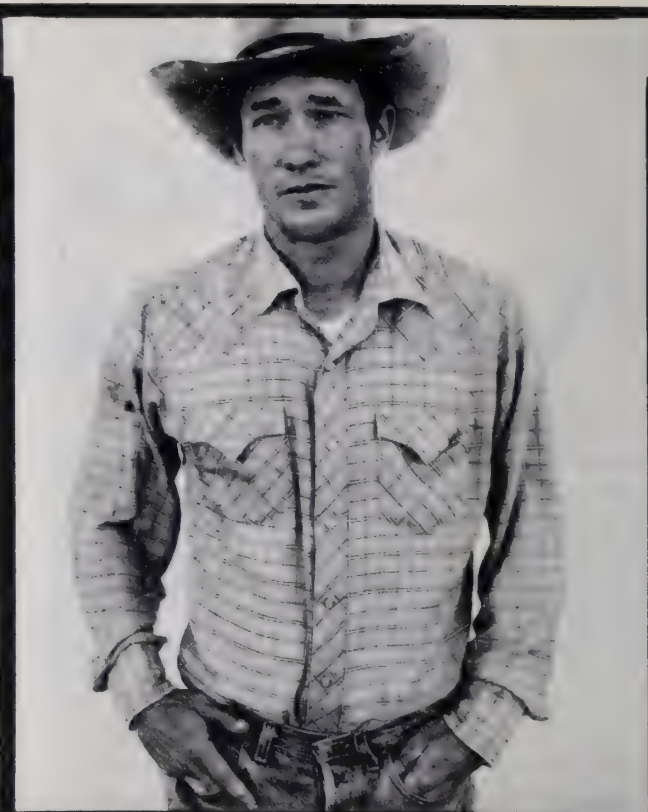
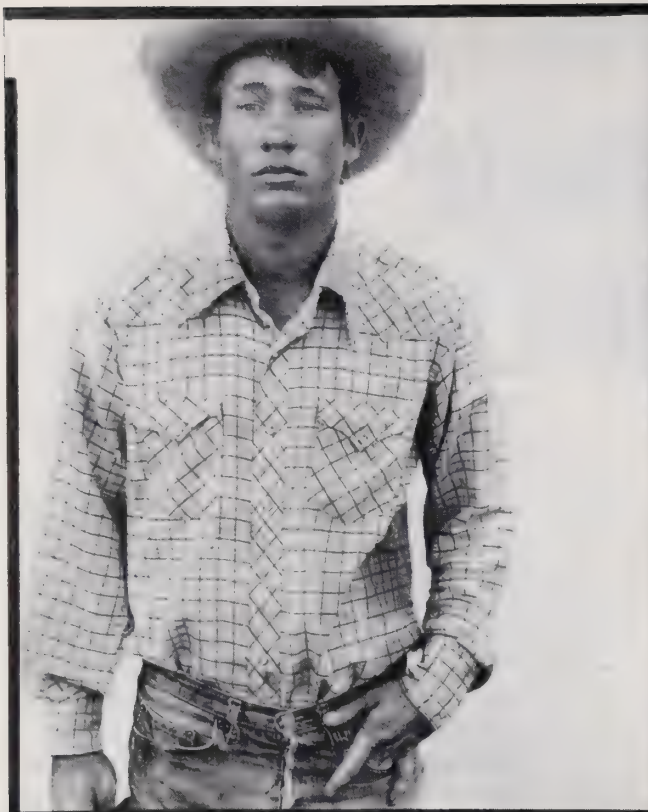
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Richard Wheatcroft, rancher. Jordan, Montana, 6/19/81 and 6/27/83, by Richard Avedon, from *In The American West 1979-1984*, a collection of his photographs published by Harry N. Abrams.

the ranch house warm in winter. But there is true vulnerability in evidence here. Because these men work with animals, not machines or numbers, because they live outside in landscapes of torrential beauty, because they are confined to a place and a routine embellished with awesome variables, because calves die in the arms that pulled others into life, because they go to the mountains as if on a pilgrimage to find out what makes a herd of elk tick, their strength is also a softness, their toughness, a rare delicacy.

[Essay]

## MEN AT SEA

By Margaret Atwood. "Men at Sea" will appear in the 1986 Canadian Women Writers' Engagement Calendar, to be published by Yewdewit Books, in Toronto. Atwood's most recent novel is *The Handmaiden's Tale*.

**Y**ou can come to the end of talking, about women, talking. In restaurants, cafés, kitchens, less frequently in bars or pubs, about relatives, relations, relationships, illnesses, jobs, children, men; about nuance, hunch, intimation,

intuition, shadow; about themselves and each other; about what he said to her and she said to her and she said back; about what they feel.

Something more definite, more outward then, some action, to drain the inner swamp, sweep the inner fluff out from under the inner bed, harden the edges. Men at sea, for instance. Not on a submarine, too claustrophobic and smelly, but something more bracing, a tang of salt, cold water, all over your callused body, cuts and bruises, hurricanes, bravery, and above all no women. Women are replaced by water, by wind, by the ocean, shifting and treacherous, a man has to know what to do, to navigate, to sail, to bail, so reach for the how-to book, and out here it's what he said to him, or didn't say, a narrowing of the eyes, sizing the bastard up before the pounce, the knife to the gut, and here comes a wave, hang on to the shrouds, all teeth grit, all muscles bulge together. Or sneaking along the gangway, the passageway, the right of way, the Milky Way, in the dark, your eyes shining like digital wristwatches, and the bushes, barrels, scuppers, ditches, filthy with enemies, and you on the prowl for adrenaline and loot. Corpses of your own making deliquesce behind you as you reach the cave, abandoned city, safe, sliding panel, hole in the ground, and rich beyond your wildest dreams!

What now? Spend it on some woman, in a



restaurant. And there I am, back again at the eternal table, which exists so she can put her elbows on it, over a glass of wine, while he says . . . What does he say? He says the story of how he got here, to her. She says: But what did you feel?

And his eyes roll wildly, quick as a wink he tries to think of something else, a cactus, a porpoise, never give yourself away, while the seductive waves swell the carpet beneath the feet and the wind freshens among the tablecloths. They're all around her, she can see it now, one per woman per table. Men, at sea.

[Script]

## A PROFESSIONAL EXERCISE

*From Pravda, A Fleet Street Comedy, by Howard Brenton and David Hare. Pravda is currently a hit at the National Theatre in London. The script was published by Methuen.*

*The newsroom of the Daily Victory. It is 9:00 P.M. The first edition is due in fifteen minutes. There is a calm and orderly atmosphere. Various journalists are sitting working at their desks or filing copy. DOUG FANTOM, the night editor, is sitting back with his legs on the desk, reading some copy. LARRY PUNT, a nervous young reporter, is sneaking glances at him. When FANTOM eventually speaks it is to himself.*

FANTOM: For my sins, for my sins. (He calls out.) Whose is this?

LARRY PUNT approaches at once.

LARRY: Oh, it's mine.

FANTOM: It's a very nice story, Larry. Well done.

LARRY: Thank you.

FANTOM: Have you been to Loch Fergus?

LARRY: Well . . . yes, Mr. Fantom. I was there just after it happened. Doesn't that show?

FANTOM: Let's see, let's read this out.

*Without comment he hands the copy to LARRY.*

LARRY: "Women who have recently formed a peace camp outside the gates of the plant on Loch Fergus where the building of the new Fork-Lightning missile is soon to begin were yesterday recovering from a surprise attack by two hundred policemen in the early hours of Tuesday morning.

"The police mounted their attack in full

riot gear and destroyed the camp in twenty-five minutes. Twenty-seven women were charged with various alleged minor offenses and subsequently spent the night in cells at Loch Fergus police station.

"Commenting on the surprise attack, Mrs. Mary Kingham, a thirty-four-year-old mother of two, said, 'I was dragged by the hair from my sleeping bag and pulled across the road, where I was thrown violently into the back of a van while being abused by a masked policeman.'"

LARRY pauses a moment and looks at FANTOM, who doesn't react.

"Last night two women were still being detained with serious injuries in Loch Fergus General Hospital."

FANTOM nods judiciously.

FANTOM: Yes, well, that's good, that makes things very clear.

LARRY: Thank you.

FANTOM: The only quibble I have is that we must remember the first rule of reporting: to distinguish between what's been told to you and what you actually saw. Did you actually see them being pulled by their hair?

LARRY: No. But I did meet the woman. There was blood. The hair had been torn away from the scalp.

FANTOM: Yes. To be supercilious, Larry, a woman of that type . . . It is possible she tore her own hair out.

LARRY: Yes. And kicked herself in the groin.

FANTOM: Quite.

*The two men look at each other without humor. There is a short silence.*

This is just a professional exercise. To maintain standards, that's all.

LARRY hands the copy back to him silently. FANTOM puts it on the desk in front of him and takes a Mont Blanc fountain pen.

Women. What sort of women? (He writes.) Middle-aged women. Peace. Camp. Peace on this paper is always in inverted commas. You'll find that in the style book. Peace camp. Camp? Camp implies facilities, showers, toilets, camps are things you take the family to in Brittany. Call it a peace—inverted commas—squat. Better. "Middle-aged women who squatted illegally . . ." Better. Do police really "mount an attack"? Surely they're defending us? Society? Themselves? So it's "police defending themselves." "In full riot gear"? That's an allegation. Out. (He makes a great mark across the paper.) "Destroyed"? No. Cleared the site. In twenty-



five minutes . . . that's "quickly and efficiently." In spite of . . . What? How do women fight? Kicking and scratching, that kind of thing? This Mary Kingham. Do we know she's still with her husband? Left her children, I suppose, to squat all over the road.

LARRY: There's no proof of that.

FANTOM: No. Abused by a what? (*He smiles up at LARRY good-naturedly.*) Quote: "a masked policeman"? What is this, South America, Larry? Come on. (*He scores a line through the paper.*) Then you try to end it with this stuff about Loch Fergus General Hospital. I'm not sure it works. Did you go there?

LARRY: Yes, I went there. They're very badly wounded.

FANTOM looks at him, then strikes the last line out.

FANTOM: The piece is too long. O.K. Well done, Larry. You're coming along.

[Interview]

## TWO ACTORS

By Anthony Haden-Guest, from the September issue of Interview magazine.

*We caught up with Hector D. and Patrick J. in their dressing room, where they (separately) discussed their craft.*

HECTOR: It's a lovely script, not trendy and intellectual at all, so I expect some of the critics will hate it. But I think Joe Ticket-Buyer is a bit bored with messages. Don't you? And I know I'm sick of seeing bits of teen-age fluff falling out of their bikinis.

The character I play is an absolute darling. Debonair. Witty. A bit of a rogue. I'll have to do it realistically, although that's so unfashionable right now. Well, perhaps it's not so unfashionable—it's just that nobody can do it anymore. Almost nobody.

My motivation? No, I do not work on my motivation. I remember Hitch telling somebody: Your motivation is your paycheck. Or was that Noel? It's a total waste of time brooding over how your character got on with his father, and thinking about how you got on with your father, and all that. Do you remember Bobby De Niro putting on all that flab to play some aging pug? What a hoot. Now I hear some kid, Nicholas something, had a couple of teeth pulled for a movie. It's like Larry Olivier once said: Why not try *acting*?

Noel put it best. "Just get out there and don't fall over the furniture," he said. Or was that "Duke" Wayne? Patrick—he plays my son—is a brilliant actor. But I have to have a bit of a giggle when he starts thrashing around in the recesses of his bloody psyche. Not that he isn't a terrific talent—don't get me wrong.

PATRICK: I am absolutely Hector's biggest fan. He makes everything seem so effortless. Bob Mitchum is just the same—in a completely different way, of course. Really, it's tremendously difficult. Jeremy—that's Jeremy Brett—put it rather well the other day. Like me, Jeremy does a huge amount of thinking about a part, and he explained to some fellow from the *New York Times*: "If acting is a sponge, I try to squeeze it out, and bring in the liquids and juices of the person I am playing." I see what he means. Don't you?

In this script, for instance, Hector's character is an upper-class twit, and I am his twit of a son. But they can't be identical in their twittiness, you see. Hugo—that's my character's name—doesn't seem to have a job. Does this bruise his self-esteem? I've done a lot of reading about the meaninglessness of existence as apprehended by upper-class, well, twits.

And my character's childhood isn't mentioned at all in the script. This gives me a handle on getting in touch with the innerness of the part. For instance, we don't even know if Hugo was brought up by his mother or by a nanny, and the relationship of toilet training to humor is sort of a known thing. I've tried bringing this up to Hector, but he doesn't think it will help his reading of his part. Not that he isn't absolutely fantastic. An old master, really.

[Essay]

## IN PRAISE OF TUXEDOS

From "My Tuxedo: A Meditation," by Stanley Elkin, in the May issue of Chicago magazine. Elkin's most recent novel is *The Magic Kingdom*.

Once, maybe a decade before I bought one for myself, I wrote of a character in a book that he "stands tux'd, his formal pants and jacket glowing like a black comb, his patent-leather shoes vaulted smooth and tensionless as perfect architecture. He might be standing in the skin of a ripe bright black apple. He feels, in the inky clothes, showered, springy, bouncy . . . [can feel] his clean twin sheathing of tall silk



# HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH TO DRINK IF YOU'RE DRIVING?

USING THIS CHART MAY HELP YOU KNOW YOUR LIMIT.

First, you should understand that drinking any amount of alcohol can impair your ability to drive.

The generally accepted way to measure intoxication is by your Blood Alcohol Concentration (BAC). In most areas, the legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent BAC and above. However, long before you reach .10 percent BAC, your judgment and motor skills deteriorate rapidly. In fact, some states include the definition of impaired driving ability, which usually begins at .05 percent.

**Important factors to keep in mind** are how much you've drunk in a given period of time, how much you weigh and whether you've been eating. Your age, individual metabolism and experience with drinking are also factors. However, it simply is not true that beer or wine is less likely to make you drunk than so-called "hard" drinks. A 4-ounce glass of wine, a 12-ounce can of beer or 1.2 ounces of 80-proof whiskey have about the same amount of alcohol and will have about the same effect on you.

**How to estimate your Blood Alcohol Concentration.** Although the effects of alcohol vary a great deal, the average effects are shown in the accompanying chart prepared by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration. Find your weight in the left-hand column and then refer to the number of drinks you have had or intend to have over a two-hour period. For example, if you weigh 160 pounds and have had four beers over the first two hours you're drinking, your Blood Alcohol Concentration would be dangerously beyond .05 percent, and your driving ability would be seriously impaired—a dangerous driving situation. Six beers in the same period would give you a BAC of over .10 percent—the level generally accepted as proof of intoxication.

**It is easier to get drunk than it is to get sober.** The effects of drinking do taper off as the alcohol passes through your body, but the drop is slow. In the example above, the person who had six beers would still have significant traces of alcohol in his blood six

have any doubts, don't drive.

**Even if you're not drinking, other drivers may be. Your best protection is still the safety belts in your car.** Accidents do happen, and wearing lap and shoulder belts doubles your chances of coming through one alive.

## DRINKS (TWO-HOUR PERIOD)

Weight 1.2 ozs. 80-Proof Liquor or 12 ozs. Beer

100	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
120	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
140	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
160	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
180	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
200	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
220	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
240	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

**BE CAREFUL DRIVING**  
BAC TO .05%

**DRIVING IMPAIRED**  
.05-.09%

**DO NOT DRIVE**  
.10% & UP

Source: NHTSA

The chart shows average responses. Younger people generally become impaired sooner, while older people have more vision problems at night. Tests show a wide range of responses even for people of the same age and weight. For some people, one drink may be too many.

hours later. Having a full stomach will postpone somewhat the effects of alcohol, but it will not keep you from becoming drunk.

Black coffee, cold showers, or walking around outdoors will do nothing to make you sober. Of course, someone who claims, "I'll be okay as soon as I get behind the wheel," may be making a fatal misjudgment.

At General Motors, we have developed a device which tests a driver's reflexes and motor responses before it allows the car to start. The Department of Transportation is now testing it in California as a deterrent to repeat offenders. Today, you, the driver, have to know your limits and when you've gone beyond them. If you

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hose, can almost feel the condition of his soles, their shade like Negroes' palms. He is accessoried. In his... white dress shirt his delicious burgundy studs are as latent with color as the warning lights on a dashboard. Onyx links, round and flat as elevator buttons, seal his cuffs, and dark suspenders lie on him with an increment of weight that suggests the thin holsters of G-men, and indeed there is something governmental in his dress, something maritime, chief-of-staff. The golden fasteners beneath his jacket could be captains' bars. A black bow tie lies across his throat like a propeller."

It was a fairly accurate description but it was a guess. What I'd missed was the proprietary condition, whatever it is that platforms the heart and smugs the senses of a man in such clothes and somehow lends a guy in a tux surveyor instincts, like a fellow on horseback, something possessive in the feel of the thing, something hospitable and generous, father-of-the-bride, say, founder-of-the-feast, chairman-of-the-board, leader-of-the-band, master-of-ceremonies, maître d'. Something patrician, the long, deep bloodlines of first families and old money.

I didn't want to take it off. I *never* wanted to take it off.

And am working on my image, up to my ears, till I accustom my friends, in my new jerk status. (Hey, no pain no gain, Rome wasn't built in a day, and they laughed at Fulton.) Because I'm serious. If the suit fits—and it does, it does—wear it!

I'm breaking it in. Taking it to dinner parties.

"Look," Marilyn Teitelbaum said, laughing, the first time she saw me in it, "look at Stanley!"

"What the hell's he wearing?" her husband, Steve, wanted to know.

"Those things are in now," someone else said. "I just read in *Time*."

(I didn't know. We don't take the paper; I don't keep up.)

"You," said Naomi, "are a ridiculous human being."

"He looks all right."

"Sure he does."

"He's trying to show us up. It's a stunt."

"No," I said, "I'm the guy who came to dinner. You can wear this anywhere."

"You could go bowling in it."

"You wouldn't look out of place at an accident."

"Or a prom."

"I think he looks like he's on a scavenger hunt."

(Yes, I thought. Exactly. A scavenger hunt! Teamed up with heiresses, with ingénues yoked. To lark attached, to hoboes in Hoover-

ville. A scavenger hunt! With milkmen at sunrise conjunct. In nostalgia dressed up and playing somebody else's decade, epoch, it ain't never too late. Cute as a dancer-till-dawn, as a drunk, as some playboy in love. Tap-shod, top-hatted, silk-scarved. Black and white as a photograph, as a screwball nephew in a screwball comedy—Cary Grant in Connecticut.)

Yes, Sam. Yes!

Because clothes do *too* make the man and appearance is reality, and sometimes all you need to be happy is the conviction that your togs fit, that you don't clash, that your threads, duds, garb, and trim, your gear and frippery, are in good repair.

No? You think not? No? *Then why does a stain on your cuff ruin your evening? And how can a little spilled soup spoil your life?* Because we would be gift-wrapped as packages! And come on to one another stylish and spiff, pristine and groomed as the close-order drilled, as hand-in-glove, bespoke and customized, finally, as Goldilocks's just-right bowl and cereal, her chair and her bed, compartmentalized and discrete as wallets, smitten by proportion, scale, and all the tongue-in-groove congruities, by the dress-parade possibilities of a perfect, human geometry!

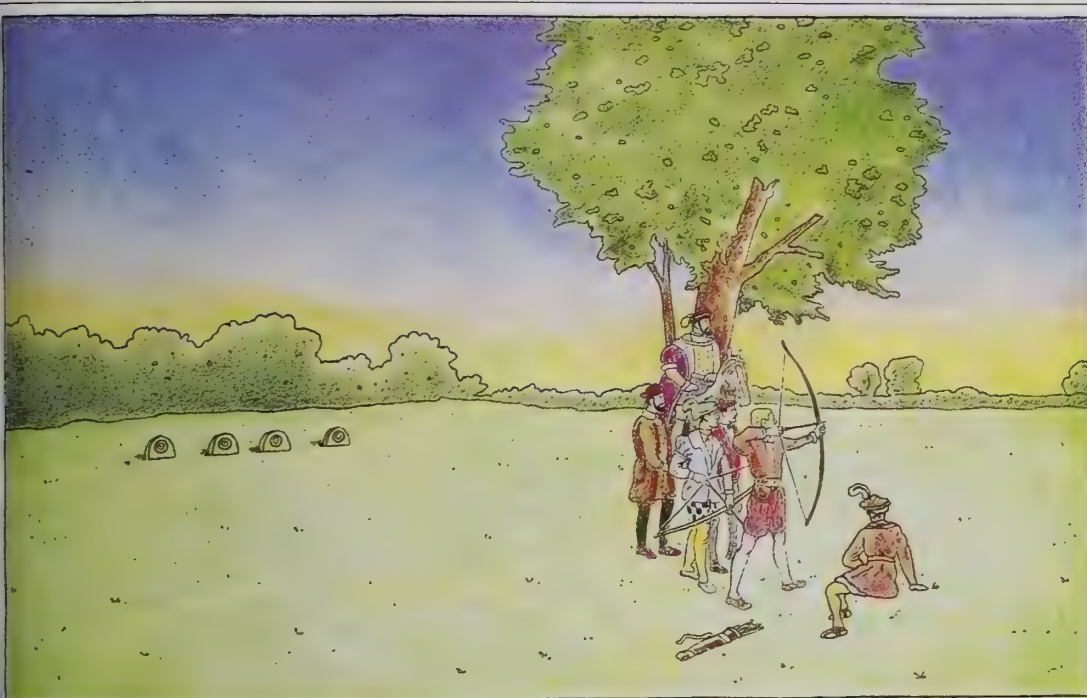
And maybe *that's* the real meaning of the tuxedo. It corrects nature; it covers up flaw. It's designed, that is, to hide you. Like a kind of sartorial Wite-Out, like a sort of male muumuu, its pleated shirt never looks wrinkled, its studs nail you together, its grosgrain stripes hold you upright, and its cummerbund turns on a dime, tucks hospital corners into your discordant, discrepant fabrics, the gap between your pants and your shirt. It papers you over, it bastes your body, it blind-hems your flesh and turns you seamless.

**B**ill and Mary Gass gave their annual New Year's Eve party. Steve, who'd expressed such astonishment weeks before when I'd shown up at his house in my tux, was in a tuxedo of his own. We were the life of the party. Or our clothes, our clothes were.

Jarvis Thurston was telling about the time he'd had to rent a tuxedo.

It was his senior year at Weber State College. He'd put the yearbook together, was the fellow in charge of all the nature passages, all that stuff on the seasons—autumn with its smell of falling leaves, spring with the buds and the sap, Jack Frost nipping at your nose... He was valedictorian that year, too, and had, as part of the honor, as part of his duties, been chosen to escort the school's beauty queen to the big graduation dance, not just to squire her but to signal that the dance could begin by promenading





# IT SOON BECAME APPARENT THAT THIS WAS YOUNG LAMBTON'S FIRST TOURNAMENT

*From Glen Baxter's 1986 Calendar, published by Penguin.*

with her down this long flanking lane of the Court of Love and Beauty—past the deans and professors, the alums and parents and invited guests, past the fraternity boys and sorority girls and all the graduating seniors for whom he and Miss Weber State College were surrogates—and inviting her to dance the first dance with him in full view of a considerable part of the population of the state of Utah.

Now, he wasn't too sanguine about a lot of this. A few things bothered him. For one thing, he'd always been a little nervous around beautiful women. For another, he was alarmed by all that ceremony. "You'd have thought it was a West Point marriage," he said. "Crossed swords, that sort of thing. We had rehearsals for the marching part, for the bowing and scraping, but I wasn't much comforted. Because the other thing was, I didn't know how to dance."

But he was the valedictorian. He knew that the fuss and the ceremony, the pomp and the circumstance, came with the territory.

Anyway, he got fitted for his tuxedo, the first one he'd ever worn, he said. He didn't know how to do a bow tie, he said. He said he didn't understand accessories.

He was a nervous wreck, but everyone kept reassuring him he'd do fine, and he picked up his tuxedo the day of the dance and got suited up in plenty of time just to make sure, and all

his friends in the boarding house were very supportive. They tied his tie for him and fixed his studs in place and did his handkerchief and fitted it into his breast pocket and told him how swell he looked in a dinner jacket.

They were very kind, he said. If it hadn't been for them he didn't think he could even have thought of going through with it. They not only stood by him, he said; they stood *with* him. Because he wasn't going to take a chance on wrinkling anything important by sitting down. "It was a lesson, I tell you," Jarvis told us, "in how nice people are."

An hour before the dance he called the beauty queen up and told her he had to cancel.

"That was the word I used, 'cancel.' I told her, you know, that it had nothing to do with her, that I'd voted for her myself. It was the dancing, I said. That just wasn't me. It was the dancing; I couldn't dance."

That was better than forty years ago and he hasn't worn a tuxedo from that day to this. He said, "I've had my chances, of course, but I figure I disgraced the uniform and lost the right."

And maybe that's the meaning of the tuxedo, too. Not just to hide, not just to play the gigs of class or money, or watch the ladies or practice the trends, but, from time to time, to show the flag—of the civil, of the civilized, the secular glad rags and wraps of honor. ■



*The Mitey Barons  
with their manager,  
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# THE PENTAGON VS. THE PRESS

When the *Washington Post* reported on the secret space-shuttle mission last January, Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger accused the newspaper of “giving aid and comfort to the enemy.” To this the *Post*’s editors reasonably replied that details of the “secret” mission had in fact been a matter of public record for some time, implying that the Pentagon’s ill-disguised intent (as Walter Karp argues elsewhere in this issue) was to intimidate newspapers, not to maintain military secrets.

Such conflicts seem inevitable in a society that is pleased to call itself “open,” that encourages a free and aggressive press—and that nonetheless employs millions of government workers to stamp “secret” on hundreds of millions of documents, many of which detail the expenditure of billions of dollars of public money. In such a vast system of concealment, leaks have become essential not only to the workings of the press but to the workings of government itself.

How is it possible to keep truly crucial secrets secret while protecting the rights of the citizenry and the press? To dramatize the role of secrets in the delicate struggle between the government and the press, the Seminars in Media and Society program of Columbia University invited journalists, lawyers, judges, and former public officials to imagine themselves in a hypothetical situation: military information of the highest sensitivity is leaked to the press. What follows is a government–media war game.



The following Forum is a condensed and edited version of a discussion held at the Scanticon Conference Center in Princeton, New Jersey, as part of the Columbia University Graduate School of Journalism's Media and Society Seminars. The discussion, entitled "The Military and the News Media," was broadcast on PBS last January. Charles Nesson, a professor at Harvard University Law School, served as moderator.

A hypothetical situation was set out at the beginning of the discussion:  
"After years of tension between the United States and the Soviet Union the two countries have begun constructive negotiations toward an arms control treaty of major proportions. In recent days, reports of the details of the impending treaty have been circulating throughout official Washington. Meanwhile, the United States has been developing a photo reconnaissance satellite system that will far surpass the capabilities of current technology. The program, called Ghostar, is now nearing completion at Eastwell Industries and is protected by the highest security classification."

CHARLES NESSON: **M**r. Schlesinger, you are the secretary of defense. One of your proudest accomplishments has been the development of the Ghostar satellite. As a matter of fact, the last time you were over at the White House with President Haig, Haig said that very thing. He said, "Schlesinger, I haven't seen anything like this since Star Wars. Terrific job." Is information about Ghostar something you think we ought to keep secret, Mr. Schlesinger?

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER (*secretary of defense, 1973–75*): Absolutely. The ability of the United States to monitor possible threats against the security of this country and its allies or, alternatively, to monitor strategic arms control agreements is dependent upon our intelligence assets. If the Soviets know our capabilities, they will be in a position to design countermeasures that will lower the confidence we can have in both the detection of a possible threat to the United States and our ability to verify arms control agreements.

NESSON: President Haig, do you agree with him?

ALEXANDER M. HAIG JR. (*secretary of state, 1981–82*): Yes. Absolutely. I think it's very important, both for the arms control process and, most importantly, for our security needs.

NESSON: In fact, this satellite is very important in your thinking about negotiations that are going on now about arms control. Your administration has been proceeding very favorably toward an agreement. And, in the back of your mind, it's Ghostar that's one of the elements that make you confident that this thing could work.

How many people know about Ghostar, over in the White House?

HAIG: From past experience I've limited the circle to my wife and my chief of staff, and to my security adviser.

NESSON: And how many people do you think the chief of staff has limited his circle to?

HAIG: He knows my policy on these things, and he probably has kept it to himself.

NESSON: Mr. Schlesinger, how many people know about it in your shop?

SCHLESINGER: The responsibilities for this are divided between the Defense Department and the Central Intelligence Agency. And we probably have fifty, sixty people within the DOD that know about it.

NESSON: Mr. Colby, how many people know about it over in your shop?

WILLIAM E. COLBY (*director of central intelligence, 1973–76*): Maybe about twenty-five or thirty. But then, the contractors that are actually building the mechanism, they know something about it, too.

NESSON: Mr. Daly is the contractor. He runs Eastwell Industries. They're building the Ghostar. How many in your shop know about this?

LES DALY (*vice president for public affairs, Northrop Corporation*): I think a few dozen, probably, know the whole system, and then others within



the shop know compartment pieces of it. We try to limit the overall knowledge of it.

ON: So, how many are we talking about?

A few dozen at the upper levels. Maybe, depending on the size of it, maybe a hundred.

ON: Let me ask you a question, Mr. Daly. You're a publicly traded company. New York Stock Exchange. In fact, your stock has been in pretty bad shape, the last few years. All of a sudden, in the last year or so, there's been a lot of push in your stock. It's going up. Something's happening at your place. Observers take a look at your firm. You're hiring people. There's a lot of stuff going on. You get a call from a reporter. Say, what's going on at your firm? How come your stock's going up?" What do you tell him?

I don't tell him about the project.

ON: Suppose the call comes from the SEC? What's going on with your stock, Daly?" What do you tell him?

Well, at some point, I'm going to call Mr. Schlesinger and ask him what he wants me to tell them about this thing. I say, "Mr. Schlesinger, we've got a problem. I'm contractually bound to do what you want me to do in terms of security on this program. What do you want me to do?"

SCHLESINGER: I want you to maintain security, Mr. Daly.

Then that's what I'm going to do.

SCHLESINGER: Now, as to the SEC, I call up the head of the SEC if the questions have begun to be persistent and suggest that they leave this company alone, with regard to queries.

ON: That's the way the government works? You just pick up the phone and say, "Hi, George. I want you to leave Eastwell Industries alone as far as these queries are concerned. Thank you very much. Schlesinger." End of conversation.

SCHLESINGER: With the stake we have in this satellite system I'd go over to visit the SEC chief directly, or invite him over to talk to me. I do not use the telephone.

ON: And if he just happens to ask you, "Do you mind telling me what this is about? I do have to run a big administration; I am responsible to the public for fair dealing in stocks and so

forth. And I've just got to take your word for it?"

SCHLESINGER: If he's a patriot, he'll take my word.

NESSON: The money for this project comes from Senator Cohen's committee. Senator Cohen, who knows about this on your committee?

WILLIAM S. COHEN (U.S. senator, R-Maine): Well, on the Intelligence Committee—I assume it would come to the Intelligence Committee first—perhaps the chairman and vice chairman, and perhaps the chairman of the budget subcommittee and the ranking minority member. Four, plus maybe two staff members on the Intelligence Committee.

NESSON: Mr. Hiatt, you're sitting in your office. Telephone rings. "Hello, Hiatt? I've got a terrific story for you. Would you meet me in the bar?" I'll tell you who he is. He's an old acquaintance of yours who's a staffer on one of the Senate committees. Given you very good information in the past. Go see him?

FRED HIATT (national staff writer, Washington Post): Sure.

NESSON: He says to you, "Mr. Hiatt, this is a big one I've got. I mean, this isn't like this other stuff I've been talking to you about. Do I have your absolute assurance of confidentiality?"

HIATT: I say, "I protect my sources. If I have to make a promise before I hear what the information is, I can never absolutely promise that I won't, at some point, have to talk to one editor."

NESSON: That's terrific. Thanks. Pleased that I could have this drink with you. Bye. I'm going to go see Mr. Nelson. Mr. Nelson, how about you? I'm looking for a real confidence. None of this Hiatt stuff of "maybe under some circumstances I might have to do something with somebody."

JACK NELSON (Washington bureau chief, Los Angeles Times): No qualifications.

NESSON: No qualifications? You're going to give me an absolute promise?

NELSON: Yeah.

NESSON: You sound like my best bet, Mr. Nelson. You're not telling anybody. Here's the story. There's this satellite that's been developed. It is amazing. Absolutely amazing. It does things

*If the questions have begun to be persistent, I call up the head of the SEC and suggest that they leave this company alone—Schlesinger*



*I'm aware of  
the fact that it's  
a national  
security secret.  
At least,  
it's classified  
that way  
—Nelson*

that would—I've actually heard it said—would curl George Lucas's hair. Interested?

NELSON: Very.

NESSON: It's got some problems with it. I mean, I think that they're oversold on it. That they're just not estimating the problems with this thing. I think there's going to be serious trouble down the road. A lot of money to fix it. Maybe even some serious vulnerabilities. Interested?

NELSON: Very. Sounds like other cases I know about.

NESSON: Yeah. Do you have any questions for me?

NELSON: Yeah. I want to know who the contractor is, when the project started . . .

NESSON: Yeah. It's Eastwell.

NELSON: Who's the immediate research and development person in charge?

NESSON: Well, it's in the report I've got in my briefcase. Do you want the report in that briefcase?

NELSON: Love to have it.

NESSON: Classified document. You still want it?

NELSON: Sure. All the better.

NESSON: All the better? Are you worried, at all, that you're taking a classified document from this guy if he offers it to you?

NELSON: No. I think that's his problem, not mine. If there is a problem.

NESSON: All right. I give it to you. Stamped all over: Copy. Where do you go from there?

NELSON: Well, I take the document back to the office. Make copies of it. Then, I would talk to an editor. I would tell him I had the document. And that I was pursuing the story.

NESSON: Mr. Squires, he talks to you. Do you want to know where he got the document?

JAMES D. SQUIRES (*executive vice president and editor, Chicago Tribune*): I do. I wish he didn't have the document. I want him to know what's in there. I want to know what's in there. But the fact that he has the document and then talked to me is the reason that I have gray hair and he doesn't.

NESSON: Why do you wish he didn't have the document?

SQUIRES: I don't think that accepting classified documents and holding them as source material for newspapers is a very wise policy. That does not mean I wouldn't support what he has done or that I have not done it myself.

NESSON: So, Mr. Nelson, who do you give those copies to?

NELSON: Other editors.

NESSON: Do you care at all that you may be dealing with national security secrets?

NELSON: Well, I'm aware of the fact that it's a national security secret. At least, it's classified that way. But I'm also aware that there may be real problems with this project, that there's somebody who's involved in it who's concerned that maybe money is being misspent, that there are irregularities in the program, and that, maybe, the reason for the secrecy is to prevent embarrassment as much as it is national security.

NESSON: Mr. Colby is being very careful about who gets information. You don't sound like you're being very careful.

NELSON: Well, it's not my business to be careful about it, after I get it.

NESSON: It's just not your business?

NELSON: Well, hopefully, it's going to wind up in the paper, and there are going to be a lot of people who know about it.

NESSON: Mr. Sauter, how would you check the story?

VAN GORDON SAUTER (*executive vice president, CBS*): It's perhaps time to run some traps in the Senate, in the defense community, and see what we can come up with.

NESSON: Mr. Schorr, talk to Mr. Sauter for me, would you?

DANIEL SCHORR (*senior correspondent, Cable News Network, 1980–85*): I think we are involved here in possibly two stories. Are they covering up a very expensive system, which doesn't have the potential for working, just because of the imperative that's built into military procurement? And are they going ahead with it, and not going to stop it? If that's so, people certainly ought to know. We may not have to give all the



details in the classified document. We can do the story keeping secret what ought to be secret, but still saying there is a scandal of procurement.

The other side of it is to develop—which is difficult, because we have to protect our source—that there are people constantly leaking because they have an interest in shooting down the arms control policy. This has happened in the Pentagon before. And I think that

is another public scandal, the sabotaging of presidential policies, which the public ought to know about. There are two stories here.

SAUTER: I would appreciate your taking the document you have and locking it in your safe, and I'm going to make some checks on the legality of what we're doing here in terms of the possession of the document.

*I would tell him not to let people in the government know that he has the document*  
—Abrams

### *The lawyer, the Constitution, and the purloined document*

SON: Who are you going to consult with, Mr. Sauter?

TER: I'd call Mr. Abrams.

SON: Let's have it.

TER: Floyd, we have a reporter who has come into possession of a classified document which looks as though it may lead us to a significant political story, perhaps a significant technical story; it could have significant ramifications on the government's ability to achieve very precise, important goals in the near future. This document was given to us. We paid no money for it. We have a copy and it's locked in a safe. Do you have any thoughts, Floyd?

YD ABRAMS: (*First Amendment attorney*): How highly classified is it?

TER: To the best of our knowledge, there are not more than a hundred people in the government who know of its existence.

AMS: Well, there are some problems. Probably unmountable problems, but there are some problems. There are various sections of the espionage law that I'll have to have a look at again. One of them relates to the possession of documents relating to the national defense. This is a situation where, if they became upset enough, they could convene a grand jury; they could try to find out your confidential sources, for example. They could even try to get a search warrant. I wouldn't have a lot of copies of this sound. And I think you ought to maintain a very high degree of security within CBS itself about the document.

SON: Mr. Abrams, I don't hear anything in what you're saying that's leading up to saying, "Hey, look, you shouldn't have this document. Give it back."

AMS: I'm not going to tell him to give it back,

because although there are some legal risks in keeping it, and it's my job to tell him what those legal risks are, it is not, in my view, his obligation, enforceable at law, to give it back. In any event, what I want to do is tell him what the risks are. I want to tell him what possibilities might occur. I don't view it as my function to transmit the documents back to the government. I would tell him one other thing. I would tell him not to let people in the government know that he has the document.

SCHLESINGER: Excuse me. This officer of the court is covering up what may be a crime? Is that the advice you're going to give?

ABRAMS: Well, I'm passing judgment as to whether it would be a crime. And I'm giving advice to my client as to different sorts of behavior he might follow in what is, concededly, a delicate area. But I am not in a position to, and I think it would be wrong, to coin a phrase, for me to tell him that it is his absolute legal obligation to return a document when I think there are probably valid legal defenses against it.

NESSON: Let's work on this story. Mr. Nelson, who are you going to talk to?

NELSON: Well, I might eventually go talk to Mr. Schlesinger. If I was relatively sure at that time, I might go to him. But I'd have to be pretty sure.

NESSON: Let's hear it with Mr. Schlesinger.

NELSON: Well, I've got this . . .

SCHLESINGER: I haven't even let him in my office yet. He's over there, trying to get in with Tom Ross.

NESSON: You're going to make him go through Mr. Ross?

SCHLESINGER: Damn right.



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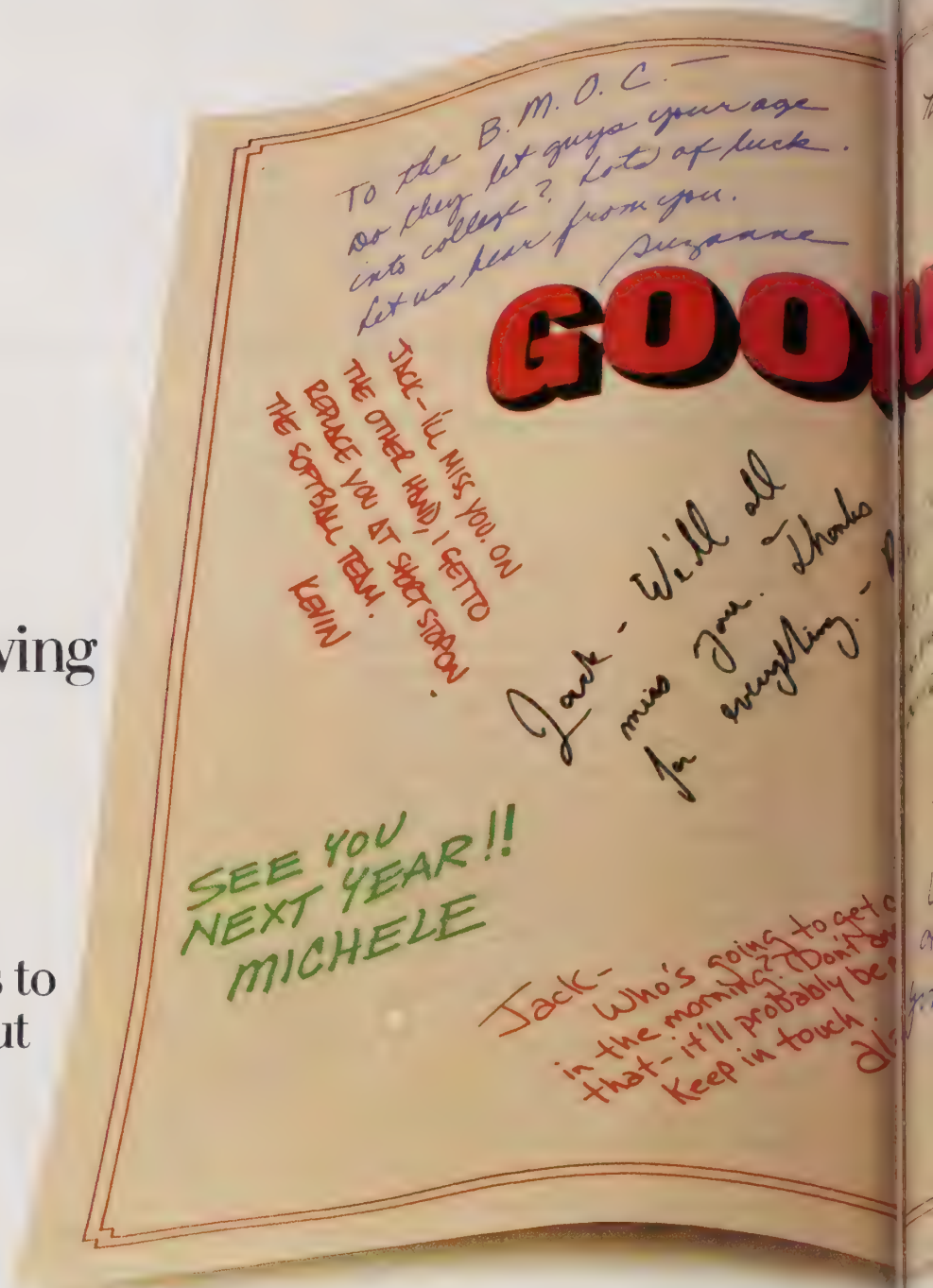
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Jack

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*I've got to see whether we can head you off at the pass by dealing with your editor, whom I presume we can get to know*  
—Schlesinger

NELSON: Yeah, but Mr. Ross is going to send me there immediately when I tell him that I've had access to a highly classified document that concerns your satellite.

THOMAS B. ROSS (*assistant secretary of defense for public affairs, 1977–81*): Not necessarily.

NELSON: Well, in that case, I'm going to tell you that if we don't get to talk to the secretary of defense, we're prepared to go with the story.

ROSS: I think you'll see him.

NESSON: All right. You're in.

NELSON: We've had access to this document. It has to do with a satellite program that you've undertaken. And I've talked to the original source, who is someone I know and trust. I believe the document is valid. I believe we have a full story here, and I'd like to get your comments on it, and get you to tell me anything else you want to about the entire program. If you have some reservations about our using the story, I'd like to know what they are, and I'd be glad to pass them on to the editor.

SCHLESINGER: Well, thanks for dropping by, Mr. Nelson. I've heard what you have to say, and we'll be back to you.

NELSON: In other words, Mr. Secretary, you're neither confirming nor denying the validity of the document?

SCHLESINGER: That's our policy. That's correct.

NELSON: Well, we'll go with the story. And we'll say you've been given the opportunity to talk to us about the story and either tell us more about

the program or deny the authenticity of it, and that you refused to do so.

SCHLESINGER: I have not refused to do so. As of this moment, I have refrained from comment. If what you say is true, it is a matter of the highest sensitivity in the country. We will be back to you. And I expect that you will respect that period of wait.

NELSON: I would pass that on to Mr. Squires.

SCHLESINGER: I've got to find out more about your reputation, the organization's reputation. I've got to see if you're a headstrong reporter who insists on charging ahead, whether we can head you off at the pass by dealing with your editor, whom I haven't heard from but presume we can get to know.

NESSON: How much time do you ask him for?

SCHLESINGER: I say we need a couple of days.

NELSON: And I say that we're prepared to run the story tomorrow unless the editor decides to give you an extra day.

SCHLESINGER: I think your editor will. I hope he has better judgment than you.

SCHORR: You're going to call him, aren't you, and ask him to kill the story?

SCHLESINGER: No. I am certainly going to call him. I'm going to see what we can do about preventing the story from appearing.

SCHORR: That's what I said.

SCHLESINGER: You're more indelicate than I am.

### *The delicate mechanics of a government deep freeze*

NESSON: Now, let's go through it carefully, Mr. Schlesinger. Nelson's just left your office. He's gotten nothing from you except a request for a little time. You don't know yet what he's going to do. But tell us what you're going to do now.

SCHLESINGER: I'm going to summon Mr. Ross and he is going to get a quick briefing on the sensitivity of this story. I am simultaneously going to place a call to Mr. Colby. I may or may not place a call to the FBI. And I will begin to contemplate going across the river and telling the President that there is a story out that could well endanger our arms control negotiations.

ROSS: I would recommend to the secretary that he not go over Nelson's head until I had a chance to talk to him and maybe convince him that we need a little time, and that we wanted to put him—possibly put him in touch with some people who might give him good cause not to print the story.

NESSON: Why do you think that will work, Mr. Ross?

ROSS: Knowing that Nelson is a good and responsible journalist, I think he might be subject to some persuasion, at least in terms of the timing



of the story; whereas, if the secretary goes over his head to his editor, the situation might become so inflamed that the story will inevitably be printed.

SON: You're going to set Nelson up with people who will talk to him in ways that not only verify what he's got but may even expand it. Does that sound like a good deal for you, Jack?

SON: That's exactly what I'm looking for. Sure. That's what I had hoped you would do. And I would like to hear all the reasons we should not run it.

SON: Is this something you would check out with your editor before you made some sort of deal like that with Ross?

SON: Yeah. I wouldn't make that deal without consulting with an editor.

SON: Mr. Kovach, should he make that deal?

KOVACH (*Washington editor, New York Times*): I think he almost has to.

SON: You think he has to make that deal?

KOVACH: Almost has to. Yes. Even though they're trying to put us in deep freeze. The government has agreed to sit down and begin to discuss the story in some detail.

SON: What do you mean by "deep freeze"?

KOVACH: Well, this is the first move to block the story for a day. You buy a day and, as I say, it's damage control. I mean, you're going down that road to keep the story out of the paper one day at a time.

SON: What bothers you about that day?

KOVACH: That you have information you can't get to your readers. It always bothers you.

SON: Does it bother you a little more if Mr. Quire's paper across town might have this story, too?

KOVACH: Oh, absolutely.

SON: Let's pursue this a little bit, Mr. Nelson. Do you really have any disposition to hold on to his story? Or are you conning him?

SON: Well, the only reason I might hold on to it would be to get further explanation from the government on what the program was about

and so forth. Otherwise, no, I wouldn't have any disposition to hold on to it at all. And if I thought he was conning me, I wouldn't recommend to the editor that we hold on to it. I'd say, "Let's go with it and get their comment the next day."

NESSON: So, if they want your story held up, they're really going to have to deal with your editor.

NELSON: I think that's right. Sure.

NESSON: Mr. Colby, who should deal with his editor?

COLBY: Somebody of prominence, like the secretary or national security adviser. Somebody like that. Myself.

NESSON: Mr. Schlesinger, how do you go about killing the story?

SCHLESINGER: About this time, one way or another, I'm having a conversation with the editor. Or Bill Colby is having a conversation with the editor.

NESSON: Speak to Mr. Kovach for us.

SCHLESINGER: This is a matter of the highest national priority. If this story appears, the likelihood of our being able to proceed with this arms control measure will be very much in danger. But as I've indicated, there is presidential concern here, and I will have to talk further with him. It may be that, since he's an old friend of your publisher, he will be giving your publisher a jingle.

KOVACH: I understand what you're saying, but we have a story here that we believe is important for the American people. They have a tremendous investment in this process, and so far, they've been cut out of it. They know nothing about these details. And it seems to us, from what my reporter has told me, that there are severe problems with this program. There are technological problems. There may be bureaucratic problems. And not the least problem is that there are opponents of your process within the administration who believe this information is important to get out because you're going down the wrong road in your negotiations with the Soviets. If you're saying that there is vital national security involved in the technology, there may be something we can talk about. But I would have to consult with my editors in New York and get back to you within the hour, because we're in a hurry with this story.

*You buy a day  
and it's damage  
control. You're  
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story out of the  
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at a time  
—Kovach*



I'd have to advise the president that the legal possibilities for killing this story are not overwhelming  
—Rose

NESSON: Mr. Schlesinger, do you actually believe that he's persuadable?

SCHLESINGER: The editor is persuadable. The reporter is probably not persuadable.

SCHORR: I take exception to that statement. And I will suggest that if you want to enter into negotiation about the content of the story, you're better off dealing with the reporter, who is intimate with details of the story that the editor doesn't fully grasp. If you say, "Listen, the worst part of the story is this, and you don't need it to tell your story," then we could do business.

SCHLESINGER: I'm not yet interested in doing business with you. Maybe Bill is prepared to do business with you. I'm still trying...

COLBY: I think the recommendation to the president would be to talk to the attorney general about whether there's enough of a case to get an injunction. In addition to the sweetness and light of negotiating with the press, you also look at the other arm you can possibly use if the case can be made that it's serious enough.

NESSON: Mr. Rose, you're our attorney general. Mr. Haig wants some advice from you. He wants to know what his legal possibilities are.

JONATHAN C. ROSE (*assistant attorney general, 1981–83*): Well, I'd have to advise him that the legal possibilities for killing this story are not overwhelming based on the legal precedents we have. We have just two real ones. One is the set of opinions in the Pentagon Papers case. If I assume we're talking about a prior restraint of publication by a newspaper, I think the standard that emerges is direct, immediate, and irreparable damage to the national security.

SCHLESINGER: Now, first of all, an injunction does not help in this case. Once we go in for an injunction, we've already alerted the Soviets to the fact that we've got a secret so important that the United States government is prepared to run all of these risks again. That will not escape the intelligence people in Moscow.

NESSON: Are you saying that prior restraint, even if you could get it, would be worthless?

SCHLESINGER: It would only be for the education of the next culprit that we would sue this particular journal. In this case, the damage is done by publication of the story or by the knowledge that the government tried to suppress publication. The damage is about equivalent in both cases. Prior restraint is the worst option, be-

cause if I try to get an injunction against these people, they will be inclined, or most of them will be inclined, to make sure that the technology gets out.

NESSON: Mr. Lynch, Mr. Rose, in giving advice to the president, was very skeptical of the government's ability to win a prior restraint suit. How would you assess the chances?

MARK LYNCH (*staff counsel, American Civil Liberties Union*): I think their chances are probably greater than he indicated. A number of developments in this area since 1971, when the Pentagon Papers case was decided, would indicate that, as a legal matter, the chances of getting a prior restraint on publication are probably greater. Also, the atmospherics of the case are a lot different than those of the Pentagon Papers case. Here, the government is going to be able to talk about very important high-tech intelligence-gathering sources.

NESSON: Ms. Greenfield?

MEG GREENFIELD (*editorial page editor, Washington Post*): When you talk about prior restraint and protecting security, is it not true that in the Pentagon Papers case and the *Progressive* case, the government went into court to prevent publication of material that already had been published? I mean, it seems to me that their notion of prior restraint is profoundly flawed; they don't even know what it is that has and has not been published in open literature.

NESSON: Judge Byrne, the case comes in front of you. This is a case for injunction. Their lawyers do not succeed in demonstrating that this material has already been out. They submit a document to you—by the way, Mr. Rose, are we going to be able to submit the documents to him secretly, so we don't have to just lay all this out?

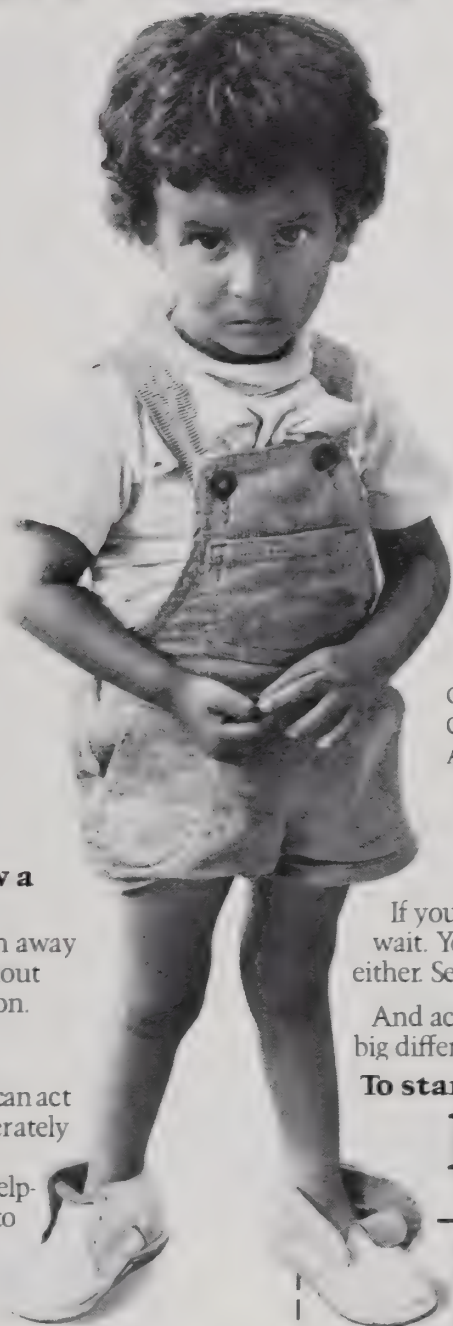
ROSE: In camera, yes.

NESSON: In secret. They explain it all to you in camera, Judge Byrne. And you are convinced, reading the documents, that if this stuff comes out the United States will basically be deprived of satellite coverage of the Soviet Union, effective satellite coverage, for a period of three years. That's what you accept as a proposition of fact. They want a prior restraint. Going to give it to them?

WILLIAM MATTHEW BYRNE JR. (*judge, U.S. District Court, ninth circuit*): At the district court level, I'd have to look at the Pentagon Papers case. I



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*I would be  
eager to  
prosecute  
Mr. Nelson. It  
just might teach  
other reporters  
some inhibitions  
—Schlesinger*

would have to make a determination, as you say, in camera, whether there was going to be grave and irreparable and immediate damage to the United States—which is not a particularly easy chore, incidentally, looking at technical materials in camera and making that decision. I believe that the—I have to first say that I think a prior restraint is ineffective for the reason Mr. Schlesinger said, that the story would be published by the time I even got a chance to look at it—but I believe the restraint would not be returned. I do not believe I would return an injunction prohibiting the publishing of the material, based upon the legal precedents we now have.

NESSON: Mr. Lynch, let's imagine the prosecution of—let's take the Senate staff person. You're defending that person. Tell us your strategy.

LYNCH: As long as he hasn't leaked information relating to communications intelligence...

NESSON: No, it's just this satellite here, not communications intelligence.

LYNCH: And he hasn't given it to the Russians?

NESSON: No, he just gave it to Nelson.

LYNCH: There's no statute that makes that a crime. There is a statute that makes the revelation of national defense information a crime.

NESSON: That's what this is.

LYNCH: And it's been used only two times since 1917.

NESSON: So you think they haven't got any way of prosecuting this congressional aide?

LYNCH: Well, they can prosecute him, and they can make his life very difficult. I think we have a very substantial legal defense.

NESSON: Got any tactics for us?

LYNCH: Well, we're going to make the case as painful as possible for the government.

NESSON: Going to make it painful?

LYNCH: They're going to have to explain why this information relates to the national defense.

NESSON: What do you mean?

LYNCH: We're going to argue that they have to demonstrate to the jury, and the jury has to be

convinced beyond a reasonable doubt, that this information relates to the national defense. And they're going to have to put on testimony to explain that. And that testimony, quite likely, is going to involve the revelation of additional information which Mr. Schlesinger and Mr. Colby aren't going to want to have disclosed.

NESSON: You're saying that you, as the defense lawyer, will force them to go much further into the secrecies they want to protect in order to show what the damage would be?

LYNCH: That's right.

ANTONIN SCALIA (*judge, U.S. Court of Appeals, Washington, D.C., circuit*): Mr. Lynch is talking about what is known in the national security prosecution and defense trade as graymail. You're effectively saying to the government, "If you let my client off, all of this material doesn't have to come out. If you want to go ahead with the prosecution, you're going to do much more damage to whatever secret you're trying to keep than leaving him alone would do."

NESSON: Why don't we do it just the way we were ready to do it with the prior restraint? Let's do it in camera.

SCALIA: That's not possible for criminal prosecutions.

NESSON: Why not?

SCALIA: That's the Constitution.

NESSON: President Haig, your administration has been leaking like a sieve, and you would like to do something about it. Would you think of authorizing your attorney general to go after the reporter for receiving secrets?

HAIG: Yes. I would give it very serious thought.

NESSON: That would shake them up, wouldn't it?

HAIG: It might not only shake them up; it might succeed. It's of value from the standpoint of not only the contemporary case, but the future.

NESSON: Mr. Schlesinger, how does it strike you?

SCHLESINGER: I would be eager to prosecute Mr. Nelson after the story appeared. Until that time, the threat of prosecution is an incentive to him and his publication to get the story out. Afterward, it does no good, but it just might teach other reporters some inhibitions.



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*I think the government has a perfect right to control its employees—who are the main source of this problem*  
—Schorr

CHARLES MADIGAN (*deputy Washington bureau chief, Chicago Tribune*): This is beginning to sound a little bit like official Moscow in 1978, more than official Washington in 1984. And the scenario you're laying out is the same scenario the Russians used to prosecute Shcharansky. He passed information to Western reporters. I mean, what's happening here?

COLBY: The fact is, if the attorney general says the law is clear that it's improper for a non-authorized individual to receive certain types of sensitive information, then it's a violation of the law.

ABRAMS: But you'll never get an opinion from an attorney general that it is clear, and therefore you've got to make a policy choice as to whether you want to be the first director of central intelligence or the first president to really go after the press in this direct and frontal a fashion.

SAMUEL K. SKINNER (*U.S. attorney, northeastern district of Illinois, 1975–77*): This isn't a bad case. There's a reporter and a leaker. They violated the law. And if it involves something that has done immeasurable damage to the national

security, you're going to have jury appeal. You're living in a dream world if you don't think juries are going to react to that.

NESSON: Mr. Abrams, are you worried about that case, if he brings it?

ABRAMS: Oh, not really. I'd be worried if he gets in front of a jury, because he's right that it has some jury appeal. But it seems to me that if he wants a law to make this sort of thing illegal, why don't they go to Congress and have Congress pass a law saying it? And then have that law assessed against First Amendment standards, instead of twisting the laws we've had on the books for all these years that no one has ever thought could lead to prosecutions of this sort.

SCHLESINGER: That sounds like a very good suggestion. Let's strengthen the laws. At the moment, we are at the mercy, as it were, of anybody who wants to freelance in this area. We have a torrent of leaks, and the strengthening of the laws is likely to reduce that torrent, or if it fails to do so, it will permit us to take action against those who abuse the system.

### *Patriotism, journalism, and the claims of secrecy*

NESSON: Well, all right. Let's take Mr. Schlesinger's suggestion. Let's work out the legislative package first. If I've heard it right from you gentlemen, there's been some sense of agreement, press on the one side, national security people on the other, that you don't really want to put out the technical information about this satellite. You're not really interested in that stuff. It sounds to me like the press wouldn't be all that upset with a statute that covered this stuff.

SCHORR: I am not upset with any statute by which the government tries to control leaks by controlling its own employees. I think the government has a perfect right to control its employees—who are the main source of this problem at the moment. But as soon as they step over that line and try to control reporters, then I think it would be a tragedy in this country.

NESSON: I want to make a deal so that Lynch doesn't have the ability to engage in graymail on behalf of the congressional staff aide. And I want to make a deal so that in order to prosecute somebody, we don't have to lay the information out in court and make the secret public—meaning, therefore, that we can't

prosecute him. That's the deal I want to make. Now, the other side of the deal might be to make it absolutely sure that you can't prosecute a reporter for receiving a leak.

SCHORR: The problem with that is that you go after the employee, not the reporter. The statute says so. Right? But in order to get the employee, you call the reporter as a witness and say, "Who gave it to you?" Because otherwise, how are you going to solve the crime? And then, the reporter is not prosecuted under the statute, but held in contempt for not revealing that information. There is no way you can write that statute without protecting the reporter.

COLBY: Well, there is a way you can write it. It's called a shield law, and a number of states have one. It says a reporter doesn't have to reveal his sources.

NESSON: What does it sound like to you, Senator Cohen?

COHEN: I tend to agree with Mr. Schorr. I think you ought to make the statute applicable to the executive branch; perhaps not to the president, but to everyone under the president. That's



where most of the leaks come from, in my judgment. When they declassify information, be it stealth, be it MIG crates, be it Qaddafi attempting assassination plans upon the President, the leaks tend to come from the executive branch. I would apply the law from the highest you could apply it on down, but I would not apply it to the press.

ON: Mr. Madigan, could you see the press, as a powerful institution in the governmental process, going along with any extensions of protection for government secrecy in exchange for clarification of the reporter's status?

MADIGAN: I don't need them to clarify my status. All I want them to do is tell the truth. Beyond that, what I've seen in the past couple of hours is a complete confirmation of the scenario where a story developed that's absolutely wonderful. And anybody who wouldn't print this story shouldn't be in the business.

ON: It's going to serve the public interest to have that story out?

MADIGAN: Sure. In the first place, it involves allegations from a number of different directions that the system doesn't do what it's supposed to do.

Y: You are going to run this story, tomorrow morning, in full knowledge that the authorities tell you that they depend upon this system for knowledge of what's going on in the Soviet Union, and that we will be blind for three years the story comes out?

MADIGAN: We've heard that about so many different things, for so many years. I mean, we heard that the world would not survive without an ABM system. And what we have right now, as far as ABM is concerned, is one site in the Soviet Union and one site, currently inoperative, in the United States. You go back and look at the rhetoric, and you find that a lot of people said a lot of things that were not true, at many, many different levels. What I'm trying to describe is a situation in which, unfortunately, we cannot believe what we're told by higher authorities. We have to deal with the things we have in front of us, things that speak for themselves.

ON: He's saying to you, Mr. Colby, he doesn't believe you. He doesn't care whether you demonstrate it or not. He will not believe you.

RESINGER: I'm saying that's not his business. The responsibility for national security, as he sees it, does not rest with the U.S. press.

SCHORR: I will not yield patriotism to the government. I will not yield a monopoly on patriotism to those who happen to be elected or appointed officials. Our experience in the press has been—in the Pentagon Papers case, the representation was made that irreparable damage would be done by the publication of those papers, and the judge didn't find that to be true. I've seen classified information used. The President of the United States goes on television and says, "Here are pictures which were previously secret, but which I will now show you in order to show what the Cubans are up to down there in Central America." I will not accept the idea that we are less patriotic than those in government who play their games for their own purposes and then come and say, "This is national security."

SCALIA: The problem with your argument is that this is not a question of patriotism at all. It's a question of who it is that the people, through the democratic process, chose to make decisions as to what should be kept secret and what should not be kept secret. Now, maybe the press does know better. Maybe it's more patriotic. But we have a democratic process which has produced a classification system. The people have given it to the secretary and to the president to keep the information secret. It isn't that the press is less patriotic; it's that it hasn't been designated by the people. That's the issue. When Mr. Madigan comes up and says, "I don't trust the government," that is an argument against a classification system. If you carry that argument to its logical conclusion, it means that you shouldn't have any classification. Now, the people, as it happens, have not created that kind of system. They have enacted, through their representatives, a classification law. It seems to me that what is under discussion here is how that law is going to be implemented in a manner faithful to what the people want.

NESSON: President Haig, what's your program for taking charge of this situation?

HAIG: I'm not one who believes that the press is the culprit in the host of unauthorized leaks over the years I've been involved in government. Precisely the opposite. The press is doing its job, essentially. It is the public official, and usually it is a fellow at a very, very high level who thinks he has to protect the president from himself, has to, somehow, self-aggrandize himself as a man in the know. Or perhaps he doesn't believe in the policies. So my program is, first, to apply some discipline within my executive branch. And I would clean house when

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have in front  
of us  
—Madigan*



*While excessive disclosure has on occasion hurt this country, excessive secrecy has been much more harmful*  
—Schorr

it came to high-level leaks—generally, they're either from the White House or from the cabinet. They're not from the underlings.

SCHLESINGER: Let me review this case, because we've gotten into some generalizations. This is a case in which information about a satellite system that is essential for the protection of the United States against the threat of nuclear attack, and essential for our capacity to move ahead with regard to arms control negotiations, is going to be revealed, and there's not much the government can do about it. A society is known for those things it protects. Now, in this particular case, we wind up with a judgment that a satellite system that contributes greatly to American security cannot be protected. And we cannot even punish anybody, so that in some subsequent instance, if the country survives, we cannot protect it.

ABRAMS: No one has talked about what opportunity there is for people who oppose this treaty to gather information from which they can present opposition views. As I hear the representatives of the government today, they have all been acting as if there was no serious basis for opposing the treaty. That, as a matter of fact, the treaty is in the nation's best interests. The perception I have of the country is that there will always be two or ten sides on issues like this, and hence a need for information with which people can oppose or support such a treaty. And what disturbs me is that government officials fall too easily into the mood that not only are they right, not only do they have the information, but *only* they are right, and *only* they should have the information.

HIATT: Ghostar notwithstanding, there have been a few leaks in the last ten or twenty years that damaged national security—but very few—and there have been hundreds of occasions when government officials claimed that a leak would damage national security when that was not in fact the case.

If you're going to weigh risks and benefits, it seems to me you have to assess what the damage to our democracy would have been if those 700 other cases, which were embarrassing but not a danger to the national security, had not come out.

COLBY: There are lots of impeccably democratic countries—Britain, France, some others—that seem to be able to run a democracy, and that have endured for quite a while, that have considerably tighter rules on this. Therefore, I think we don't have to say that any possible change in the present situation would mean the

elimination of our American democracy. There are things that can be done. The Congress, for instance, has never dared define classification. It has dumped the job onto the executive to define it by executive order. Now, isn't there some way we could get a debate as to what is properly classified, and then protect it? The British official secrets act is too broad. But something less than nothing is certainly better.

SCHORR: The fact of the matter is, the worst leaks, the ones that really hurt the country, have nothing to do with the press at all. They come from shoddy, inefficient management by our government. And the government likes to pick on the press because it is such an easy target. There was a question about who elected the press. All these people are elected, they are entrusted with all these secrets, and who are we to decide? The fact is that the First Amendment was written, and some of those who wrote it said so, in order to provide a means for exposing the secrets of government. Our government was founded by people who didn't trust government unchecked, unhindered, and unrestrained, and who wrote the First Amendment with the precise idea that things kept secret tend to fester inside the government, and are not very good for the country. While excessive disclosure has on occasion hurt this country, I would submit that excessive secrecy has been much more harmful.

SCALIA: I suspect that the average journalist would not feel free to disregard governmental protestations of compromise of the national security by simply saying, "We can't trust the government." If I didn't believe that, I'd be worried. And I'd be worried if I were a member of the press and didn't believe that, because the fact is, as the British political philosopher Lord Acton put it, that society is the freest which is the most responsible. If you don't have a lot of people in your town spitting in the street, you don't need a no-spitting ordinance. The occasional individual who feels he must spit in the street can be free to do so. But when you have a lot of people who go around spitting, you enact an ordinance. In other words, the First Amendment is a very liberal amendment as it is now applied and interpreted by the courts and implemented by statutes. That liberality depends to a large extent upon the responsibility with which the freedom that it confers is exercised. Since the ultimate law of any society is going to be survival, if that responsibility disappears, other statutes will be passed. For that reason I really wonder whether the press would have leaked this story. I don't think it would have. Or would have published it.



# LIBERTY UNDER SIEGE

The Reagan Administration's taste for autocracy

By Walter Karp

**T**he Reagan Administration came to power firm in its resolve to liberate corporate enterprise from government regulation, to free the economy from the incubus of the welfare system, and to reduce the government's role in the life of the country. It never said that these far-reaching goals could not be achieved by the ordinary methods of democratic persuasion and the established procedures of congressional lawmaking. The Administration never contended in public, and perhaps not even in private, that the exercise of liberty gave its enemies an unfair advantage, or that the traditional sources of public information kept the electorate too well informed, or that popular government in general was a hindrance to its aims. Only once did any ranking member of the Administration publicly admit that the "Reagan Revolution" included—indeed necessitated—a program of drastic political change. This occurred in late 1981, when David Stockman, the White House budget director, said that the new Administration's success "boils down to a political question, not of budget policy, or economic policy, but whether we can change the habits of the political system." After Stockman's outburst of perilous candor, the curtain came abruptly down. It has not risen again on the political intentions of the Reagan Administration, for the habits the Administration has striven to change have been, by and large, the habits of freedom.

"What we are witnessing," said the American Civil Liberties Union in November 1981, "is a systematic assault on the concept of government accountability and deterrence of illegal government conduct." Alas, "we," the people, were not witnessing a thing, and have not been witnessing a thing for almost five years. In politics, what is seen is what is talked about, and the "systematic assault" has not been talked about—not by the Administration, not by Congress, not by the opposition party, not by the press.

Nothing is more important, however, than what public men prefer not to discuss. For nearly five years now the Reagan Administration has been engaged in an unflagging campaign to exalt the power of the presidency and to undermine the power of the law, the courts, the Congress, and the

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people. That is what our politicians have not discussed with us, and what lies hidden behind the screen of political rhetoric and the smile of a popular President.

What follows is a chronicle of that campaign, told simply by means of recounting the deeds that comprise it. This chronicle is not the secret history of an alleged secret plot. Most of the events have been duly reported in the daily newspapers. The chronicle is simply a matter of paying attention to public deeds that have been largely ignored or made light of outside the confines of congressional hearings. The chronicle is remorseless because the campaign is remorseless, and it is shocking because the campaign is shocking. When a concerted assault on the habits of freedom ceases to shock us, there will be no further need to assault them, for they will have been uprooted once and for all.

**T**

he newly elected Reagan Administration promised to "hit the ground running" and it does—like a company of commandos fanning out in a hostile country that just happens to be its own.

What it besieges at once is the old, unsung bulwark against overweening presidential power: the open, garrulous, decentralized executive branch itself. Bureaucrats practiced in rudeness and evasion are put in place of helpful press officers. Telephone requests for information are suddenly given short shrift. Press briefings become so grudging, notes one veteran reporter, that a State Department spokesman says "no comment" and "I can't say" more than thirty times in the course of one forty-five-minute session. Pentagon officials are warned that the polygraph test—which accuses the guilty and the innocent alike—will be used to identify those who "leak" classified information to the press.

In late April the President declares a moratorium on the preparation and dissemination of government publications, and the huge, habitual outflow of official reports, bulletins, and pamphlets is quickly brought under control. The Administration's stated goal is the "elimination of wasteful spending on government periodicals." Dropped in the moratorium is a government booklet on bedbugs, which Edwin Meese III, counselor to the President, brandishes for reporters with a hearty chuckle, as well as Central Intelligence Agency reports on "U.S.-Soviet Military Dollar-Cost Comparisons," which disappear unbrandished. Meanwhile, the White House musters every specious argument it can find to justify the biggest arms build-up in history. Something considerably more important than thrift lies behind this moratorium.

Whatever can be hidden the Administration hides. "The White House is structuring key advisory panels," reports the *New York Times* in July, "so that they do not fall under the public meeting rules of the Advisory Committee Act." Under the direction of the White House the agencies of the executive branch evade the public accountability provisions of the Administrative Procedure Act. New regulations are issued as "guidelines" so that the public need not be notified. Existing regulations are altered by internal memorandums.

On June 6 the *Washington Post* runs a story under the headline "Administration Attempting to Stem Information Flow to Trickle." This is only the beginning, however, for the President is determined to redress the balance between, in his words, "the media's right to know and the government's right to confidentiality."

This latter "right" is a figment of the official imagination: in America the governed have rights, not the government. But one reason the Administration is determined to uphold it becomes clear on July 8 when a legal analysis of the gravest importance begins circulating in the House Committee on Energy and Commerce. Prepared for the committee by the



## I. 1981



American Law Division of the Library of Congress, it describes a far-reaching seizure of power carried out by the President on February 17 when he signed Executive Order 12291. That order, says the report, "sets up a framework for [presidential] management of the rule-making process that is undeniably unprecedented in scope and substance," one that "does not appear to draw its authority from any specific congressional enactment." It "provides no explicit safeguards to protect the integrity of the process or the interest of the public against secret, undisclosed, and unreviewable contacts . . . the Order, on its face, deprives participants of essential elements of fair treatment required by due process." Most important, the order threatens to make "cost-benefit principles," imposed and manipulated by the White House, supreme over the statutory mission given by Congress to the executive agencies of the government—in violation of the doctrine of separation of powers. The warning falls into the public arena as noiselessly as a feather.

The Administration's most ambitious efforts to censor and suppress lie in the future, but even in mid-1981 it begins to choke off various sources of objectionable opinions.

Cuba is one such source. On July 10 the secretary of the Treasury notifies 30,000 subscribers of the Communist Party weekly *Granma*, which was impounded by Treasury agents in May, that "it will be necessary for you to obtain a specific import license from this office" in order to "import" Cuban periodicals in the future. The maximum penalty for subscribing without a license is ten years in prison and a \$10,000 fine under the Trading With the Enemy Act of 1917; this act has never before been applied to periodicals, owing to the longstanding national "habit" of distinguishing printed matter from merchandise. By treating Cuban periodicals like Cuban cigars the Administration claims control over a hitherto free activity—until it is stopped by a First Amendment lawsuit brought by the ACLU. This is not the last time, however, that the Administration will try to use commercial regulations to suppress non-commercial activity.

Political refugees from friendly tyrannies are another source of objectionable opinions: they know too much about the regimes they fled. After seeing its February white paper on El Salvador, which presented "evidence" that the Salvadoran guerrillas were being heavily armed by Cuba and the Soviet Union, exposed as a pack of lies, the Administration begins to deport Salvadorans en masse. In August, the tortured corpse of one deportee turns up by a Salvadoran roadside.

To the Administration, however, the most dangerous source of objectionable opinions are its own documents. On October 15 the White House submits legislation to Congress that would keep these documents out of the public's hands by "reforming" the Freedom of Information Act into oblivion. Politically, this is the Administration's first truly perilous moment, for the act is no ordinary piece of legislation. It has behind it the entire weight and authority of the democratic tradition in America: the sovereignty of the people, the accountability of government, the old republican distrust of official secrecy and bureaucratic caprice. "The Freedom of Information Act is a blessing for those who value a check on Government snooping," William Safire, the conservative columnist for the *Times*, wrote in May when the White House, testing the waters, first indicated its hostility to the law. "Individuals can now find out what the FBI file says about them. Even better, individuals can force the Federal bureaucracy to disgorge rulings made without public scrutiny, and documents more politically embarrassing than secret."

Yet one "improvement" in the Administration's Freedom of Information Improvement Act of 1981 would put out of the public's reach precisely those documents that give the governed their "check on government snooping." Another "improvement" would make it difficult to discover how the agencies of the executive branch are enforcing the health, safety, and environmental laws that the White House is bent on subjecting to

*By treating Cuban periodicals like Cuban cigars the Administration claims control over a hitherto free activity*



*'Freedom of information is not cost-free,' explains one Administration official. 'It is not an absolute good'*

cost-benefit analysis. A third improvement would make it dauntingly expensive for the act to be used by those who inform the public—scholars, writers, newspaper reporters, public-interest organizations—the very users that, under the unimproved act, pay little or nothing.

"Freedom of information is not cost-free. It is not an absolute good," Jonathan C. Rose, an assistant attorney general in charge of abridging the freedom of information, would say a year later. But the Administration's cant about thrift rings false. "If the Freedom of Information Act is rescinded or crippled," says Kurt Vonnegut at a symposium on the FOIA, "the American people will have been treated as spies for a foreign enemy." An Administration which prates about getting the government off the backs of the people has revealed its real ambition: to get the people off the back of the government.

On October 14 that ambition could scarcely be plainer, as the President invokes "executive privilege" to withhold from Congress thirty-one documents, many of them unsigned memorandums, prepared by junior officials in the Department of Interior. In the most sweeping assertion of executive secrecy in our history, the President declares that all information that is "part of the executive branch deliberative process" lies beyond the oversight of Congress. President Reagan, who invents his own constitution as he goes along, has expanded the confidentiality of the Oval Office to cloak the entire executive branch. In the space of twenty-four hours he has proposed to cut off the government not only from the people, but from their elected representatives as well.

By October 15 Congress has every reason to ask—and loudly—on what meat doth this our Caesar feed. But Congress asks nothing. The opposition leaders are silent; "liberals" are as mute as "conservatives." The elected representatives of the people apparently prefer to deal privately with the White House rather than awaken the sleeping electorate. Quietly, Congress will preserve the Freedom of Information Act, and quietly it will challenge "executive privilege"; but the Administration's assault on accountability it will not make known to the people.\*

On December 4 the President signs an executive order authorizing the CIA for the first time to collect "foreign intelligence" in the United States by surreptitiously questioning the citizenry. It also authorizes the CIA to employ the entire local police force of the country in this undercover questioning, which can take place in a barroom, a barbershop, or the aisle of a K-Mart—as if the U.S. government needed to monitor the unguarded conversations of private citizens to keep itself informed about foreign countries. Getting the government off the backs of the people is the very last thing this Administration wants.

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## II. 1982

n January 7, at the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington, the Administration opens an assault on the old, slack habits of scientific freedom. The "hemorrhage of the country's technology" overseas is so severe, says Admiral Bobby Inman, deputy director of central intelligence, that the government must step in to "control" the public dissemination of private research. If the nation's scientists do not submit voluntarily to such censorship, Admiral Inman warns the assembled audience, a "tidal wave" of public outrage "could well cause the federal government to overreact" against the liberties of science. Anger and indignation sweep the meeting. What the government wants "is clearly more compatible with a dictatorship than a democ-

\*The Administration's FOIA bill never came to a vote. Other legislation incorporating many of the Administration's proposals passed in the Senate, but stalled in the House. In late 1981, the House Committee on Energy and Commerce cited Interior Secretary James Watt for contempt; the documents at issue were subsequently turned over.



tracy," says Peter Denning, a computer scientist from Purdue University, in a sharp rebuttal to Inman. The Administration mistakes the very source of the "hemorrhage," reports the March issue of the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. Commerce is what transfers technology abroad, according to a 1979 study made by the Pentagon itself, and commerce is what the 1979 Export Administration Act was designed to control.

To all arguments against censorship, however, the Administration is leaf. As Lawrence J. Brady, an assistant secretary of commerce, tells the press in March, the government is determined to combat "a strong belief in the academic community that they have an inherent right . . . to conduct research . . . free of government review and oversight." Accordingly, the Commerce Department informs universities across the country that any faculty member who lectures on advanced technology to even a single foreign student may be considered a "U.S. exporter" under the 1979 law and fined \$100,000 for exporting technical data without a government license. At a scientific conference in August, 100 optical engineers are forced to withdraw their research papers at the last minute when government agents warn them that they may violate export control regulations. Once again, the Administration which regards the lawful regulation of commerce as unwarranted oppression uses commercial regulations to suppress non-commercial activity. Yet about the transfer of technology overseas the Administration evidently cares little. Due to its slack enforcement of the real export control laws, California's Silicon Valley, in the words of an FBI official, is "as leaky as a sieve."

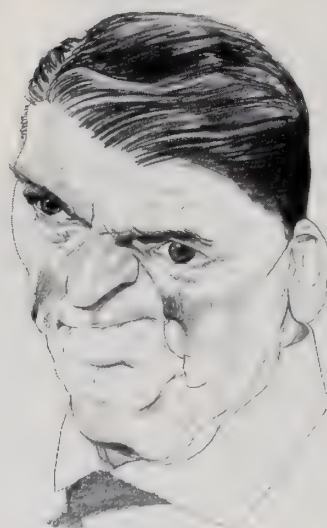
The pretexts are shifted around like the three shells in the shell game—efficiency, thrift, and national security—but the aim is always the same: to give the White House the power to withhold from the American people whatever the President thinks it best for the people not to know.

On February 4 the President shows Congress the final draft of an executive order on "classified information." The order betrays an appetite for secrecy so wanton that the White House declines to send a representative to defend it at a congressional hearing. Under the order, a bureaucracy which already withholds from the public about 16 million documents each year is instructed to resolve all doubts about secrecy in favor of public ignorance. The order creates a new category of technical data ("vulnerabilities or capabilities of systems, installations, projects, or plans relating to the national security") so vast and so vague that it enables the government for the first time to classify private technical research—thereby giving the White House another way to clamp down on the campus and the laboratory and the Freedom of Information Act. The new category has the additional advantage of greatly thickening the wall of secrecy surrounding the Administration's wasteful, fraud-ridden military buildup.

The new secrecy order treats history itself as a menace to national security. The systematic declassification of documents, begun by President Eisenhower in 1953, is brought to a virtual halt, and its unprecedented antithesis—reclassification—is introduced in its place. Under the new order government officials can reach into the public domain and re-conceal what is already public. After high-ranking officials use classified information to present their version of events, the government can now deny that information to others. "We are encouraging the distortion of history," says Anna K. Nelson, representing the American Historical Association at the March 10 hearings. "The knowledge that documents and records are equally available to all has kept many a participant an honest observer. This provision has no place in a representative democracy."

The one-day hearing makes no public stir. But the White House is still anxious to preserve its "conservative" reputation. At a meeting of the National Newspaper Association on March 14, Ed Meese blames the draft order on "overzealous bureaucrats"; but the President signs it just the same. On April 1, armed with their new authority to suppress private research, Pentagon officials telephone the technical journal *Spectrum* and

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Under Executive  
Order 12291, the  
White House budget  
office can nullify acts  
of Congress that the  
President considers  
too costly

order an editor to start shredding a manuscript about high-tech Army weapons systems "immediately."

The White House in 1982 is steadily consolidating its new legislative powers. Under Executive Order 12291, which elevates cost-benefit principles over acts of Congress, a new mode of lawmaking is being set up before our unseeing eyes. Under this new system, Congress continues to enact legislation after years of study and deliberation. And it continues to delegate to the appropriate agency the authority to issue regulations carrying out the aims of each law. But after that, a few dozen clerks in the White House budget office virtually dictate the promulgation of any new regulations, thereby nullifying acts of Congress that the President considers too costly. "The result is a return, to some extent, to autocratic government," says Kenneth Culp Davis, one of the country's leading experts on administrative law, writing in the April issue of the *Tulane Law Review*.

And what is the purpose of inserting autocracy into the American republic? To "reduce the burdens of existing and future regulations," says the White House, but that is all it dares say in public. Like the arms buildup, like domestic snooping, this "good," too, thrives best out of sight of the electorate. Under the direction of the budget office the Nuclear Regulatory Commission in June suspends some of its most important safety regulations without the knowledge of the millions of people who live near nuclear power plants. Under the control of the White House the Environmental Protection Agency turns into a massive conspiracy against the environmental protection laws. The *Times*, reporting on the 1983 congressional testimony of John E. Daniel, the second-ranking official at the EPA, notes that the budget office "tried to dictate regulations to the agency, threatened reprisals, urged that cost factors be built into health rules when the law prohibited them and showed proposed rules changes to officials of the industries being regulated before the changes were available to the public." With the White House acting as influence-peddler—exactly what the American Law Division's report on Executive Order 12291 had warned of a year earlier—a field report on dioxin contamination is altered to delete a sentence reading: "Dow's discharge represents the major source, if not the only source, of TCDD contamination" in Saginaw Bay, Michigan. EPA field officials are ordered not to submit a new report until Dow "endorses" it.

These are public benefactions so desperately in need of public inattention that when a congressional subcommittee subpoenas EPA documents on October 21, the President is compelled once again to invoke his personal constitution. On November 30 he declares that "the Constitutional doctrine of separation of powers" obliges him to withhold from Congress the documentary evidence of the agency's efforts to give America "cost-effective" toxic waste dumps. The "dissemination of such documents outside the Executive Branch," says the President, "would impair my solemn responsibility to enforce the law."

Under White House control the Department of Labor nullifies the occupational safety laws by cutting down on inspections, reducing fines, weakening the old rules, and delaying the enactment of needed new ones. The department also quietly undermines a law ensuring fair employment opportunities for Vietnam veterans by suspending key regulations without public notice or comment. According to the department it is "unnecessary and contrary to the public interest" to let the American people know how their President treats the veterans of a war he is trying to glorify.

In June the Department of Health and Human Services proposes that all changes in rules affecting the aged, the poor, the young, and the disabled henceforth be promulgated without public notice or comment. A cost-benefit analysis has persuaded the department that the "delay" caused by public participation in the rule-making process "outweigh[s] the benefits of receiving public comment." Alas for democracy, it cannot make the poor run on time.



# MERIT

A world of flavor in a low tar.



**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING:** Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

King, 11 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85



To free arbitrary  
power from  
the constraints of  
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from the people

A few weeks before making its secrecy proposal the department had direct experience of the utter incompatibility of democracy and cost-benefit analysis. In May it tried unsuccessfully to save nearly \$1 billion by gutting a program that provides preventive medical checkups to 2 million poor children. When this came to public notice, the shysters of "cost-effectiveness" had a hard time explaining why an ounce of prevention was no longer worth a pound of cure, this being the well-known result of a cost-benefit analysis made by humanity at large and not readily rescinded except in the dark. What an enemy of the "good" is common humanity!

As long as a free people can bring the executive to court, however, presidential power is under constraint, for the courts do not yet recognize the new legislative system. In July, Federal District Judge Harold Greene stops the Department of Labor from nullifying two laws it considers too costly to enforce. "It is not for the Secretary of Labor or his subordinates to make that judgment," wrote Judge Greene. "Under our constitutional system, policy decisions are not made by Government administrators; they are made by the Congress." What an enemy of the "good" is the old Constitution!

To free arbitrary power from the constraints of the courts, the Administration tries to cut off the courts from the people. To prevent the citizenry from enforcing the civil rights laws themselves, the Administration will try in 1983 (in vain) to amend those provisions that allow people to sue the government in order to compel it to enforce those laws. To make it financially difficult for the public-spirited to uphold the law against lawless bureaucracy the Administration will also try in 1983, again in vain, to curtail government payment of fees to lawyers who vindicate the law. To weaken the "habit" of judicial review the Administration rails at the federal courts for what Attorney General William French Smith calls "constitutionally dubious and unwise intrusions into the legislative domain"—the domain which the White House itself has lawlessly invaded. To put the old, the young, the poor, and the disabled beyond the protection of the courts the Department of Health and Human Services announces in June that in the future the internal rules it issues to administer its programs will not create any rights or benefits that are "enforceable" in court.\*

To deprive the poor of their legal rights, the White House asks Congress in November to abolish the Legal Services Corporation, which provides the poor with counsel to help them protect their rights in court. When Congress refuses, the White House installs its own agents at the corporation. In late November they unfurl their handiwork: pettifogging rules (later dropped) that make it almost impossible for Legal Services lawyers to sue on behalf of large groups of people, the single most efficient weapon in vindicating the legal rights of the poor. And what is the "cost-effectiveness" of compelling the victims of official injustice to sue for their rights one at a time? The inestimable "benefit" of liberating lawless power from the constraints of the law.

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On January 24 the budget office proposes a change in its Circular A-122—"Cost Principles for Nonprofit Organizations." What is proposed are new accounting rules for the thousands of private organizations that receive federal grants to carry out government functions in lieu of an extended bureaucracy. The new rules say, in effect, that all such organizations—from the Girl Scouts and the Izaak Walton League to the Association for Retarded Citizens—must forfeit federal funds if they speak out on public affairs.

\* Although a final regulation was never published, this proposal, as well as the one stipulating that the department's rules be promulgated in secret, remains on the agenda.

### III. 1983



The new rules "would inhibit the free flow of information between these parties and all levels of government," says an angry Chamber of Commerce. "Operated in tandem, the scope and inherent vagueness of the terms 'political advocacy' and 'unallowable costs' can easily become a giant cancer for the stifling of the free and unfettered exercise of First Amendment rights," says the National Association of Manufacturers, which finds itself puzzled at the spectacle of the White House discouraging "citizen involvement in the political process." Representatives of both organizations testify on March 1 before the one forum left in Washington for a republican opposition to arbitrary power: the House Government Operations Committee, under the chairmanship of Jack Brooks of Texas.

Frank Horton of New York, the senior Republican on the committee, cannot hide his anger or his shame. "We are talking about what a citizen can do with his own money on time not paid for by the Government. . . . [The revision] says that if he receives any money through an award based on cost, he cannot express an opinion on public matters and still be compensated. Mr. Chairman, this is positively outrageous. I cannot believe that this could possibly be the intent of the Administration, and yet the language is painfully clear."

Two weeks after issuing its proposed revision of A-122 (which will be only slightly modified before being adopted in April 1984), the President signs an executive order banning "any organization that seeks to influence . . . the determination of public policy" from participating in the federal government's lucrative on-the-job charity drives. A month later, the White House calls for the elimination of postal subsidies for the blind, libraries, schools, and other nonprofit organizations.

Why does the White House wish to silence so many thousands of public-spirited people who have firsthand knowledge of the effects of its policies? The question answers itself: so that the American people cannot judge for themselves the costs and benefits of those policies, and so cannot hold the Administration accountable. That is why the Administration stops funding the publication of the *Survey of Income and Program Participation*, which assesses the effects of its welfare policies; stops publishing the *Annual Survey of Child Nutrition* and the *Annual Housing Survey*; stops publishing several bulletins on occupational health hazards; stops issuing warnings about newly discovered toxics; withholds health care data from local officials; and eliminates or reduces "at least 50 major statistical programs," the Government Operations Committee reports, on such matters as nursing homes, medical care expenditures, monthly department store sales, and labor turnover.

According to Administration spokesmen, the "free market" will attend to these things, so the government need not inform the electorate about them. But how can the American people judge the merits of the "free market" if they are kept in ignorance of its effects? This question, too, answers itself. The market is not for the American people to judge. Although it is the highest good of all, the market, too, apparently thrives best in darkness.

On a radio program devoted to "Defunding Anti-Family Organizations," Michael Horowitz, general counsel of the budget office and mastermind of the A-122 revision, describes the kind of Americans the White House favors: "Americans who live in real-world communities, have real-world jobs, real-world concerns, who are not political in character."

Under Justice Department guidelines issued on March 7, Americans who are "political in character" are put within easy reach of police surveillance. In addition to permitting FBI agents to infiltrate political organizations in the cause of "domestic security," the new guidelines allow the bureau to collect "publicly available information" on any American it chooses to monitor for any reason whatever. Thanks to an Administration which pretends to oppose official oppression, any citizen who emerges from "real-world" obscurity now falls within the purview of, and possibly into the files of, the federal police power.

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On March 11 the White House attempts to do for national security affairs what A-122 was meant to do for domestic affairs: stop up the mouth of those who know too much. Under the President's National Security Decision Directive 84, all government employees with access to "sensitive compartmentalized information" must sign contracts which subject them to an extraordinary system of official censorship. If they wish to publish a book, an article, or even submit a letter to the editor containing "any information" related to "intelligence"—a category vast enough to take in most of the domain of national security—they must first show it to the government for review, and, if need be, alteration, not only while in office but for the rest of their lives.\*

The White House does not give a clear-cut justification for this system of lifetime censorship, possibly because there is none. The Administration statement accompanying the directive describes it as both a harmless effort to give government policy "a greater consistency" and an urgent effort to prevent the unauthorized disclosure of important state secrets. The pre-briefing at the Justice Department borders on the theater of the absurd.

"How many employees are you talking about here?" a reporter asks an official.

"SCI access is given out only to a handful of employees."

"Hundreds, thousands?"

"It would probably be classified."

"Can you provide one or two examples of concrete damage to national security" from unauthorized disclosures?

No, he cannot: "When we officially confirm information that has been disclosed in this manner, it compounds the damage."

The truth comes out later and the truth is devastating. The "handful" is 128,000 officials. And, according to the State Department, the total number of damaging "leaks" conveyed through the writings of government officials during the preceding five years is *none*, not one.

"Well, I just can't believe it," says Lucas A. Powe Jr., a professor of law at the University of Texas, in testimony before a Government Operations subcommittee. "It is as if in coming up with the proposal the Administration weighed censorship in the balance as a positive good instead of a presumptively unconstitutional evil."

That their highest officials might be the enemies of their freedom-loving Americans find hard to believe, but such is the case. On a pretext so false its falsity cries out to heaven, the White House is determined to censor the writings of the only class of citizens who can effectively challenge the president in affairs of state—all those retired State and Defense Department officials whose character and patriotism cannot be impugned and whose judgments command attention even when they run counter to the president's. The Administration is apparently bent on turning the White House into the unopposable voice of Authority.

On February 24 a prizewinning Canadian film about the horrors of nuclear war is labeled "political propaganda" by the Justice Department and placed under the restrictions of the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1938. The name of every organization and individual to whom the film is distributed must be filed with the government. On March 3 the State Department denies a visa to Salvador Allende's widow, who had been invited to address church groups in San Francisco. It is "prejudicial to United States interests," says the department, to let a few Americans hear, perhaps, that the present Chilean regime is a tyranny.

On April 1 the Department of Energy introduces a new kind of official secret. According to the department's proposed regulations, which were later modified, a vast mass of published books, articles, and reports must henceforth be concealed from the public if they could possibly contribute to "nuclear terrorism." Any library that lets such "unclassified controlled

\*On February 17, 1984, the President orders the censorship provisions of NSDD-84 "held in abeyance," but does not revoke them.



uclear information" fall into unauthorized hands could be fined up to 100,000 for failing to help the government achieve what Stanford University, in a stinging rejoinder, calls "the futile and repugnant object of making known and unclassified information secret."\*

On May 25 the President fires three members of the six-person Civil Rights Commission—something no other president has ever done—for failing to monitor the Administration's non-enforcement of the civil rights laws. At a single stroke the commission's statutory independence is destroyed, but the White House has little patience for contrary voices. "Americans have a right to speak out about their 'concerns,'" says the President at a press conference in mid-June, "but let us always remember, with that privilege goes a responsibility to be right."

On September 12 the White House takes another step toward centralizing control of government information. The budget office proposes that all government agencies must consider that "information is not a free good but a resource of substantial economic value and should be treated as such." In light of this, they must submit to the White House clear proof that any information they make public passes the supreme test of "cost-benefit analysis."\*\* Half in shock, half in anguish, the American Library Association asks how such an analysis can properly be made. "What is the dollar benefit of an informed citizenry?"

"You can't let your people know" what the government is doing, the President explains at an October 19 press conference, "without letting the wrong people know—those who are in opposition to what you're doing." On October 20 the Senate votes 56 to 34 against lifetime censorship for government officials.) Reporters are so inured to the President's artless press conference remarks that nobody asks him why the people's right to know chiefly benefits "the wrong people."

The meaning of the President's remarks becomes clear on October 25, when U.S. forces invade the island of Grenada and the American press is barred from the scene at gunpoint, forced to huddle on a nearby island, and compelled to transmit to the public only official lies and evasions. This wanton act of government censorship reveals "a certain mind-set" among the nation's leaders, *Time* angrily observes: "the notion that events can be shaped by their presentation, that truth should be a controlled substance." Indeed so, but this flaunting of censorship reveals something more than a "mind-set": it reveals a determination to habituate a free people to official news and to regarding a free press as the national enemy. "It seems as though the reporters are always against us. They're always seeking to report something that's going to screw things up," says Secretary of State George Shultz, "pandering," writes Safire on December 18, "to the most dangerous I-Am-the-State instincts of his boss."

And who is "us," Secretary Shultz is asked. "Our side militarily—in other words, all of America."

*The flaunting of  
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#### IV. January–October 1984

**I**n early January the Administration makes its first crude attempt to revive seditious libel—the ancient crime of speaking ill of the government. On January 3 Justice Department officials obtain a court order barring a publisher from printing a legal opinion of a Colorado judge because the department thinks it is "slandorous" to three of its lawyers. Three weeks later the sear of notoriety forces the U.S. Court of Appeals in Denver to recollect what country it is in, but America has had its first inkling of

\*The final regulations, passed in April 1985, allow the DOE to restrict access to such information only if it is contained in material acquired by a library after that date.

\*\*Although formal guidelines were never issued, this has become the Administration's de facto policy.



Why should  
Americans have a  
right to know any  
more than foreigners?  
We are a thousand  
times more  
dangerous than  
foreigners

a future in which the executive may punish with prior restraint the sin of slandering the state.

In January, too, the Administration experiments with new ways to deter government officials from disclosing classified information to the public. "Leaks are consensual crimes," says Acting Assistant Attorney General Richard Willard. Willard shows Senate aides the draft of unprecedented legislation that would authorize the federal government to punish with crushing financial penalties any person with access to classified information—more than 4 million people—who divulges the most trivial fact concealed within the bloated empire of national security.\*

The Administration takes a parallel step against leaks in late January, when two Air Force investigators approach Professor Jeffrey Richelson of American University an hour before he is to deliver a technical paper on arms control verification to an academic audience in Los Angeles. They warn Richelson that if he delivers his paper, he could be prosecuted under the 1917 Espionage Act.\*\* On February 3 the *Washington Post* reports that FBI agents have warned two former National Security Agency officials that their research into the downing of the Korean Air Lines jet "technically violated" the Espionage Act.

The word "technically" betrays the Administration's intention. It seeks to turn a law aimed at the transfer of vital secrets to a foreign power with the intent to harm the country into an instrument for prosecuting those who transfer information to the public with the intent to help the country. The great advantage of this law over other methods of stopping leaks, notes a confidential White House memorandum circulated in 1982, is that it "could also be used to prosecute a journalist who knowingly receives and publishes classified documents or information."

Behind the President's "leakomania," as Safire calls it, lies the force of a very practical necessity. Ordinary means of concealment can no longer hide the scandalous truth about the Administration's trillion-dollar military buildup; it is a colossal squandering of the public wealth. The established secrecy rules are good enough to silence time-servers, but they cannot prevent men of honor from supplying Congress, the press, and the public with the sordid evidence of wanton waste—the evidence that "the vast majority of money we put into major weapons systems is pure waste and inefficiency," according to Senator Charles E. Grassley, a conservative Iowa Republican; the evidence that "we are not buying airplanes, we are buying the contractors' costs," according to A. Ernest Fitzgerald, the Air Force official who gave "whistle-blowing" a good name; the evidence that the entire weapons buildup "had nothing to do with a strategy, nothing to do with a program of what we needed for defense," according to Richard A. Stubbins, who served in the budget office as deputy chief of national security during the first years of the buildup.

To help it conceal this hideous engine of waste from the American people, Congress has quietly handed the Department of Defense extensive new secrecy powers. Slipped into the voluminous folds of the Omnibus Defense Authorization Act of 1984 is a provision that gives the Pentagon statutory authority "to withhold from public disclosure any technical data with military or space application" that could not be released to a foreigner without obtaining an export license. After all, why should Americans have a right to know any more than foreigners? We are a thousand times more dangerous than foreigners. This congressional assault on accountable government gives the executive the authority to conceal the entire domain of national defense from the American people. But the Pentagon waits until

\*The White House never formally proposed this legislation, in large part because the details of Willard's draft were reported in the press, generating widespread public opposition.

\*\*Richelson delivered his paper anyway. He later provided the Justice Department with evidence that it was based on published information, and a decision was made not to prosecute.



fter the election to exercise its new powers.

Secrecy rules are one thing; enforcing them is another. Hence the importance the Administration places on expanding the Espionage Act.

On October 1 the Administration takes the next step toward the act's expansion when it arrests a civilian Navy official for selling three classified satellite photographs of a Soviet aircraft carrier under construction to a venerable British military magazine. There is no question of disclosing information damaging to our national security. The Defense Department releases satellite photographs whenever it suits the Administration's purposes. Nor is there anything surreptitious about the sale: the arrested official, Samuel Loring Morison, is an editor of *Jane's Fighting Ships*, and the photographs were duly published in August. The only question is whether the Administration can find a judge willing to rule that the Espionage Act is in fact an official secrets act under which no one has been convicted in sixty-seven years.

*If the American people want to know about something, then, for that very reason, it must be kept from their knowledge*

## V. November 1984–November 1985

**T**he President's great popular victory in November does not reconcile the Administration to the habits of freedom and popular government. It merely gives the President and his faction greater power to besiege and subvert them.

On November 20 the Defense Department exercises its new statutory power to conceal itself from the country. It issues a directive stating that every Pentagon official must henceforth withhold from the public all technical data," including any pertaining to "contractor performance valuation"—fraud—and "results of test and evaluation of... military hardware"—waste—if such data "are likely to be disseminated outside the Department of Defense." In other words, if the American people want to know about something, then, for that very reason, it must be kept from their knowledge. That is the plain English of the regulations. The maximum penalty for enlightening the country is ten years' imprisonment and a \$100,000 fine for violating the export control laws, now distorted beyond recognition.

The great Administration engine for squandering the public wealth, the machine which generates crushing budget deficits, which in turn serve as a permanent force for reducing "social spending," has at last become what it so desperately needs to be: a single, all-embracing secret of state. Wanton waste, under heavy concealment, will enforce needless sacrifice, and the sovereignty of a free people will be crushed under a fabricated necessity. Social programs will be abolished, public benefits reduced, social services left to decay; and a blinded electorate will no more understand why their country has grown so impoverished than a savage can understand why the rain rolls around in the heavens.

Also in the aftermath of the election the Administration reveals what the President means by "the responsibility to be right." It will try to make falsehood a federal crime. A writer named Antoni Gronowicz has published a book about Pope John Paul II, *God's Broker*, containing extensive interviews with the pontiff which the Vatican says are fictitious. This is gross falsehood—the pope says so—and this the White House is determined to punish. An Administration which thinks it is oppressive to prevent corporations from poisoning the air thinks it is the government's duty to prevent an author from misleading a few readers. The Justice Department seeks a grand jury investigation in Philadelphia, hoping to have Gronowicz indicted, not precisely for publishing a book containing falsehoods but for violating the mail fraud statutes.

In late November the Administration finds a still more potent way to

A grand jury was convened, and ordered Gronowicz to turn over his notes. He refused, and has asked the Supreme Court to overturn lower court rulings ordering that he do so.





With the shuttle  
affair, the  
Administration  
stages a corrupting  
little morality play  
before the eyes of  
the country



curtail the freedom of the press in America. The CIA files a complaint with the Federal Communications Commission against the American Broadcasting Company that could result in the loss of its broadcast license for airing a false charge, later retracted, against the agency. Since the CIA's unprecedented suit has the backing of the White House, the FCC proves obliging. Even though it eventually rules against the CIA, the FCC declares that any agency of the government henceforth has the right to file such a complaint against a broadcaster (under the Fairness Doctrine) if it feels it has been unfairly abused on the airwaves. Thus has the FCC reinvented seditious libel. By bureaucratic fiat, it is now an offense punishable by the threat of extinction for any broadcaster to treat the executive branch unfairly—in the judgment of the executive branch.

As long as Americans still cherish a free press, however, the Administration cannot successfully subjugate the news media. Accordingly, the Administration renews its effort to turn the people against their own newspapers. Another flaunted drama of censorship provides the instrument. On December 17 the Defense Department calls in the press to announce that the scheduled January 23 flight of the space shuttle *Discovery* will be treated as a military secret of the gravest kind. The public learns that Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger has personally asked the Associated Press, NBC News, and *Aviation Week & Space Technology* to suppress their stories about the shuttle mission in the interests of "national security"—and that the three organizations have dutifully complied. The public learns, too, that even "speculation" about the purpose of the flight is forbidden and will be punished by a full-out investigation of the offender—a truly extraordinary threat.

This sudden, officious announcement stuns the Washington press corps. There is simply no warrant for such elaborate secrecy. The military purpose of the shuttle flight has been publicly available information for months. To kill a news story merely because the government orders it would set a "dangerous precedent," warns John Chancellor on the *NBC Nightly News*. True enough, but the Administration evidently wants something more than that servile precedent. Its insolent warning against "speculation" is a goad to defiance, "an enticement for people to go after what the mission was about and then to publish what they found out," as former Defense Secretary James R. Schlesinger tells the press.

Taking up the gauntlet, the *Washington Post* refuses to keep secret what is not a secret and publishes a story about the shuttle flight based on information from available sources. Secretary Weinberger denounces the paper for daring to "violate requests" from the Pentagon. Disobedience to a government decree, he says, "can only give aid and comfort to the enemy." This is more than mere calumny; it is the precise wording of the constitutional definition of treason, and it suggests a motive for the shuttle affair. What the Administration has done is stage a little morality play before the eyes of the country, a corrupting drama in which the servility of the press appears in the bright garb of patriotism and the freedom of the press in the black hues of treason.

Some weeks later the Administration stages a second act of the vicious play when the *Times* publishes a secondhand story by Leslie Gelb against the wishes of the State Department. The department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs orders Gelb ostracized and ostentatiously denounces him for "willingly, willfully, and knowingly" publishing information "harmful and damaging to the country." That the information has been previously published is irrelevant, the department explains. "The Secretary of Defense and Secretary of State and National Security Adviser were against printing it," and this alone makes it treasonable conduct in the new tyrannized republic. As Floyd Abrams, the famed constitutional lawyer, observes, the Administration is "attacking the legitimacy of the press, not its performance."

Under the Administration's powerful assault the press grows timid. The



Morison case passes through various preliminary stages but the public hears almost nothing about it. Tyranny is not "news." That is the new rule of American journalism. The truth is, the press is too frightened to write about what frightens it. It cowers in dread of being called "too powerful." For the myth of media power, which the media never contested in their salad days, is now being used by the enemies of liberty to incite the people against a free press.

On January 4, without the slightest public notice, the White House issues an executive order that concentrates still greater legislative power in the hands of its budget office. Under Executive Order 12498 the White House gives itself the formal power not only to impose cost-benefit analysis but to review, control, approve, or suppress any agency activity "that may influence, anticipate, or could lead to the commencement of rule-making proceedings at a later date." Regardless of the laws they are supposed to implement, the executive agencies of government can now do virtually nothing the White House disapproves of. For the first time in American history a president has the formal power to turn acts of Congress into mere husks for secret White House legislation. Under the new executive order the president also has the unprecedented power to bar any executive agency from even studying anything the White House prefers to leave unstudied. No official information that might allow the American people to question the wisdom of a president may be collected without that president's permission—which will be given or withheld in secret. Under this new dispensation the old, decentralized executive branch stands on the verge of extinction. The traditional bulwark against presidential despotism has been reduced to silence and servility.

On March 12 a federal judge in Baltimore, deciding a motion in the Morison case, rules that the Espionage Act applies to unauthorized disclosures of classified information to the press. According to Judge Joseph H. Young, "the danger to the United States is just as great when this information is released to the press as when it is released to an agent of a foreign government." For decades it was plain to Congress and the courts that the vital secrets of 1917 bear little resemblance to the half-billion "classified" documents concealed by the modern security establishment. For decades it was evident to everybody that informing the American people is different from informing a foreign government, that the wish to enlighten the country is different from the intent to harm it. But this Administration believes that an enlightened citizenry is a menace to the state. Thanks to Judge Young's ruling, patriotic officials may no longer menace the great engine of Pentagon waste. Morison himself faces up to forty years in prison for putting three harmless photographs into a well-known magazine.

Imagine a faction that would throw honorable men into prison so that it could impoverish the public treasury with impunity and bend a sovereign people to its will, not just this year and the next, but long after it has fallen from power. Imagine a venerable republic, the hope of the world, where the habits of freedom are besieged, where self-government is assailed, where the vigilant are blinded, the well informed gagged, the press hounded, the courts weakened, the government exalted, the electorate degraded, the Constitution mocked, and laws reduced to a sham so that, in the fullness of time, corporate enterprise may regain the paltry commercial freedom to endanger the well-being of the populace. Imagine a base-hearted political establishment, "liberal" as well as "conservative," Democratic as well as Republican, watching with silent, protective approval this lunatic assault on popular government. Imagine a soft-spoken demagogue, faithful to nothing except his own faction, being given a free hand to turn Americans into the enemies of their own ancient liberties. Imagine this and it becomes apparent at last how a once-great republic can be despoiled in broad daylight before the unseeing eyes of its friends. ■

*Under the new  
dispensation, the old,  
decentralized  
executive branch  
stands on the verge of  
extinction*





I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."

*"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."*

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."

*"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."*

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..."

*"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the 'white male problem'--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."*

--Cokie Roberts, National Public Radio's congressional correspondent.

"I'm high on bein' alive, cause all of my friends are dead...I'd rather be a living legend than a dead legend."

--Rock star Little Richard, in an interview with host Bob Edwards, on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."



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# REMEMBRANCES OF THINGS PLAYED

Presence and memory in the pianist's art

By Edward W. Said

Among the concerts and recordings discussed in this essay:

Maurizio Pollini, Avery Fisher Hall. March 31, 1985.

Glenn Gould, J. S. Bach: *The Goldberg Variations*. Columbia Masterworks, 1956. MS 7096.

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, Maurice Ravel: *Gaspard de la Nuit*. Rococo. RR 2073.

Andras Schiff, Metropolitan Museum of Art. March 29, 1985.

Emanuel Ax, Carnegie Hall. February 13, 1985.

Wilhelm Kempff, Bach: *Works by Bach, Handel and Gluck transcribed by Wilhelm Kempff*. Deutsche Grammophone, 1976. 2530 647.

Pianists retain a remarkable hold on our cultural life. There are the crowd-pleasing "superstars" as well as a somewhat lesser order of pianists who nevertheless have sizable followings. Recordings enhance and amplify our involvement in what the performing pianist does: they may evoke memories of actual recitals—live audiences coughing and clapping, live pianists playing. Why do we seek this experience? Why are we interested in pianists at all, given that they are a product of nineteenth-century European culture? And further, what makes some pianists interesting, great, extraordinary? How, without being either too systematic or absurdly metaphysical, can we characterize what it is that sustains the distinguished pianist before us, claiming our attention, bringing him or her back to us year after year?

For although there is an immense piano repertoire, there is little in it that can be called new; the world of the piano is really a world of mirrors, repetitions, imitations. And what actually gets performed is a relatively small part of the repertoire—Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt; some Debussy and Ravel; some Bach, Mozart, and Haydn. Alfred Brendel has said that there are only two performing traditions with regard to the piano: one built on the works of Chopin and a few related compos-

ers, the other and richer one made up of the works of Central European composers from Hamburg to Vienna, and from Bach to Schoenberg. A pianist who attempts to build a career performing the works of, say, Weber, MacDowell, Alkan, Gottschalk, Scriabin, or Rachmaninoff usually ends up as little more than a peripheral artist.

My own enjoyment of today's pianism, an enjoyment involving not only the pianist's presence but also my ability to play the instrument and to reflect on what I play and hear, is pointed toward the past. That is to say, to a large degree it is about memory. That my pleasure should be so strongly linked to the past (more specifically, my understanding of it) is not hard to understand. Despite the energetic immediacy of their presentation, pianists are conservative, essentially curatorial figures. They play little new music, and still prefer to perform in the public hall, where music arrived, via the family and the court, in the nineteenth century. It is private memory that is at the root of the pleasure we take in the piano, and it is the interesting pianist who puts us in touch with this pleasure—who gives the recital its weirdly compelling power.

On March 23 and March 31 of this year, Maurizio Pollini performed at Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall. Pollini, a Milanese, is forty-three years old, and from the very beginning his career has been extraordinary: at the

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age of eighteen he won the Warsaw Chopin Competition, the first non-Slav to do so. His programs for the New York recitals—Beethoven and Schubert in the one, Schumann and Chopin in the other—were the typically Pollinian mix of familiar, even hackneyed, pieces (the “Moonlight” Sonata, Chopin’s “Funeral March” Sonata) and difficult and eccentric works (the Schubert Sonata in C Minor and Schumann’s last piano work, the *Gesänge der Frühe*, written during, and some would say exemplifying, the final stage of his mental illness). More important than the programs, though, was the way Pollini demonstrated once again that he is an *interesting* pianist, one who stands out in the enormous crowd of first-rate pianists filling the New York concert agenda.

To begin with there is Pollini’s technical prowess, which comes across as neither glib facility nor tedious heroic effort. When he plays especially difficult pieces like the Chopin Etudes or one of the complex Schumann or Schubert compositions, you do not automatically remark on how cleverly he has solved the music’s challenge to sheer dexterity. His technique allows you to forget technique entirely. Nor do you say, This is the *only* way Chopin, or Schubert, or Schumann ought to sound. What comes through in all of Pollini’s performances is an *approach* to the music—a direct approach, aristocratically clear, powerfully and generously articulated. By this I also mean that you are aware of him encountering and learning a piece, playing it supremely well, and then returning his audience to “life” with an enhanced, and shared, understanding of the whole business. Pollini doesn’t have a platform manner, or a set of poses. What he presents instead is a totally unfussy *reading* of the piano literature. Several years ago I saw him, jacketless, and with the score before him, perform Stockhausen’s intransigently thorny *Klavierstück X*; I could perceive in his playing some of the marginality and playful anguish of the composition itself—music that takes itself to limits unapproached in the work of other contemporary composers.

Even when Pollini does not achieve this effect—and many have remarked on his occasionally glassy, tense, and hence repellent perfection—the expectation that it will occur in another of his recitals remains vivid. This is because there is for the listener the sense of a career unfolding *in time*. And Pollini’s career communicates a feeling of growth, purpose, and form. Sadly, most pianists, like most politicians, seem merely to wish to remain in power. I have thought this, perhaps unfairly, of Vladimir Horowitz and Rudolf Serkin. These are men with tremendous gifts, and much dedication

and energy; they have given great pleasure to their audiences. But their work today strikes me as simply going on. This can also be said about fine but much less interesting pianists like André Watts, Bella Davidovitch, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Alexis Weissenberg. But you could never say that Pollini’s work just goes on, any more than you could say that about the work of Alfred Brendel; nor could you so neatly write off Sviatoslav Richter or Emil Gilels or Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli or Wilhelm Kempff. Each of these pianists represents a project unfolding *in time*, a project that is about something more than playing the piano in public for two hours. Their recitals are opportunities to experience the exploration, interpretation, and, above all, reinterpretation of a major portion of the pianistic repertory.

All pianists aspire to be distinctive, to make an impression, to have a unique aesthetic and social imprint. This is what we call a pianist’s “personality.” But pianists are thwarted in their desire to sound “different” by the fact that audiences today take for granted a very high level of technical competence. It is assumed that pianists will be sophisticated performers, and that they will get through the Chopin or Liszt Etudes flawlessly. Thus pianists must rely on the equivalent of special effects to establish and sustain their pianistic identities. Ideally, a listener should be able to recognize the sound, style, and manner of an individual pianist, and not confuse them with those of other pianists. Still, resemblances and comparisons are crucial to the outlines of any interesting signature. Thus we speak of schools of pianists, disciples of one or another style, similarities between one Chopin specialist and another.

No contemporary pianist more brilliantly established himself through an extraordinarily distinctive identity than Glenn Gould, the Canadian pianist who died in 1982 at the age of fifty. Even Gould’s detractors recognized the greatness of his gifts. He had a phenomenal capacity to play complicated polyphonal music—preeminently Bach’s—with astonishing clarity and liveliness. Andras Schiff has rightly said of Gould that “he could control five voices more intelligently than most [pianists] can control two.”

Gould’s career was launched with a stunning recording of Bach’s *Goldberg Variations*, and so rich was his pianistic resourcefulness that one of the last records he made was still another *Goldberg* interpretation. What is remarkable is that the 1982 version is very different from the earlier one—and yet it is patently the work of the same pianist. Gould’s interpretation of Bach was meant to illustrate the music’s richness, not simply the performer’s ingenuity—without



which, of course, Bach's fertile counterpoint would not have emerged in so startlingly different a way in the second recording. Gould's performances of Bach—cerebral, brilliantly ordered, festive, and energetic—paved the way for other pianists to return to the composer. Gould left the recital stage in 1964 and confined himself to recording. But a string of other pianists, all of them influenced by Gould—Andreas Schiff, Peter Serkin, Joao Carlos Martins, Charles Rosen, Alexis Weissenberg—have become known for performing the *Goldberg Variations*. Gould's Bach playing caused a seismic (by pianistic standards) shift in ideas about performance. No longer would Bach be ignored in favor of the standard repertory—Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Brahms, Schumann. No longer would his work be treated as inoffensive “opening” material for recitals.

Gould's playing was noteworthy for more than mere keyboard virtuosity. He played every piece as if he were X-raying it, rendering each of its components with independence and clarity. The result was usually a single beautifully fluid process with many interesting subsidiary parts. Everything seemed thought out, and yet nothing sounded heavy, contrived, or labored. Moreover, he gave every indication, in all that he did, of being a mind at work, not just a fleet pair of hands. After he retired from the concert stage Gould made a number of records, television films, and radio broadcasts that attest to his resourcefulness beyond the keyboard. He was at once articulate and amiably eccentric. Above all, he always surprised. He never contented himself with the expected repertory: he went from Bach to Wagner to Schoenberg; back to Brahms, Beethoven, Bizet, Richard Strauss, Grieg, and Renaissance composers like Gibbons and Byrd. And, in a perverse departure from the tradition of playing only those composers and pieces one likes, Gould declared that he *didn't* like Mozart, then proceeded to record all of his sonatas, playing at exaggerated speeds and with unlovely inflections. Gould presented himself to the world meticulously. He had a sound all his own; and he also had arguments about all kinds of music, arguments that seemed to find their way into his playing.

Of course intelligence, taste, and originality do not amount to anything unless the pianist has the technical means to convey them. In this respect, a great pianist is like a great tennis player, a Rod Laver or a John McEnroe, who can serve strongly, volley accurately, and hit perfect ground strokes—every day, against every opponent. We should not underestimate the degree to which we respond to a fine pianist's *athletic* skill. The speed and fluency with which Josef Lhevinne could play thirds and sixths; the thundering accuracy and clangor of Horowitz's octaves; the rhythmic dash and chordal virtuosity of Alicia de Larrocha's *Granados* and *Albéniz*; Michelangeli's transcendently perfect rendering of Ravel's *Gaspard de la Nuit*; Pollini's performance of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier*, with its finger-bending fugue and its meditative slow movement; Richter's strong but ethereally refined performances of Schumann, especially the long episodic pieces like the *Humoresque*—all these, in their bra-

Gould gave every indication of being a mind at work, not just a fleet pair of hands





The pianist must physically shape sounds into form. It is in this way that the composer's identity and the pianist's are reconciled

vura and virtuosic elaboration, lift the playing of the notes above the ordinary. These are physical achievements.

But the intelligent audience cannot be satisfied by what might be called loud-and-fast playing. There is virtuosity of style, too, in Brendel's Beethoven performances, where we feel intellect and taste allied with formidable technical command; or in Murray Perahia's Schubert, where a gentle singing line is supported by a superbly controlled chordal underpinning; or in Martha Argerich's sinuous filigree work in a Chopin scherzo. Similarly, the resolution of great musical complexity holds our interest, whether we find it in Charles Rosen's performances of Elliott Carter, in Jerome Lowenthal's performances of Bartók concertos, or in the incandescent purity of Edwin Fischer's Bach or Mozart. Above all, the pianist must physically shape sounds into form—that is, into the coherent interlocking of sonority, rhythm, inflection, and phrasing that tells us: this is what Beethoven had in mind. It is in this way, at such a moment, that the composer's identity and the pianist's are reconciled.

Pianists' programs are put together with greater or lesser degrees of thought and skill. While I would not go to hear an unknown pianist only because he or she has an interesting program, I would also not go to hear a distinguished pianist offering an obvious or carelessly put together program. One looks for programs that appear to say something—that highlight aspects of the piano literature or of performance in unexpected ways. In this, Gould was a genius, whereas Vladimir Ashkenazy, his very gifted near-contemporary, is not. Ashkenazy first announced himself as a "romantic" pianist specializing in Chopin, Liszt, and Rachmaninoff, and he confirms his prowess in that field every time he plays. Yet his programs do not reveal new meanings or new connections, at least not those of the sort Gould revealed when he linked Bach and Richard Strauss, or Sweelinck and Hindemith (the contrapuntal elaborations of the latter two composers, similar in their learned determination and often graceless length, occur almost three centuries apart).

Some programs are interesting because they present the audience with a narrative. This narrative may be conventional, moving historically from Bach or Mozart to Beethoven, the Romantics, and then the moderns. Or a program may have an inner narrative based on evolving forms (sonatas, variations, fantasies), tonalities, or styles. Of course, it is the pianist who makes the narrative come alive, consolidates its lines, enforces its main points.

Each of Pollini's programs last March focused on a pair of near-contemporary composers: Beethoven and Schubert in the March 23 recital; Schumann and Chopin in the performance of March 31. In both recitals the older composer was represented by works whose formal structures are "free"—Beethoven's two Op. 27 sonatas, which he described as *quasi una fantasia*, and Schumann's *Gesänge der Frühe* and *Davidbündlertänze*, made up of loosely connected mood pieces. The younger composers were represented by two kinds of works: a shorter, rigorously symmetrical piece, intended as a *divertissement* but revealing a strong minor-key pathos (Schubert's C Minor Andante, Chopin's Scherzo in C-sharp Minor), and a major sonata (Schubert's late Sonata in C Minor, Chopin's Sonata No. 2 in B-flat Minor) that recalled the episodic material featured earlier. Thus Pollini's programs made clear the rigorously structured almost Bach-like logic in Beethoven's and Schumann's free, or "fantastic," forms, as well as the way in which Schubert's and Chopin's sonatas, in the grip of a great musical intelligence almost overflow their formal restrictions. The "almost" is a tribute to Pollini's restraint in observing the significant, if small, difference between fantasy and sonata in the early Romantic idiom. It hardly requires saying that such complete satisfaction as offered by Pollini's consummately demonstrative but unpretentious performances is very rarely found.

Most programs are divided into halves, each with its own introduction and climax. It is rare for a program not to end with a bang, although pianists generally make some effort to link the fireworks with the rest of the performance. Usually this is done by including something substantial—a big Chopin group, for example—as a way of impressing the audience with the pianist's power. Encores, in my opinion, are appalling, like food stains on a handsome suit. They serve to illustrate that the art of building a program is still a primitive one. In fact, the typical program, constructed out of little more than the most simple-minded contrasts (a reflective piece followed by a showy one), is often a reason for not attending a recital.

Some pianists tend to put together didactic programs—all the Beethoven or Schubert sonatas, for example. Last March, at the Metropolitan Museum, Andras Schiff did an especially noteworthy sequence of three Bach recitals culminating in the *Goldberg Variations*. The first pianists to attempt such programs were Ferruccio Busoni and Anton Rubinstein, whose recitals offered a history of piano music on a truly heroic scale. All-Chopin or all-Schumann recitals are not in themselves arresting, in part because they are not that uncommon, but the



sequence of sixteen concerto performances presented by Artur Schnabel in the 1960s was interesting. While the performances were noteworthy in illuminating the various transformations of the concerto form, that was not the chief source of their power. What was so gripping was the spectacle of a feat combining aesthetic range and athletic power and spanning a number of weeks.

But such interesting programming is rare. Most pianists plan their recitals around a repertory stamped by their predecessors, hoping—generally without any basis, in my opinion—to capture the music for themselves. What aesthetic identity can a pianist possibly have if he allows himself to be billed as “the new Schnabel” or “the twentieth-century Tausig”? Even worse are those who try to imitate the sounds of the one pianist who for half a century has been the model of dynamic and, I would say, strident pianism, Vladimir Horowitz. None has succeeded, in part at least because Horowitz himself has gone on playing.

Adding to the limitations of the pianistic repertory is the fact that most of the piano literature is very familiar and pretty well fixed: the notes are written down and, in almost all cases, the pieces have been recorded. Thus to play the four Chopin ballades, as Emanuel Ax recently did at Carnegie Hall, is not just to play the pieces, but to replay them. The hope is that the pianist does so with variations that reveal his or her imagination and taste—and that show no sign of copying others or distorting the composer's text. Most interesting pianists, even when working through a conventional program, give the impression that their playing of a piece is also a commentary on it, much as an essay on a great novel is a commentary, and not simply a plot summary. A successful performance of the Schumann Fantasy, such as Pollini's, makes the listener feel two disparate things *together*: you feel that this is the work Schumann wrote; and you feel that Pollini, in responding to its infinitely variable rhythmic and rhetorical impulses, accents, phrases, pauses, and inflections, is *commenting* on the piece, giving us his version of it. Thus do pianists make their statements.

**T**he world of pianism is a curious amalgam of “culture” and business. Some would argue that the cultural context (no less than the ticket-seller's booth) is a distraction from the *sound* of the pianist. But that view too easily dismisses as distractions some of the circumstances that actually stimulate what we would term interesting pianism. The very prominence of modern pianists is in fact a result of the fraying, described fifty years ago by Theodor Adorno, of the con-

nection between the three essential threads of music making: the composition and production of music, its reproduction or performance, and its consumption. Most pianists have no time for contemporary music; conversely, not much music is being written with the piano in mind. The public is saturated with mechanically reproduced music. Moreover, musical literacy is no longer a requirement for the educated person. As a result, audiences are by and large removed from the acts of playing and composing.

Musical competitions, which were established as a way of launching virtuoso careers, have also contributed to specialization. Most of these contests are run by an odd assortment of philanthropists, musicians, and concert managers, and they have tended to foster a kind of pianistic triumphalism. To those like myself who are aghast at what takes place in most competitions, this triumphalism brings to mind the world of sports, where amphetamines and steroids are routinely taken to improve performance. Occasionally pianists will survive the paranoid atmosphere that is a feature of all competitions. The pianism of these few is not ruined by their having to adopt the bravura techniques and pared-down and neutral style favored by juries. Pollini is one of the survivors, in part, I believe, because after he won the Warsaw Chopin Competition he did not immediately go on tour to launch a “major career.” Instead he spent several years studying and, not incidentally, maturing as a pianist. When I speak of survival I am not suggesting that prize-winners fizzle out after a while. The roster of successful prizewinners and competition pianists is very large: Ashkenazy, Malcolm Frager, and André Michel Schub come to mind. What I am suggesting is that hardly any of them do interesting work.

“Star” pianists command great fees, and when this money is combined with the income from their records it can amount to a sizable fortune. Some pianists seem to benefit from the system: their success allows them to play less often, to take sabbaticals, to learn new (and riskier) material. In general, however, there seems to be a scramble for more concerts, better recording contracts, greater “opportunities.” The stars struggle to maintain their positions and lesser luminaries try desperately to move up a rung. All this results in little pleasure for the mass audience, although it produces much profit for the agents, middlemen, and media manipulators.

There is not much hope that composer, performer, and listener will once again work together—without the distraction of recording deals and prizes—in a real community, the kind of community for which the Bach family has al-

*Musical literacy is no longer a requirement for the educated person.*

*Audiences are by and large removed from the act of playing*



*The kind of  
playing that  
engages me is  
playing that lets  
me in, makes  
me feel that  
I would want  
to play that  
way too*

ways served as an attractive model. Nor is the public likely to become less susceptible to hype and commercialism. But there *are* signs, both within the piano world and outside it, that many people feel the need to reestablish links between piano playing and other human activities, so that the mindless virtuosity of the whiz-bang pianist might be superseded by something more interesting. Certainly Pollini's success has something to do with this, as does Brendel's. And Glenn Gould, in everything he did, expressed dissatisfaction with piano playing as such: his project was an attempt to connect pianism with the larger society.

All of this is evidence of a pianism trying to break out of its intellectual silence, its fetishes and rituals, its "beautiful" sounds and athletic skill. We will always admire those sounds, that skill; and we will always take pleasure in listening to pianists perform the standard repertory. But the experience of the piano is intensified when it is joined to the other experiences in which we find nourishment.

How do pianists transport us from the performance itself to another realm of significance? Listen to the records of Sergei Rachmaninoff. Rachmaninoff fairly bristles with interest; everything he does strikes us as an intervention into a piece of music that would otherwise be a score dead on the page. We feel there is a point he is trying to make. In playing the Schumann *Carnaval*, for example, he makes us aware of the composer working the piece out, bringing it to statement; and yet the chaos of Schumann's merely private vision is plainly in evidence. We feel the same thing about the playing of Alfred Cortot.

This sort of pianism is not simply a matter of taking risks, playing at outrageously fast tempi, introducing highly inflected lines. Rather—and this is the central matter—such pianism draws us in because its processes are apparent, compelling, intelligently provoking. The same point can be made negatively. There is nothing less stimulating than a pianist whose sole concern is perfection, perfection of the sort that causes one to say: How perfect is this playing. The emphasis on winning prizes certainly encourages such an aesthetic of "accomplishment," as does the desire to remove from the performance everything but the pianist's dazzling finger-work. Put differently, piano playing that seems so finished as to be solely about itself (the work of the formidable Josef Lhevinne comes to mind) pushes the listener away and isolates the pianist in that sterile environment reserved for "pros."

The kind of playing that engages me is playing that lets me in, so to speak: the pianist, by the intimacy of his or her playing, makes me

feel that I would want to play that way too. The work of Dinu Lipatti, who turned out burning ly pure performances of Mozart and Chopin, excludes that sense, as does the work of a relatively obscure school of British pianists—Myra Hess Clifford Curzon, the great Solomon, and the equally fine Benno Moiseiwitsch. Today Radu Lupu and Perahia carry on in that vein.

One could argue that the social essence of pianism is precisely the opposite: it *ought* to alienate and distance the public, thereby accentuating the social contradictions that gave rise to the virtuoso pianist, the preposterous result of the overspecialization of contemporary culture. But this argument ignores what is just as apparent, and no less a result of the alienation produced by consumerism—namely, the *utopian* effect of pianistic performances. For the performer traffics between composer and listener. And insofar as performers do this in ways that involve us as listeners in the experience and processes of performing, they invite us into a utopian realm of acute awareness that is otherwise inaccessible to us. Interesting pianism, in short, breaks down the barriers between audience and interpreter, and does so without violating music's essential silence.

When a performance taps into its audience's subjective time, enriches it and makes it more complex, it becomes more than a couple of hours of good entertainment. Here, I think, is the essence of what can make the piano and pianists interesting. Each listener brings to performance memories of other performances, history of relationships with the music, a web of affiliations; and all of this is activated by the performance at hand. Every pianist does this differently. Gould seemed actually to invent himself and his playing; it was as if he had no antecedents. The counterpoint seemed to speak to you directly, intelligently, vividly, forcing you to leave your ideas and experiences in abeyance. Pollini, on the other hand, lets you hear in his Schumann not only the composer's episodic genius but also the performances of other pianists—Michelangeli, for instance—from whom Pollini has learned, and gone beyond. The intellectual rigor of both pianists compares, in strength and cogency, with the prose of a first-rate discourse.

Thus the greatest pianists somehow bridge the gap between the unnaturally refined, rarified world of the recital stage and the world of music in human life. Surely we have all been tremendously moved by a piece of music, and have imagined what it must be like to feel compelled to perform it, to be disturbed into expressing it aloud, to be urged into articulating it, note by note, line by line. It is this experience which the best pianists can stimulate: the



conviction of their playing, the beauty and nobility of their sound, make me feel what I might feel were I able to play as they can.

This is not at all a matter of the performer meeting one's expectations. Just the opposite: it is a matter of the performer giving rise to expectations, making possible an encounter with memory that can be expressed only in music performed this way, now, before one.

Many years ago in Europe I heard the great German pianist Wilhelm Kempff perform. To my knowledge Kempff has played in America only once recently, a Carnegie Hall recital about ten or twelve years ago which was not very successful. He has not been much celebrated in this country, overshadowed perhaps by lesser contemporaries such as Wilhelm Backhaus and Serkin. Kempff's music has a unique, ringing tone, and his playing, like Gould's, is unusual in not bearing the imprint of his teachers, or of other pianists. What you do hear in his playing is an unfolding interpretation. Kempff is someone for whom technique has been subordinated to discovery, for whom the piano is an instrument sharpening perception, rather than delivering perfectly fashioned sounds. This is true of all of his work, from the vigorous counterpoint of the terminal fugue in Beethoven's Op. 110 to the fantastic, broken energy of Schumann's *Kreisleriana*.

The surface finish of Kempff's playing never impresses us with either its assertiveness or its strength. Rather we are aware of him bringing a lateral reading of the notes to its fulfillment, such the way, over a longer period of time, we learn a piece of music, grow to understand it, and finally know it, as the beautiful phrase has, "by heart."

To understand what I mean, listen to Kempff's 1976 performance of Bach's "Jesu, Joy Man's Desiring." Most people know this piece from Dinu Lipatti's transparent and pure recording. But while Lipatti uses Myra Hess's transcription, Kempff uses his own, thereby heightening the intimacy of his performance. Bach's work is a serene elaboration of chorale melody with a sinuous triplet obbligato, which Lipatti renders in a legato encompassing infallibly stated inner voices; this execution is envied by most other pianists. Yet the listener is always aware of one effect or another claiming his attention. This is especially apparent when one compares Lipatti's interpretation with that of Kempff. By the time Kempff reaches the final statement of the chorale tune, obbligato and melody have been expanded to embrace the pianist's lifetime of attention to Bach's music. The disciplined line of the performance reaches

its conclusion without pious triumphalism or trite melancholy. The music's outward evidence and inner movement are experienced as two forms articulated together. And we realize that while much of the pianistic enterprise as we know it—through playing (if we play), and through listening—takes place in the public sphere, its fullest effects are felt in a private sphere of memory and association which is the listener's own. This sphere is shaped, on the one hand, by the enveloping sphere of performances, patterns of taste, cultural institutions, aesthetic styles, and historical pressures, and, on the other, by far more personal pleasures.

I am speaking here of the quite considerable musical world that was explored and illuminated by Proust in *A la recherche du temps perdu* and by Thomas Mann in *Doktor Faustus*, those extraordinary monuments to the convergence of literary, musical, and social modernism. It is an indication of how powerfully the three spheres still interact that Glenn Gould seemed to be the embodiment of Mann's Adrian Leverkühn, and that the robust theatricality of Artur Schnabel's pianism seems to come straight out of the salons and *musicales* of Proust's Hôtel de Guermantes in the Faubourg Saint-Germain.

That the corporate world of the music business has replaced bohemia and the *beau monde* as the environment for concert music tells us of marketable commodities, yes; but it also testifies to the durability of a tradition served and often ennobled by the contemporary pianist, who, when he or she functions on the level attained by Pollini, attests to that tradition's variety and seriousness.

The greatest performances provide the invaluable restatements and forceful interpretations of the essay, a literary form overshadowed by the grander structures of epic and tragedy. The essay, like the recital, is occasional, re-creative, and personal. And essayists, like pianists, concern themselves with givens: those works of art always worth another critical and reflective reading. Above all, neither pianist nor essayist can offer final readings, however definitive their performances may be. The fundamental sportiness of both genres is what keeps them honest, as well as vital. But there is an irreducible romance to the pianist's art. It is suggested by the underlying melancholy in Schumann's *Humoresque* and Chopin's *Ballade in F Minor*; by the lingering authority of legendary pianists—Busoni, Eugen d'Albert, Franz Liszt, Leopold Godowsky—with magical names; by the sonorous power that can encompass the solidest Beethoven and the most slender Fauré; by the curious, almost audible mixture of dedication and money circulating through the recital's atmosphere. ■

The recital,  
like the essay,  
is re-creative  
and personal.  
And pianists,  
like essayists,  
concern  
themselves  
with givens



# WHAT HAS BEEN

A cheap ticket to a

Last June, S \_\_\_\_\_ was graduated from a public high school in suburban Connecticut, one regarded as among America's finest. For the purpose of getting into a good college, the quality and reputation of a high school is as important as how well a student does. Doing moderately well at a mediocre school is no compelling achievement. This transcript, once its numbers and signs and shorthand are decoded, reveals a good deal about this student, about this school—and, unwittingly, about what passes for an adequate education.

Ceramics and sculpture, photography, theater, and chorus—all such worthy but marginal subjects suggest, if not the intellectual character of the school, at least its affluence. Critics argue that public high schools waste students' time with trivial classes and non-essential activities; this transcript seems to support the contention. S \_\_\_\_\_'s school day should have been taken up with four or five demanding courses. Instead, various electives, offered in the name of personal growth, crowd the day. S \_\_\_\_\_ struggled in the art courses (Cs), and had the good sense to flunk "Clothing."

S \_\_\_\_\_ took one year of U.S. history as a sophomore. She also studied modern European history as well as that of India and Southeast Asia, albeit for half a year each. This is the entire classroom source of her historical perspective.

S \_\_\_\_\_ had two years of biology and one of chemistry. She apparently was not willing (or able) to avoid laboratory science. Yet she never studied physics. And although the school made sure she took some of the old and proper studies in mathematics—algebra, geometry, perhaps pre-calculus in "Functions"—she presumably has no experience with probability or statistics. It cannot be assumed that she has attained mathematical literacy.

Leon Botstein is president of Bard College and of Simon's Rock.

SECONDARY SCHOOL STUDENT				
Last Name		First Name	Middle	
Home Address		City	State	
Parent or Guardian				
Previous Secondary School Attended (if any) Date Left				
GRADE	SUBJECTS	LEVEL	SPECIAL NOTE	FINAL GRADE
09	CER + SCULP			
09	LIN + WOOD CUTS			
09	ENGLISH 9-2			
09	FRENCH B			
09	FRENCH 9 USERS			
09	BASIC FOODS			
09	CHILD DEVELOP			
09	CLOTHING			
09	ALGEBRA 1			
09	CHORUS 9			
09	PE 9			
09	EARTH SCI			
09	SOC STU 9			
10	SOPHOMORE PE			
10	SOPHOMORE PE			
10	SOPHOMORE PE			
10	SOPHOMORE PE			
10	DRIVERS ED			
10	DRAMA 1			
10	SOPHOMORE CHORS			
10	ENGLISH 2A		A	
10	FRENCH 9 USERS		A	
10	GEOMETRY B		B	
10	BIOLOGY 1		A	LAB
10	US TO 1898		A	
10	US SINCE 1898		A	
11	IND ST PHYS ED			
11	THEATRE 2			
11	BASIC PHOTOGRAP			
11	WOMNS GLEE CLUB			
11	ENGLISH 3A		A	
11	FRENCH 4 SPKRS		B	
11	ALGEBRA 2B		A	LAB
11	CHEM 1 SURVEY		A	
11	MOD EUR HISTORY		A	
11	PSYCHOLOGY		A	
SENIOR CLASSES				
12	THEATER 3			
12	CP TYPING			
12	CREAT WRIT SEM		A	
12	AP ENGLISH		AP	
12	FRENCH 5 SPKRS		A	
12	FRENCH 5 SPKRS		A	
12	FRNCH ADV RDNGS		B	
12	FUNCTIONS B		A	LAB
12	BIOLOGY 2		A	
12	INDIA/SE ASIA		A	



# EARNED SO FAR

ge, by Leon Botstein

ACCREREDITED - N.E.A.C.A.C.			
SCHOOL CODE			
SCRIPT			
Sex	Student I.D. No.		
Yr. 82			
Yr.			
Yr. 85			
CLASS RANK			
SCHOOL FILE FOR EXPLANATION			
ELIMINARY CLASS RANK			
RANK BASED ON 4 SEMESTER			
85	CLASS SIZE 445		
IC	OVERALL		
DECILE 6			
QUALITY PT. AVG. 9.57			
TION - TOP DECILE IS 1ST			
E ADMISSION TEST SCORES			
FIRST	M.I.	GRADE	TEST DATE
		11	MAY 84
SUBSCORES	TSWE	ACH 1	ACH 2
AD VOC.			ACH 3
3 57	60+		
FIRST	M.I.	GRADE	TEST DATE
		11	JUN 84
SUBSCORES	TSWE	ACH 1	ACH 2
READ VOC.			ACH 3
EN60	LR50		
FIRST	M.I.	GRADE	TEST DATE
		12	NOV 84
SUBSCORES	TSWE	ACH 1	ACH 2
READ VOC.			ACH 3
52 50	53		
FIRST	M.I.	GRADE	TEST DATE
		12	DEC 84
SUBSCORES	TSWE	ACH 1	ACH 2
READ VOC.			ACH 3
ES50			
ADMISSIONS TESTING PROGRAM of the COLLEGE BOARD			
TIVITIES, HONORS, AWARDS			
gs, 12, Writer			
eaders, 9			
Committee, 10, 11, 12			
& Technical Staff, 10, 11, 12			
r Orientation Committee, 11, 12			
ng Circles, 12			
ORDINATOR OF GUIDANCE			

The school, which has some 2,000 students, is accredited by a regional association. Such accreditation constitutes a feeble assurance of academic quality. Like state regulations, accreditation protects against only the most flagrant deficiencies. It is no defense against bad teaching, poor curricula, or inadequate facilities.

The overall grade-point average is made up of all courses except gym. Chorus taken for credit, in other words, is weighted on the same basis as English. This high school shows its concern for its image as a competitive institution by also calculating an "academic average"; not all schools bother to make the pretense.

S\_\_\_\_\_ 's scores on the Scholastic Aptitude Test are not spectacular, although they are above average. The subscores for verbal (graded from 20 to 80) measure reading and vocabulary skills; experience shows that above-average scores like those here do not indicate an ability to read critically or write clearly. The "test of standard English" (TSWE) merely requires that a student "recognize" standard written English, not write it. Although S\_\_\_\_\_ has done passably well in school, has once gotten the top score on the TSWE, and has taken advanced placement courses and achievement tests in English, she may not be able to compose a straightforward, analytical argument.

The guidance "coordinator" (he most likely does not know S\_\_\_\_\_ well) signs the transcript and mails it off, knowing she will be admitted to one of the many reasonably competitive colleges in America. Yet it is likely that S\_\_\_\_\_ does not know what is in the Constitution; knows nothing about economics; can tell you little about the theory and practice of capitalism, socialism, or communism; cannot grasp the science and technology germane to medicine or defense; has never read *The Republic*, the *Koran*, or *The Brothers Karamazov*. It is also reasonable to assume that hers has been a passive education by textbooks, workbooks, and multiple-choice tests, in oversize classes and from teachers better versed in pedagogy than in their respective disciplines. And this is one of the country's best high schools.





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THOMAS SEBEOK



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Edited by  
Marshall Blonsky

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## LETTERS

Continued from page 11

reconcile the views of both sides ["The Storm in the Plaza," *Harper's*, July]. Let *Tilted Arc* be hoisted by jacks about six and a half feet off the ground, and then mounted on pylons, preferably cone-shaped. Those who wish to walk, or just look, across the plaza will be able to do so without interference. Those who want to experience *Tilted Arc* may do so from above; they will be able to see the sculpture essentially as it is now. The vision of the artist will be preserved.

Robert R. Coats  
Aptos, Calif.

Thank you for printing my comments criticizing the location of Richard Serra's *Tilted Arc*. I am delighted to be on the same page as Joel Meyerowitz's beautiful photograph *The Hammock*.

Am I the only one who sees the *Tilted Arc* made invisible under the windblown hammock? This visual comment is more concise, more witty, and more persuasive than all the rest.

Danny Katz  
New York, N.Y.

If Richard Serra's *Tilted Arc* is to be moved, I would like to volunteer my town of Frederic, Wisconsin, as a new location. Serra's work could be located across the intersection of Highways 35 and 48, going from Early's Omnimart to Hagberg's Department Store (see photo).

*Tilted Arc* would funnel the tourist traffic from Minneapolis-St. Paul down Frederic's main-street business district, and might even help resolve the thorny issue of diagonal parking, which is currently being hotly debated by the Village of Frederic and the Wisconsin Department of Transportation. And I can clearly imagine diners at the Corner Cupboard Deli drinking their afternoon coffee and relating to the bisecting of space.

I am sure that *Tilted Arc*, in its new location, would have its share of narrow-minded detractors, such as the





owners of Olsen and Son Drug; the store would be totally obscured by it. But for art we all have to make sacrifices.

David B. Stoylen  
Frederic, Wis.

## The Plausibility of Hope (IV)

There is no way out of the impasse over arms control unless we solve the problem of verification ["Is Arms Control Obsolete?" *Harper's*, July]. Arms control, nuclear-free zones, build-down proposals, and so on are all contingent on verification—specifically, some form of on-site verification.

On security issues, the distrust between East and West, and indeed between hawks and doves within each bloc, is total. Neither side can trust the other. The United States is not going to trust Soviet agent-inspectors to muck about in our high-tech environment, and the Russians are not going to trust us to roam about the Soviet Union. Soviet citizens don't even have such liberties.

The hope of circumventing on-site verification through the use of such technologies as seismic sensors and tellites has never been realized; now, with enhanced missile mobility and miniaturization, the technology is wholly inadequate.

Given the realities of world geopolitics, the verification impasse would appear irresolvable. Isn't it beyond our means to find a neutral third force beyond the competing aims of the superpowers, one whose members are recognized to be of the highest moral and personal integrity and who are known to maintain

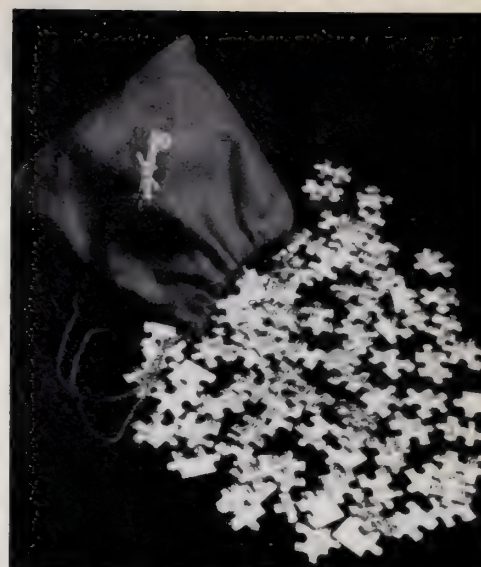
exceptional standards of confidentiality?

Finding such a third force may not be as difficult as it would seem. Religious leadership—bishops, pastors, and clerics of the Christian tradition—are by definition primarily concerned with the spiritual side of man. Equally important, the religious establishment has a long history of performing special services to meet society's unfilled needs. Indeed, the disinterested willingness of the religious community to accept sacrifice in the name of humanitarian interests is a tradition of both East and West.

An ecumenical peace initiative need not involve itself in the politics of arms control; this is, and should remain, the exclusive domain of nations and governments. Still, the knowledge that religious leaders were ready to make on-site inspections to verify treaty compliance would exert considerable pressure on political leaders to reach agreements. It would also enable them to consider proposals that are now turned aside because of the verification problem.

This approach to verification would probably meet with Soviet objections. The Soviet leadership's animosity toward the church is as intense as the church's opposition to communism. But they are old adversaries; they know each other. It is because of this unique understanding that the political leadership on both sides of the Iron Curtain is likely to appreciate fully how the church could perform a limited service in the interest of a goal transcending national boundaries and secular ideology.

It will not be easy to involve the religious leadership in the arms control process. The church is not likely to step forward unless there is overwhelming popular pressure for it to do so. However, if there was worldwide support for such a program, John Paul II, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the sees of Moscow and Constantinople could join together in calling for an ecumenical synod to examine the conditions and procedures necessary to satisfy both East and West. At that point they could suggest what might be done to pro-



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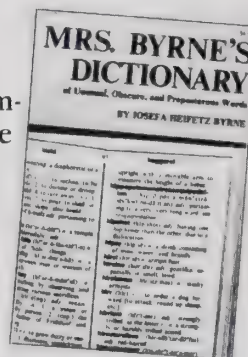
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vide on-site verification.

Initially, the religious contribution  
would be quite modest. And while it  
could be expanded once its benefit  
became clear to both superpowers  
over the long term the effort should  
evolve into an entirely independent  
operation, perhaps along the lines of  
the International Red Cross.

This proposal will not in itself end  
the arms race. It could, however  
provide the breakthrough needed to  
set the stage for meaningful arm  
reductions.

J. W. Lane Jr.  
Vienna, Va.

### Correction

A letter to the editor published in the  
August issue was incorrectly attribut-  
ed to David B. Zoellner. The author  
was Beverly Rhine of New York City.  
We regret the error.

### November Index Sources

1, 2 Edward A. Wallerstein (New York  
City); 3, 4 U.S. Department of Health  
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ance Consumer Organization (Alexan-  
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Families of Disappeared Prisoners (Car-  
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D.C.); 13, 14 *The Progressive* (Madison  
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Bureau; 18 Henny Youngman; 19, 20  
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Lawyers (Chicago); 22, 23, 24  
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of New Hampshire Forests (Concord, N.H.);  
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Shop (Boston).

### SOLUTION TO THE OCTOBER PUZZLE

N	I	C	H	O	L	A	S	N	A	M	E	S
A	E	R	A	T	E	S	C	U	R	I	U	M
R	P	A	B	O	T	T	H	O	M	A	S	A
O	R	B	I	T	S	I	W	C	O	M	E	R
B	A	I	T	W	C	H	A	R	R	I	E	T
E	G	G	R	O	L	L	S	P	Y	L	T	I
R	M	A	P	P	E	R	H	I	J	O	H	N
T	A	I	L	H	R	E	P	E	A	C	E	B
S	T	L	B	A	O	B	A	R	B	A	R	A
P	I	L	E	S	T	E	R	F	B	L	U	R
O	C	O	R	E	I	C	O	L	I	V	E	R
P	A	T	R	I	C	I	A	E	N	I	S	E
S	U	S	A	N	S	C	R	A	G	N	E	S

### NOTES FOR "NO 1 ACROSS"

The answer to 1 Across is NICKNAMES...but since the title instructs that there are no nicknames ("no informalities," said the clue to 1 Across), the diagram entry is NICHOLASNAMES; alterations are similarly made to thirteen other answers. ACROSS: 1. N-I (initial letters)-C(hec)K-NAMES (anagram); 10. AERATES, anagram; 11. CU-R(I)UM; 13. B-OTTOM, reversal; 15. OR-BITS; 18. CO-ME-R; 19. BA(I)T; 20. C(H)ATTY; 21. EGG-ROLLS; 24. M-APPER (anagram); 26. HIJACK, "high jack"; 28. (come)T-(h)AIL & Lit; 29. P(E)ACE; 31. BA(O)-BA-BS; 33. PILES, two meanings; 37. BLUR(b); 38. (alba)CORE; 39. COLLIE(r); 40. PATEN(t); 41. SUES, "Sioux's"; 42. CRA-G(reversal)-G...Y. DOWN: 1. NAB(reversal)-OBS; 2. C(R)ABBY; 3. H-A BIT; 4. LET, hidden; 5. ASTI, hidden & Lit; 6. SCH(ool)-WAS(reversal); 7. ARM(OR)Y & Lit; 8. I'M-AIM, reversed; 9. SMART(reversal)-Y; 12. PRAG-MAT)IC; 14. SEET(reversal)-HE; 16. T-WOPHASE(anagram); 17. SCLERO(anagram)-TICS; 22. PIER, "peer"; 23. L(O)CAL, anagram; 25. REBEC(ca); 27. J-A-BB-ING(anagram); 30. BAR(. . . )RES; 31. A-R-REB, reversed; 32. (t)R(o)U(s)E(r)s; 33. POPS, two meanings; 34. (s)LOTS; 35. ROAR(w), anagram; 36. FLEA, anagram.

SOLUTION TO OCTOBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 34). JOHN SIMON: PRESSURE FROM BELOW. The pressure on language to deteriorate does not, however, come merely from below, from the "democratic" levelers. It comes also from above, from the fancy jargonmongers, idle game players, fashionable coteries for second-rate intellectuals.

—From *Paradigms Lost*

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 35, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by November 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to Harper's. The solution will be printed in the December issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 33 (September) are Michael Green, University City, Missouri; Elizabeth Raymond, Binghamton, New York; and Barbara Ringer, Washington, D.C.

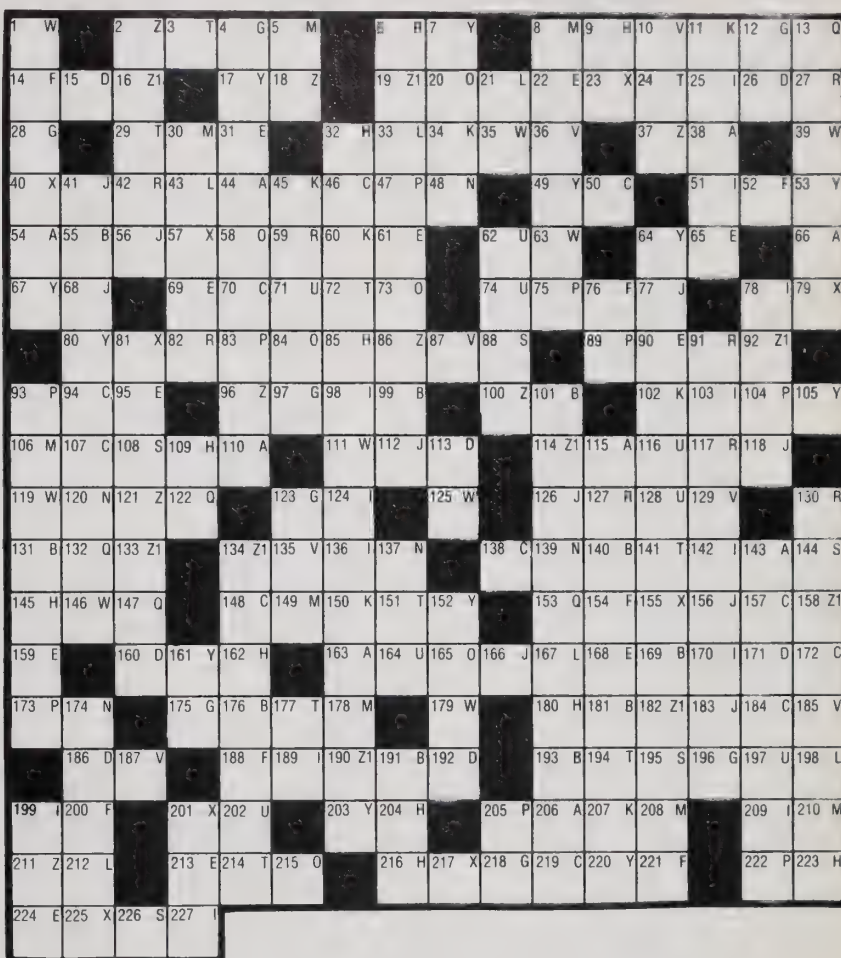


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 35

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 80.



## CLUES

## WORDS

A. Destroy disease germs in

163 143 44 206 110 38  
115 54 66

B. Undecided (4 wds.)

181 140 191 101 193 99  
55 176 131 169

C. Accomplishment

50 172 70 184 46 219  
148 107 138 157 94

D. Aquatic plant with slender, sharp leaves

26 113 15 160 186 192 171

E. Municipal borough of County Down, near the head of Strangford Lough

213 168 69 61 224 31 65 90  
22 95 159

F. Unsubstantial, trifling, weak

188 221 76 14 52 154 200

G. Render harmless or ineffective

12 175 123 196 4 97 218 28

H. Plucking, as, e.g., a blossom (2 wds.)

223 9 180 216 109 145 85 162  
32 204

I. "Ten to make and \_\_\_\_\_" (4 wds.; Newbolt, "Vitaï Lampada")

142 227 124 136 170 199 51 189  
98 78 209 25 103

J. Stressed

68 126 41 156 56 118 166 183  
112 77

K. Drives away, expels (2 wds.)

34 102 60 45 150 11 207

L. Daughter of Uranus and Gaea; mother of Leto

21 198 33 43 167 212

M. Liberated; saved; made up for

106 178 8 208 210 149 30 5

N. Opposing military force, e.g.

120 48 137 139 174

O. Place of worship

215 84 58 20 165 73

P. Concession

75 173 205 47 89 93 83 104  
222

Q. Be silent (mus.)

132 153 13 147 122

R. Act upon each other

6 82 27 59 42 130 127 117  
91

S. Dialect of the Siouan language family

195 88 108 226 144

T. 1939 role for Garbo

151 3 29 214 72 24 194 177  
141

U. Rescues

71 116 74 128 62 197 164 202

V. Sin, transgression

135 10 187 185 87 36 129

W. Reproduction

111 179 146 63 125 35 1 119  
39

X. Revel

57 217 40 225 79 81 201 155  
23

Y. Considering (4 wds.)

203 53 7 161 105 220 64 152  
67 17 49 80

Z. Fracas, fuss

18 37 121 86 211 100 96

Z1. Fr. officer who forged evidence to convict Dreyfus

190 134 16 92 158 133 19 182  
114



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# PUZZLE

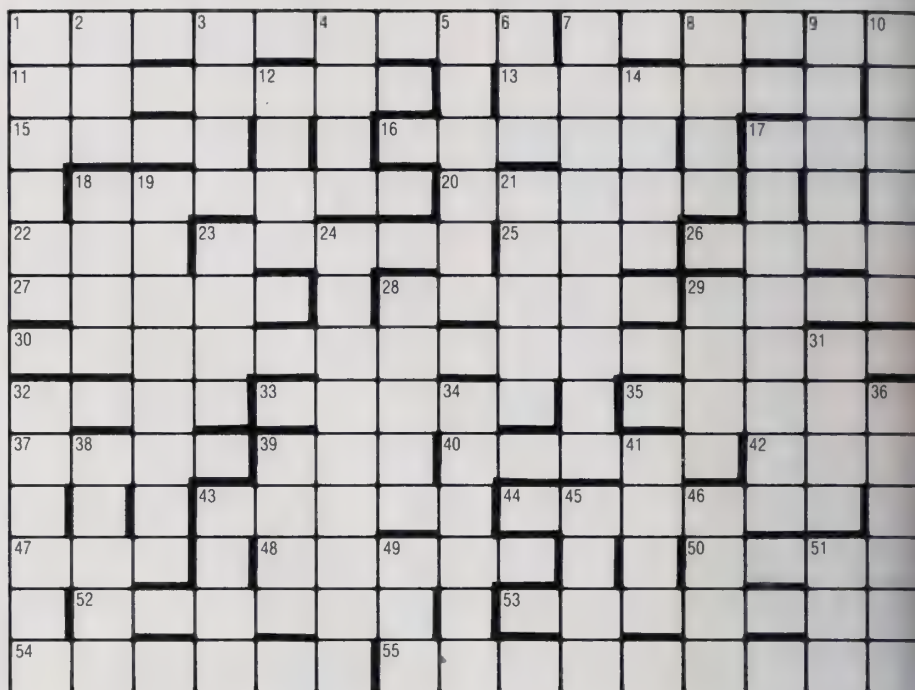
## Boot Camp

by E. R. Galli and  
Richard Maltby Jr.

**T**hirteen entries in the diagram—all common English words—are not clued in the usual fashion. Two clues to the relationship are provided.

Clue answers include four proper names, one of them abbreviated. Uncommon words appear at 23A and 5D. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 80.



### Across

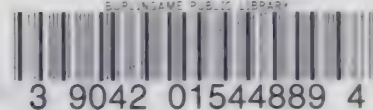
1. "The musical talk is time"... and he gets \$75 an hour (9)
7. Bumpkin is curt when teased (6)
11. Sleep around... unfinished pose is real (7)
13. German composer has number for Austrian composer (6)
15. The old emperor husked cotton (4)
16. Start for puzzle: looking up "commonplace" (5)
17. See 41D (3)
18. See 34D (6)
20. Periodic table contains matters of law (5)
22. Age takes the heart out of sex taking place (3)
23. Convert, I fear, getting no feast day (5)
25. When act is pronounced it's expected (3)
26. Practicing exercises... not I (4)
27. Copper's back in cover, making sense (5)
28. See 4D (5)
29. Pastry left in cooler (4)
30. What's going on here? It's confusing... Blast! Try Italian! (15)
32. Surface area that's limiting acupuncture (4)
33. Puts the clamps on counsels after banning commercial (5)
35. See 15A (5)
37. See 41D (4)
39. Prepared sea chest, taking pains (3)
40. One of the Stooges is constituent of British Empire (5)
42. See 43D (3)
43. Want lead from teacher after recess (5)
44. Plays a role in awkward stance (6)
47. See 46D (3)
48. Support on aluminum is permitted (5)
50. Part of Testaments! (4)
52. Gear for tourist traveling America without a bit of insight (6)
53. See 8D (7)
54. Refitters of horses! (6)
55. Clergymen turned at any time to tears (9)

### Down

1. Think, archaically, Spaniard's the tool (6)
2. Stimulated in the boondocks, which is part of the trouble (3)
3. See 52A (4)
4. One side of a nut is being a pronounced nuisance (4)
5. Important Indian raids smashed... Custer's last (6)
6. See 25A (3)
- Bare clues, when cryptic, can be saved (9)
8. The god of war gets a lift from therapeutic fluids (4)
9. Unable to move in cropped berth (5)
10. Bit of cement on fabric makes drawing stick (6)
12. Remarkable form for a body (4)
14. Unit for computing XX-n (4)
17. See 39D (8)
18. See 32A (4)
19. Partially spun car in garage... that's cool (8)
21. Impressions from plastic dies containing a bit of acrylic (5)
23. Very well then, I feel somewhat backward (4)
24. Some baseball players... Lee and Rivers together, possibly (9)
28. Beat, beats, beaten (5)
29. Impertinent, loud backtalk (4)
31. Jefferson, in short, would get sympathetic pity after public address (4)
32. Dramatic devices, like the 13th of many months (6)
34. Broken tea set is all that's in the will (6)
36. Plucks a string (G), wants retuning (6)
38. Moonshine ring endlessly supported by church (5)
39. The only spiritual principle spoken of (4)
41. Horse sheep mounts with energy (4)
43. Bet in craps with con men, going by the numbers (4)
45. Evangelist's beginning to be uplifted in the middle of the church (4)
46. Preserve English piece of wickerwork (4)
49. Newspaper taken up for fish (3)
51. See 23D (3)



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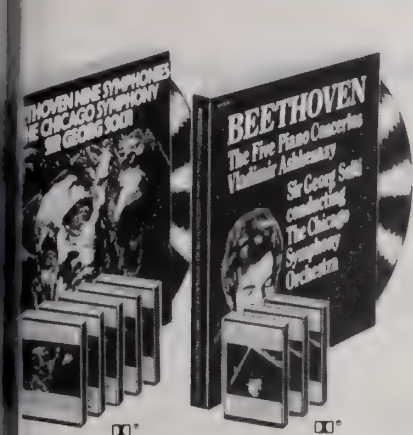
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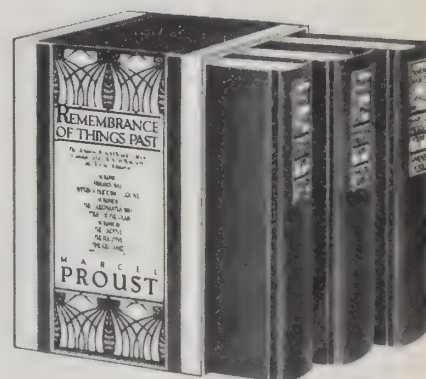


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FOUNDED IN 1850 / VOL. 271, NO. 1627  
DECEMBER 1985

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# LETTERS

## What's Wrong With Books

The problems of publishing, marketing, and selling books were ironically demonstrated by the remarks of your forum panelists ["Will Books Survive?" *Harper's*, August]. Those comments might best be described as "paid political announcements." Only Elisabeth Sifton addressed the intellectual and philosophical implications of Lewis Lapham's questions; the other panel members were either blinded by dollar signs or simply out of place.

Considering the seriousness of the issue, it is not sufficient to repeat tired clichés about publishing conglomerates, the high costs of advertising, and an increasingly disinterested public. The problem is more basic: no one reads, and those who do don't understand what they are reading. Often, the ones who complain the loudest (booksellers, editors) are themselves the worst offenders. It would have been interesting—although possibly embarrassing to some—if Lapham had asked the panelists what books they were reading.

Another problem is the book industry's inability to assess either the commercial or intellectual worth of its products. Publishing firms, conglomerates and independents alike, have been hurt financially by their perverse refusal to see beyond the short-term, high-dollar yield. No one seems to understand that a strong backlist—books kept in print that sell steadily over the long haul—can provide necessary revenue when the "concept" books fail. For every one of

these that brings a quick return there are half a dozen that get returned. (If a firm loses a few thousand dollars on the disappointing sale of a first novel, fingers are pointed and heads shake. But if millions are lost through mismanagement and foolish marketing strategies, nothing is said.) This is costly and inefficient, and we are all undoubtedly paying for it.

Finally, the traditional Max Perkins-style editor is all but extinct in many publishing houses. Books are issued without much-needed rewriting or sometimes even copy editing. This is an embarrassment which deserves serious attention, for it occurs with established firms as well as fledgling companies.

Florella Orowan  
Brookline, Mass.

*Florella Orowan is president of the Fiction, Literature & the Arts bookstore in Brookline.*

Some comments on the publishing forum:

1. It does no good for Elisabeth Sifton to say that "literacy . . . is steadily declining." Until paperback publishers started drastically raising prices in the 1970s, it was possible to say that no people in the history of the world ever bought so many books to read for pleasure as Americans did. We read a lot in America, and it's nonsense to assert that if what we want to read is not what some precious horse's ass wants us to read, the figures don't count.

2. As for those publishers who speak of their high commitment to publishing the best stuff ("I don't believe there's a good book lurking anywhere in America that some publisher at this fair wouldn't snap up if given the chance"), did anyone at the conference bother to ask them if first readings were done in-house at their firms? Because that's where the quality stops. There are very few peo-

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in-house whose only responsibility is to do first readings. Virtually all first reading is now done by inexperienced editorial assistants or out-of-house free-lancers—some twenty-year-old Barnard graduate who is full of the prejudices of region and state and the old school tie and won't have the faintest idea what to do with a challenging manuscript if it's too unlike the snake oil her profs pushed down her back in school. And oh, dear God, let me tell you, it's flat-out impossible to judge a manuscript fairly unless you do it every day for a living. I used to be able to do it, but I would not trust myself today; I've been out of the business too long. And of course that first reader's rejects never reach a real live editor at all. And no publisher who has such a bottleneck in his system can claim to be committed to excellence or integrity.

3. Apropos the above: the usual excuse editors give for not reading their own slush piles is that they haven't time. Contrast this with the old *Saturday Evening Post*, where every unsolicited manuscript that came in had to be read and reported on by in-house help within seventy-two hours. Is one to believe that today's New York editor receives more manuscripts than the *Post* did in the bottom of the Depression, when Harlow Leon Wilson was paid \$60,000 for first-serial rights to a novel at a time when \$500 would buy a brand-new Plymouth and two bits would get you a blue-plate special with a piece of pie and two cups of coffee? But everybody in New York accepts that excuse, and the prospects for having one's work read are slimmer than ever.

George Warren  
Pacific Grove, Calif.

Your forum has convinced me that publishing has no philosophy (not even an implicit one), no criteria for judging good from bad, no foresight, no self-respect—and no desire for these things. To judge from the statements of the various participants, that is and what is not published is determined by some crude, cargo-cultish, rule-of-thumb pragmatism that might have shamed William James into writing a retraction of *The Meaning of Truth* were he still alive



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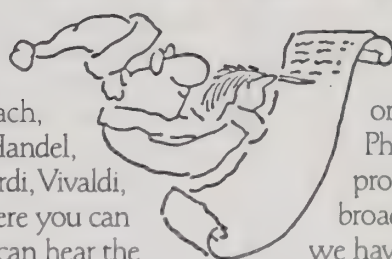
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to see his ideas in action.

Particularly apropos were some of the remarks made by Howard Kaminsky: "I truly believe that *any* book is a good book—if people will read it"; "Of course there are trash novels, but why name their creators? After all, we might be publishing them one day"; "At Random House we are committed to publishing that which *should* be published"; "Unless a book elicits passion in the publishing house, it's not going to sell. We have to be enthusiastic about a book."

Translation: any book is a good book as long as someone *feels* it is good. Never mind originality, ingenuity, plot, talent, and heroes and villains who rise above the level of squeezed turnips. It doesn't feel good: this is the sole, elusive, impenetrable reason behind every simpering, rationalizing rejection slip sent to every agonized author whose unread manuscripts gather years of dust while scrofulous mediocrities are ensconced on the best-seller lists.

Edward Cline  
Palo Alto, Calif.

The forum on publishing was sufficient to confirm my worst fears: that reading will someday be lumped together with television, videos, and computer games as "entertainment"; that all bookstores will soon become "So much more than a bookstore," as one chain proudly proclaims. As a bookseller in a nationwide chain, I know why I am required to give software and Cabbage Patch clothing patterns (I'm not kidding) front-of-the-store priority over books. They're eye-catching and make great impulse sales. But they don't encourage the customer to read a book.

At the risk of sounding self-righteous, I actually try every day to undermine my company's non-book strategies. When a middle-aged woman confesses that she has not read a book in fifteen years, I will sell her a high-quality trash novel (the term is not self-contradictory). Perhaps William P. Edwards, the vice president for new business development at B. Dalton, would have sold her a game for her IBM PC. I cannot help but think that his sale would have contributed to what he and his

peers admit is a progressively non-reading society. His would have been a bigger sale, but mine started that woman reading again. In a nation more and more illiterate and uninterested in reading, that is the function of the bookseller.

Rebekah Donne  
St. Louis, Mo.

If you want to know whether books will survive, ask the people who write them. Talking only to publishers, editors, and booksellers about the book business is a little like talking to the nobility about feudalism. You forgot about the serfs.

Here's a brief sample of what almost any serious, working writer would have told you about almost any major commercial publisher: publishers don't even try to sell the great majority of books they publish. With few exceptions, ad budgets and promotional campaigns are reserved for brand names and blockbusters. The failure to promote mid-list books is exacerbated by the failure to satisfy whatever demand may arise for them. Authors have scores of specific complaints about publishers' gross negligence in selling books—failing to fill orders from bookstores, for instance.

Incompetence, not commercialization, is the problem. Writers don't expect publishers to care about literature; we expect them to know how to sell it. The success of small presses, like North Point, proves that there is a market for serious books, one that's being ignored by publishers intent on selling self-help books, celebrity bios, and TV movie tie-ins.

Unfortunately, aggrieved authors have no credibility unless they are famous. Legitimate complaints are dismissed as sour grapes. Howard Kaminsky suggests that there are no bad publishers, only disgruntled authors swapping horror stories at Elaine's. Please tell him that most of us don't hang out at Elaine's, and that most of the stories are true.

Wendy Kaminer  
New York, N.Y.

I found it significant that the publishing forum made no mention of what authors can do for themselves—



particularly unknown authors like myself, with no hope of best-seller status. For example, when my book *Telling Right From Wrong* was published, I called ten local radio talk shows and got on three of them. I then sent copies of a tape of the best interviews to half a dozen national TV talk shows; I got on one.

I also made a list of fifty bookstores in the greater New York area and, pretending to be a customer, asked them if they had my book. I gave copies of this list to five friends who have been calling two stores a day. This has been working very well. At one Barnes & Noble store, I moved my book from the philosophy section in the back to the "New and Noteworthy" table near the front door. When I returned the next day, two copies had been sold.

Finally, another author and I joined forces to promote each other on talk shows. This strategy has also been helpful. I am happy with what my publisher is doing for me, but even if I weren't, I wouldn't waste a second bitching about it. There is simply so much an author can do for himself if he is less concerned with his dignity than his ideas.

Tim Cooney  
New York, N.Y.

When Howard Kaminsky, publisher and chief executive of the Random House trade department, says that his firm is "deeply committed" to poetry—implying, I gather, a commitment to literature, as opposed to megabooks and trash writing—and then, in the very next breath, informs us that out of a possible 500 titles published in a year at Random House, maybe four are devoted to poetry, we are given the only clue we need as to which books have survived (how about, are flourishing?) and which are in danger of extinction.

Robert W. Burke  
Braintree, Mass.

## The Heart of Saturday Night

Late last year, my wife, Carolyn, and I rented a house just outside of the hamlet of Big Horn, in northern Wyoming. The house was owned by

a young local couple who, not long after they purchased it, found they could not afford to move in. They decided to rent it to us; and, their circumstances being what they were, that is, reduced, the wife hired herself out as our daily maid. It was agreed that the husband would maintain the lawns.

Originally, the house had been two small log cabins constructed of hewn cottonwoods and lime mortar, each cabin containing a large stone fireplace. The cabins were built in 1860 by a French-Canadian trapper called Simone. During the Civil War, they were inhabited by an officer in General George Crook's command. Around the turn of the century, the ranch was purchased by one John Henry Sackett, who built a three-bedroom house between and incorporating the two log cabins. The house is now surrounded by tall cottonwoods and a stream runs through the property, and it is possible from almost any room to see the Big Horn Mountains sprawling like huge torpid cats along the horizon.

The town of Big Horn consists of one main street. There are two notable saloons, the Bozeman Trail Inn and the Last Chance; a firehouse; the Bozeman Trail Museum; John Drake's Mountain Men Shop; and the Mercantile Company—the oldest building in town, which now functions as the general store, the post office, and, according to a sign that hangs outside, the last national bank.

On my third night in Big Horn I ventured into the Bozeman Trail Inn. It is run by Christina and Esther Mulkerrin from Connemara, County Galway, in Ireland. The sisters came to Wyoming in the late 1970s in search of American husbands. They found them and settled in Big Horn because it reminded them of Ireland. The sisters love Wyoming and cowboys. That first night of many I would spend at the Bozeman Trail Inn, Christina Mulkerrin informed me that Wyoming is a place where the men are men.

Big Horn is in Sheridan County; the county seat of Sheridan County is Sheridan. It is a friendly, rather monotonous Western town, with a main street called Main Street cluttered

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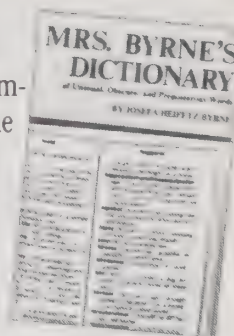
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For more information about the program, the visiting writers, and financial aid (our teaching fellows conduct undergraduate creative writing classes), write to: Director, Creative Writing Program, Boston University, 236 Bay State Road, Boston, MA 02215.

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with banks and shops and bars. The oldest and most interesting bar is the Mint Bar on Main Street. It is a place with a certain unsavory reputation. On Saturday nights it is gorged with young ranchers and miners who have trooped in from the outlying areas in order to have fun. On Saturday nights Main Street is crowded with Dodge and Datsun and Chevy pickup trucks, known locally as "outfits." A man is identified by his outfit.

The Mint Bar was built during the 1920s. It still has its original hammered tin ceiling, the ornate mahogany any bar is impressively long, and its walls are cluttered with the stuffed heads of elk, moose, ram, and five-point antlered deer. In a lighted booth above the bar, there is a full-grown jackalope. The jackalope is a white jackrabbit with delicate antelope horns. Old-timers like to tell the story, suspecting that the creature is a rare breed indigenous to Wyoming, and that it can be found only at altitudes of more than 12,000 feet. They like to tell the tale of the Hollywood agent who came to town and bought one for \$300.

One Saturday night, I visited the Mint Bar for the first time. I was accompanied by the young film editor of *Endangered Species*, a film my wife was producing for MGM and the reason we had taken a house near Independence Horn. The film editor's hair fell almost to his shoulders. We intend to have a drink or two, play a little pool, no more. The back room was crowded with young ranch hands, miners, and railroad employees, many of whom wore peaked caps bearing such slogans as "Wonderful Wyoming." The film editor and I began to play pool with two of them. As we played, little brawls broke out among the onlookers and, occasionally, between the members of the opposing team. My partner and I ignored the fighting and concentrated on the drink and the game. The one of the ranch hands said in a low insinuating snarl: "We don't like queers in Wyoming." Wishing to emphasize the magnitude of that dislike, he shattered his pool cue against the table. We ignored him.

It was nearly one-thirty in the

*Continued on page*



# NOTEBOOK

## Powdered roses By Lewis H. Lapham

He [the Comte de Cagliostro] has discovered that drugs against life are infinitely more desired even than drugs against death.

—William Bolitho  
Twelve Against the Gods

**S**ome weeks ago *Newsweek* published selected fragments of *Ferraro: My Story*, the late candidate's memoir of her lost vice presidential campaign. The newspaper advertisements coinciding with the magazine's appearance on newsstands promised "never-revealed conversations with Fritz Mondale, her husband, and her closest advisors." As was to be expected of a magazine that touted its publication of the counterfeit Hitler diaries as one of the leading cultural events of the twentieth century, the revelations proved to be impressively empty. A random transcript of conversations overheard on a Greyhound bus might have yielded discoveries of a higher order.

Like most politicians who write self-serving memoirs, Ferraro blames as many other people as possible for her own failures. Mondale condescended to her; the sexists (mostly Republicans or insensitive newspaper reporters) didn't take her seriously as a woman; Archbishop John O'Connor misrepresented her attitude toward abortion; bigots hated her because she was Italian; and her husband, the otherwise wonderful, supportive, and long-suffering John Zaccaro, forgot to tell her that he had been doing business with criminals. *Newsweek* published an abridged text

of roughly 12,000 words, but over the full length of the book I'm sure that Ferraro manages to nominate at least twenty additional individuals or historical accidents to her catalogue of recrimination.

The most grotesque aspect of the memoir is its tone. The writing attests to a mind complacently devoid of wisdom, skepticism, or humor. *Ferraro: My Story* is propaganda, the story not of a person but of a product, its voice that of an advertisement for a hair spray or a brokerage house. The once and future candidate has become a commodity in need of an image and a market share.

Ferraro never doubts that if fortune had been kind, she would have become an exemplary vice president: "There wasn't anything I couldn't do—and do well—if I put my mind to it." Nor does she feel abashed by the prospect of becoming president: "If, God forbid, Walter Mondale were to die on inauguration day, then I certainly would be in a tough situation. But if I had six months to absorb all the details...? I felt confident that I could lead the country."

Six months? To absorb all the details?

Even at the end, after she and Mondale have lost the election by a humiliating margin, Ferraro has found "many personal satisfactions along the way"; she thinks she "strengthened [her] marriage" and takes "undeniable pride in making history." Her jaunty egoism makes of the campaign the equivalent of a course in macramé or aerobic dancing. She is incapable of discovering

even the tiniest flaw in her perfection, and it never occurs to her that the voters in their hundreds of thousands might have failed to find her plausible because they saw her as a hack politician married to a real estate operator under criminal investigation.

The question remains as to why people can bear to read celebrity memoirs written in the manner of Ferraro's extended press release. The genre has become the staple of contemporary literature, attracting the talents not only of politicians but also of car salesmen, television actresses, and retired brothel keepers. The last few years have brought forth works of self-adoration from sources as various as Henry Kissinger, Joan Collins, Jimmy Carter, Ed Koch, Lee Iacocca, Estée Lauder, and John DeLorean.

I used to think it possible to ascribe the enthusiasm for such books to the illiteracy of an audience that didn't know the difference between honest and dishonest writing. Perhaps if people could be encouraged to read the reflections of Harold Macmillan or François Mitterrand, maybe they also might learn to read Montaigne, Grant, Clemenceau, even Jefferson or Lincoln. Maybe then they would come to sense the humility and self-doubt characteristic of politicians who know how fragile are the illusions on which their power rests, and know also how heavy is the burden the exercise of that power places on a suffering world. It is one thing for Henry Kissinger to tell after-dinner stories about his dialogue in Paris with the charming little gentlemen from Hanoi; it is



another thing if the author also can remember that while the waiters were changing the wine glasses a boy of eighteen, sitting in the mud six kilometers east of Saigon, was holding his intestines in his hands.

Given the currency of books like those by Ferraro and Iacocca, it's foolish to assume that the readers don't know what they have bought. Like the audiences for prime-time television and Broadway musicals, the audience for political romance presumably takes comfort in the denial of intellect and feeling. Who could bear the thought of being governed by human beings, by people as confused and imperfect as oneself? If a politician confessed to an honest doubt or emotion, how would it be possible to grant him the authority of a god? Better to remain numb, to applaud mediocrity with a feeling of relief because nobody onstage has raised any troubling questions, to buy books for the same reasons that one buys cocaine or tickets to *A Chorus Line*—as anesthetics against the fear of death or the unpatriotic suggestion that maybe all stories don't have happy endings.

The Comte de Cagliostro (a.k.a. the Pupil Adored of the Sage Althotas, the Son of the Last King of Trebizond, the Unfortunate Child of Nature) made the same profitable discovery in the later episodes of his career as a magician. Christened Giuseppe Balsamo at Palermo in 1743, the same year that Diderot completed the *Encyclopédie*, Cagliostro by the age of twenty-nine was touring Europe in a japanned black coach, attended by six armed servants in black livery and accompanied by a woman of incomparable beauty and silence whom he sometimes introduced as his wife, Seraphina, at other times as a sibyl in one of the Egyptian mysteries or the Grand Mistress of the Fixed Idea.

Bolitho makes the point that the Age of Reason was also an age that believed in fairy tales. Rousseau's *Social Contract* was a kind of fairy tale, and so were the stories in the *Cabinet des Fées*, with which Marie Antoinette consoled herself while waiting her turn under the guillotine. It was tiresome to know too much about

mankind, to have reduced the chaos of superstition to the classical lines of rational thought, to understand too thoroughly the mechanics of cause and effect. The surfeit of science engendered a feeling of disgust. The Enlightenment cherished a longing for the dark.

Like any other successful mountebank or doctor of souls (in the twentieth century, as in the sixteenth or the third), Cagliostro found his audience among the impoverished rich—i.e., among people who, having received most or all of the presents in the world's gift, still think themselves cheated of the ineffable. The cities of eighteenth-century Europe maintained in sufficient luxury a satisfactory number of Italian counts, French marquises, German baronesses, and miscellaneous masked ladies of fashion troubled by the vapors of ennui. Like the repertory company seen in contemporary gossip columns, they had been to all the parties and wondered why it wasn't possible to escape into a happier domain (presumably as exclusive as Walter Annenberg's estate in Palm Springs) where even their least articulate wishes might promptly be granted and where death came only for the poor.

Upon gaining the confidence of the nobility resident in Paris or Berlin (an educated clientele, subtle and fantastic, but, in Bolitho's phrase, "as critical as the paying audience at the first night of an opera"), Cagliostro revealed the preliminary tricks of his trade. He could change hemp into silk or make roses out of powder. Occasionally he called forth materializations of the devil; sometimes he presented a mandragore, a small woodland creature born of "the voluptuous but ambiguous tears of a hanged man." In his luggage he carried a sylph, six inches high, "of the most perfect beauty and life"; for an additional fee he could fabricate, "by rare distillation," homunculi who answered questions and lived in bottles, "carefully sealed because they were quarrelsome."

By these and other devices Cagliostro made believers of the ladies and gentlemen whom he converted to the expensive worship of one or

another of his illusory selves. During the earlier phases of his career he took a craftsman's pride in the ingenuity of his effects. But as he became more successful and more cynical, he understood that the magic wasn't necessary. The customers didn't require transport to other worlds; instead of looking for a way out of the cosmos, they were looking for first-class accommodations at a luxury hotel. The sum of their desire was as simple as the addition in a child's first book of arithmetic, and the difficult therapeutics of *Weltschmerz* could be resolved by guarantees of long life, perfect health, sexual prowess, and easy riches.

The magician released the mandragore and devoted himself to the love-philtering and gold-making trades. In the black japanned coach he wandered across Europe touting cures for gout and impotence, recommending diets, teaching the secrets of alchemy, and, on occasion, selling the carnal manifestations of the Grand Mistress of the Fixed Idea. During the last fifty years of the *ancien régime*, Cagliostro made the passage from medieval necromancer to modern publisher. The prostitution of his talent coincided with the breaking up of a coherent moral apparatus that allowed for the possibility of an agreed-upon definition of art as well as the practice of magic. The French Revolution let loose the genies of Romanticism (not unlike the quarrelsome homunculi once confined to bottles), which by the end of the nineteenth century had changed even the greatest artists into music hall entertainers.

If the Inquisition hadn't caught up with him in Rome, or if he hadn't failed in his last search for the elixir of eternal youth, Cagliostro undoubtedly would have found work in New York as a promoter of literary sensations. I can imagine him summoning materializations of Elvis Presley or trading the paperback rights for *The Setpoint Diet*. I like to think of him on his way to the Frankfurt book fair, carrying in his luggage a sylph in the shape of Geraldine Ferraro, an object "of the most perfect beauty and life" capable of being transformed, "by rare distillation," into Pepsi-Cola. ■



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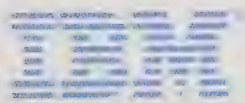
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Well then, the argument follows, tax the rich. But, if the federal government took every penny of every dollar over the \$75,000 tax bracket that isn't already taxed—not



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# HARPER'S INDEX

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- Soviet nuclear weapons tests this year : 7
- U.S. tests : 13
- Value of the items the Pentagon misplaced in 1984 : \$1,021,876,000
- Value of the items it found : \$1,013,697,000
- Number of senators who receive a military or government pension : 20
- Who own U.S. government securities : 27
- Percentage growth in West Germany's gross national product in 1984 : 4.6
- In East Germany's : 5.5
- Heroin addicts in Poland : 200,000
- Portion of those addicts who are under 21 : 2/3
- Percentage of all criminal cases in U.S. federal courts that involve drugs : 25 (see page 46)
- Average weekly increase in the population of state and federal prisons this year : 1,000
- Percentage of fathers who win child-custody cases they contest : 70
- Estimated number of "abortion alternative" centers in the United States : 2,100 (see page 24)
- Percentage of condoms that were bought by women in 1975 : 15
- Today : 40
- Percentage of doctors in 1960 who said patients should be told the truth about their cancer : 18
- Percentage who say that today : 70
- Percentage of doctors in the United States who graduated from foreign medical schools : 22
- Percentage of Ph.D. graduates of U.S. engineering schools who are foreigners : 59
- Percentage of American high school seniors who identify Israel as an Arab nation : 40
- Percentage of Jewish households in the United States that had Christmas trees in 1984 : 12
- Portion of the New York City Ballet's annual ticket income derived from *The Nutcracker* : 1/4
- Rank of "Grandma Got Run Over by a Reindeer," among all Christmas singles, in sales last year : 1
- Pieces of mail that end up at the dead letter office each year : 75,100,000
- Estimated number of underground newspapers and magazines published in Poland : 250
- Percentage of Americans who regularly buy a publication or watch a TV station owned by Rupert Murdoch : 11
- Average number of industrial accidents involving toxic chemicals each day : 5
- Percentage of capital spending by U.S. companies that went for pollution control in 1976 : 5.6
- In 1985 : 2.7
- Satellite dishes sold each month : 60,000
- Number of Americans old enough to see Halley's Comet for the second time this winter : 11,294,000
- Value of insurance claims filed in the last 6 months for satellites that failed : \$450,000,000
- Percentage of homeowners in California who have earthquake insurance : 10
- Percentage of Iowans who say they listen "fairly often" to soul music : 13
- Percentage of third-graders in Oklahoma who say they chew tobacco : 7
- Number of people who attended the International Conference on Spelling Reform held in England last summer : 17
- Number of people in the world who speak Esperanto : 50,000
- Number of Americans who play the accordion : 2,200,000

*Figures cited are the latest available as of October 1985. Sources are listed on page 76.*





**Stop.**

**Even on ice.**

In the photographs you see here, two cars were travelling 50 m.p.h.

Over a test track slippery as ice.

The only difference was, one car was equipped with a remarkable new anti-lock brake system, developed by Alfred Teves, a subsidiary of ITT.

It, obviously, wasn't the car on top. When that driver applied his brakes, the wheels locked.

The car began to skid—and the driver lost control.

When the driver in the bottom car applied his brakes, a built-in computer sensed the road beneath the wheels was slippery.

It automatically "pumped" the brakes. Faster

than any human driver could.

There was no skidding. No loss of control.

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# READINGS

[Essay]

## BODY POLITIC

*By Peter Marin. This essay originally appeared in the Santa Barbara News & Review, July 25. Marin was arrested at the Santa Barbara office of Representative Robert Lagomarsino during a sit-in protesting U.S. aid to the Nicaraguan contras.*

I remember, in particular, after we had been arrested, one moment in the police car as three of us, hands shackled behind us, were being driven through the streets of the town to the county jail. I felt, in that moment, an inexplicable sense of lightness, of freedom and relief, almost of delight.

Suddenly, I found myself remembering what it was like, years ago, to return to Santa Barbara from Latin America, where I was writing about dissident peasant groups. Each time I came home, back then, I felt estranged and alien, at odds with the ease and privilege around me. It was that feeling, that sense of distance, of separation, that came flooding back to me in the police car. But this time it felt *right*, felt good, as if, paradoxically, my momentary sense of alienation from my town had made me feel, for the first time in years, at home in it.

I am packing a lot, I know, into a small moment. And I do not mean to make the moment itself, and the act of protest which preceded it, into more than they are. For those of us in America who are white, middle-class, and middle-aged, the kind of protest in question here involves neither courage nor risk nor cost. It is a

trivial act in all but its consequences—which may, just *may*, do some good for someone somewhere else.

But what is astonishing, frankly, given the triviality of the act, is how much it can reveal, how much it can release. It surprises one in the same way that a magician does, pulling from an apparently empty sleeve an endless stream of banners, rabbits, and bouquets. For folded into that moment in the police car, and unfolding because of it, were a whole series of memories and moments more gravid by far, taken together, than the simple act which produced them.

A few of those memories were more or less political in nature: rural blacks in Alabama weeping with joy and disbelief after electing, for the first time in 100 years, black county officials; a dozen unarmed Ecuadorean peasants, on land they had occupied illegally, choosing to hold their ground against armed police; Mexican villagers in the mountains of Chiapas taking into their homes, despite their own poverty, even more impoverished refugees from Guatemala. But there were other memories as well, less political, more private: adolescent hitchhiking, California freight trains, cafés on the edge of the Amazon jungle and the Sahara desert, small towns in Baja where the paved road comes to an end, certain barroom afternoons with good friends, and even lovemaking long ago in anonymous prairie motels.

Why all of these memories should come back at that particular moment is not clear. But it has something to do, I know, with marginality and freedom, with what it is men and women do with their powers and lives when *left alone*, far from the centers of power, and free of au-



thority and official institutions. All of these memories have in common something to do with value, with the creation of value; they exist in my mind as emblems and pointers, as reminders of what life might be like, or what men and women might be like, if left to take, on their own, their proper forms.

And what I was feeling here, in Santa Barbara, in the police car, the sense of lightness, of release, had something to do with all of that. Trussed up like a turkey, speeding away from town, in some small way dispossessed, I felt marginal again, and therefore in what a Buddhist would call "right relation" to the world—as if, having been put by the arrest temporarily outside of things, I was somehow closer to their center, to what really matters.

Where that sense comes from, why it should have been so strong, is also something of a mystery to me. Part of it may be an underlying sense of marginality or distance from the ordinary social world so profound, so pervasive, that when that marginality is made momentarily real, and concretized as fact, it feels to me less like a loss than a completion.

And part of it must come from being Jewish, from having had built into one's psyche, perhaps into one's bones, a whole history of exile, an expectation of exile so strong that it makes of exile, and therefore of marginality, one's only home.

But by far the largest part of it is less idiosyncratic than that, and simpler, and has something to do with the sense of having ceased, for the moment, to be at odds with one's own moral sensibility or inclination.

Remember: there must exist for many of us these days, at the heart of our relation to the world around us, an ethical tension or a sense of moral ambiguity. In the first place, we are aware of the nature of the world, the kinds of suffering and injustice at work in it; and, in the second place, we more or less dimly sense the ways in which our own roles and station amount, at best, to a kind of unintentional complicity with much that we abhor.

Thus, we are often at odds not only with the world but also with ourselves, for few of us choose to live in relation to the world, or have the *chance* to live in relation to the world, in ways which reflect precisely how we feel about it. Whether this is enough, in itself, to make us guilty of anything is a question perhaps only a god might answer; but such questions of guilt and responsibility nonetheless nag at us beneath the surface of consciousness.

And what happens in protest or civil disobedience, I think, what was happening to me in the police car, is that the moral questions are temporarily put to rest. Moral ambiguity is re-

solved; moral tension is diminished. The energies bound up in the tensions of moral doubt are again set free to fill, to power, the self. One finds oneself, simultaneously, at home in both the self and the world.

It is this, I believe, that most people do not understand about protest or civil disobedience and ought to understand: that it is not necessarily—not, at any rate, in America, for most of us—a sacrifice or loss. It can be, instead, a form of liberation, a source of, yes, *pleasure*. Despite all of Kant's talk about Virtue as *duty*, the very same feelings of connection or belonging or being fully used and alive that we feel sometimes in solitude or sex can also be experienced in protest or resistance—not as a smug certainty of virtue but as a deepened quality or resonance of being, a sense of being, for the moment, where we belong.

It is by no means as odd as it first appears to equate the act of protest with the act of love. These are both, after all, ways of making a home in the world for flesh. It is the body itself, the living flesh, which is asserted in protest as the alternative to both power and violence. The body becomes a voice; its presence is a form of speech; its assertion clears a space in the world, a path, into which conscience and understanding can follow.

When Rosa Parks, for instance, refused in her exhaustion and bravery to move to the back of the bus, it was as if the flesh itself, and through it all of nature, rose up in rebellion against all those who arbitrarily claim sovereignty over them. And when young Southern blacks sat in at lunch counters or in schoolhouse doorways, it was far more than a simple testing of the law; it was also an assertion of their existence, their physical reality, as an antidote to the projections, fantasies, and prejudices surrounding them.

In all protest of this sort—bodies chained to gates, bodies in front of trucks, bodies placed suddenly amid all of the routines necessary to the violence of nations—the flesh in its fragility and simplicity is asserted not only as a tactic, but as a *fact*. It is placed squarely at the heart of history as a way of calling human attention and allegiance back again, to what we share, beyond all formal citizenship or ideology, with one another.

What we must understand, too, is that beneath the flesh, and somehow coded by nature into it, and driving the flesh, is conscience as a *power*, an appetite seeking, perpetually, a life in the world—no different, really, from the other desires which drive us. When it goes unused, conscience gnaws at us inside as if seeking its way out into the world, even against our wills.





This painting by Akira Kurosawa is one of a series the director made in preparation for filming *Ran*, which opens in the United States this month. The series appears in a book recently published in Japan.

It is no accident that Tolstoy, who was supposedly torn between worldliness and the moral life, took the same fierce pleasure in the life of the Cossacks that he did in the demanding austerity of the Gospels. They have something in common. There is in both realms a stripping down to essentials, a rebellion against the trappings of fashion and cant, a sense of being nakedly exposed to, and therefore *alive* to, what really matters. Whether it is a stallion in full stride or conscience put fully to use, one can feel at work, close to the flesh, *in the flesh*, the muscular and regenerative power of nature itself.

What men and women such as Tolstoy or Dorothy Day, or Emma Goldman or Thoreau, were trying to teach us has something to do with a life of conscience as a completion rather than a duty, as a source of joy as well as obligation. Fully understood, this would lead us deeper into the self as well as outward into the world, and would restore to our present version of human nature, and the ways we see ourselves and others, much that is missing, much that we need.

[Testimony]

## TWISTED SISTER AND THE SENATORS

*From the testimony of Dee Snider at Senate Commerce Committee hearings on rock lyrics, held in September. The committee is considering a proposal made by the Parents' Music Resource Center that rock albums carry a warning label if their lyrics "portray explicit sex and violence, and glorify the use of drugs and alcohol." Snider is the lead singer of Twisted Sister, a heavy-metal band.*

CHAIRMAN JOHN C. DANFORTH: Mr. Snider, let us suppose that there is music which, say, glorifies incest—not yours, but suppose that there is some music that glorifies incest. Do you think parents should know about it?

DEE SNIDER: I think it is very important that parents be aware that these lyrics exist.





From the San Francisco Bay Guardian.

DANFORTH: How could they find out about it?

SNIDER: Well, quite simply, as a parent myself and as a rock fan, I know that when I see an album cover with a severed goat's head in the middle of a pentagram between a woman's legs, that is not the kind of album I want my son to be listening to.

If I read on the back of, say, *Ice Cream Castle* a title called "If the Kid Can't Make You Come," I realize that it is a sexually explicit song. By just looking at the cover, looking at the lyrics, looking at, I should say, the titles, that should cover just about all the bases.

The few albums that do not express their intentions on the cover or in the song titles, I think a parent could take them home, listen to them. And I do not think there are too many retail stores that would deny parents the ability to return an album for something different. . . .

DANFORTH: Senator Gore.

SENATOR ALBERT GORE JR.: Thank you very much, Mr. Chairman.

SNIDER: Are you going to tell me you're a big fan of my music as well? [Gore had earlier said this to Frank Zappa and John Denver.]

GORE: No, I am not a fan of your music. I am aware that Frank Zappa and John Denver cover quite a spectrum, and I do enjoy them both. I am not, however, a fan of Twisted Sister, and I will readily say that. Mr. Snider, what is the name of your fan club?

SNIDER: The fan club is called the SMF Fans of Twisted Sister.

GORE: And what does "SMF" stand for when it is spelled out?

SNIDER: It stands for Sick Mother Fucking Fans of Twisted Sister.

GORE: That is an interesting choice, because I was getting the impression from your presentation that you are a very wholesome kind of performer. That is an interesting title for your fan club.

You say your song "Under the Blade" is about surgery. Have you ever had surgery with your hands tied and your legs strapped?

SNIDER: The song was written about my guitar player, Eddie Ojeda. He was having polyps removed from his throat and he was very fearful of this operation. I said: Eddie, while you're in the hospital, I'm going to write a song for you.

I said it was about the fear of operations. I think people imagine being helpless on a table, the bright light in their face, the blade coming down on them, and being totally afraid that they may wake up, who knows, dead, handicapped. There is a certain fear of hospitals.

GORE: Is there a reference to the hospital in the song?

SNIDER: No, there is not. But there is not a reference to a woman, sadomasochism, or—well, bondage, yes.

GORE: There is a reference to someone whose hands are tied down and whose legs are strapped down, and he is going under the blade to be cut.

SNIDER: Yes, there is.

GORE: All right. So it is not really a wild leap of the imagination to jump to the conclusion that this is about something other than surgery?

SNIDER: No, it is not a wild jump. . . .



SENATOR JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER IV: How many months in the course of a year do you spend on the road, away from home?

SNIDER: In the course of a year, it would be tough to say. Over a two-year period I would spend about eleven months on the road and thirteen months at home recording albums, things like that, doing videos.

ROCKEFELLER: Eleven months on the road in a two-year period?

SNIDER: Yes, because you do a tour and then you go and record albums.

ROCKEFELLER: Do you take your child with you?

SNIDER: He comes sometimes.

ROCKEFELLER: Nine years from now, when your child is twelve and in school, will you take your child with you?

SNIDER: Absolutely.

ROCKEFELLER: When your child is in school?

SNIDER: Oh, no. Thank you for clarifying. No, I would not take him out of school.

ROCKEFELLER: Then how would it be possible for you, as a responsible parent, to spend the time that you suggest going through and listening to these records and finding out what it is that you want your son to listen to and what you do not want him to listen to?

SNIDER: To be perfectly honest, nine years from now I am going to be well retired, and I will be spending more time with my son than any other parent probably ever spends. And that is one of the beautiful things about rock-and-roll, that I can retire, hopefully, at a very early age.

[Interview]

## DETROIT: HEAVY TRAFFIC AHEAD

*From "Rough Road Ahead," an interview with Maryann Keller, in the July 8 Barron's. Keller is an automotive analyst at Vilas-Fischer Associates, a New York City money-management firm. Kathryn M. Welling is the managing editor of Barron's.*

KATHRYN M. WELLING: What have been the effects of the "voluntary quotas" on Japanese automobiles in the American market?

MARYANN KELLER: In my opinion, the quotas helped the Japanese car companies more than the American car companies.

The quotas are an example of what happens when lawyers try to make industrial policy for an industry they don't know anything about. The auto industry is capital-intensive. And it normally takes five years to get a car from the drawing board into the showroom. Once it's there, a typical model lasts seven years. The quotas were enacted for four years, which means that absolutely no attention was paid to the nature of the industry. Also, when the quotas were adopted, the auto industry was just beginning to discover the dimensions of its problems in an internationally competitive environment.

During the quota period, the auto makers did try to tackle those problems, such as cost and quality, but they also opted for a strategy to enhance profitability and provide them with big war chests. GM got \$8 billion, Ford \$5 billion or \$6 billion. But that strategy also enabled the Japanese, by virtue of our having created a shortage, to raise their prices and to inflate the value of their cars by adding all sorts of options that weren't really options. Consumers suddenly couldn't get a Toyota Corolla without cruise control and a stereo tape deck with four speakers. So while the U.S. auto industry had record profits in 1984, so did the Japanese. The Japanese lost money almost everywhere in the world, including Japan, but the money they made in the United States totally offset those losses.

WELLING: They lost money at home?

KELLER: We are the only consistently profitable market for Japanese cars, and, as I said, the voluntary restraints only made things more advantageous for Japan.

First, we forced the Japanese to compete more aggressively at home. Once we limited the number of cars they could sell here, they all tried to increase their market share at home—they spent a lot of money on R & D and came up with new products, and they increased capital investment. The cars you see coming out of Japan today are much better than the cars that were exported five years ago. For example, Japanese engines and drive-trains weren't great five years ago. Today, Japanese four- and six-cylinder engines are absolutely tops.

The Japanese have also become much more responsive to specialty markets. If there are 15,000 people in this country who want pink four-wheel-drive cars, the Japanese will figure out a way to produce 15,000 of them. Most of their manufacturing plants are flexible, so several models can be built in one factory. And the production mix can be altered to accommodate sales trends. Finally, they are working on intermediate-size cars that will eventually be a sig-



nificant threat. We've given them the profits to do all this, plus we've given them the money to invest in assembly plants in the United States.

With the expiration of the quotas this spring, we've essentially gone to a free market for imports from Japan. We'd better be prepared for the situation we've created.

WELLING: Which is?

KELLER: Japan no longer produces only subcompact cars. The Japanese are building \$15,000 cars today, and they'll build \$20,000 cars tomorrow. It is not speculation to say they have the ability to capture a significantly greater share of our market. According to a Department of Commerce report, in four years sales of U.S.-made cars are going to decline by 1.4 million, while total car sales in the United States are going to go up by 800,000.

WELLING: How many jobs would that eliminate?

KELLER: Five or six assembly plants, maybe 90,000 jobs. I'm surprised more people haven't voiced concern about this, because the ripple effects throughout the economy will be profound.

[Vignettes]

## REFLECTIONS OF A RIVETHEAD

*From "Squeezing Rivets Is Fun!" by Ben Hamper, in the August issue of the Michigan Voice, a monthly newspaper published in Flint. Hamper is a riveter at the GM truck and bus assembly plant in Flint.*

**I**t's in the vicinity of last call and I'm propped up next to the Beer Nuts display in Mark's Lounge. Someone keeps playin' "The Heat Is On" by Glenn Frey. I hate Glenn Frey. I hate him and all the rest of the Eagles.

All around me are the sounds of my co-workers yapping it up and tossing 'em down. We descend on this tavern nightly—clutching our parols, maddened with thirst, looking for any good reason to laugh at ourselves. We don't need Glenn Frey advising us on the heat. It's hot, we realize. It's hotter than a cobra's dick. It's all brains afire and radioactive crotches and smoldering men piled high at the waterhole. That old factory labor in the middle of July is all you'll ever need to greet the heat. What gets most of us through is the knowledge that when it's all over there will be several tall cold ones

aimed straight for the windpipe.

Up strolls a guy from the truck plant in a "Mark's Lounge" softball jacket. I hate softball. "You've gotta tell 'em about the barbed wire," he says. This guy routinely mistakes me for a writer. I believe he's seen my name printed somewhere. "You've gotta get that in your paper. Tell 'em about the goddamn barbed wire." I give a slow nod. "They should know," I reply. This always seems to make him feel better.

As long as I've known this man, the only topic we've ever discussed is the barbed wire fence that surrounds the truck plant. Plainly, it must annoy the hell outta him. Others moan about the overtime or the boredom or the rotten humidity, but with this guy, the conversation never varies. Always the barbed wire. "It doesn't make any sense," he will say. "The barbed wire all faces in. The shit's pointed right down our throats. They don't wanta keep others out, they wanta keep us in!"

He's right, of course. And here I'd always figured that the barbed wire was just so much precautionary neckware strung around the grounds to ward off would-be Empire looters. Just the Corporation's paranoid way of pissing on its boundaries. You never know who might try to drop by and pilfer the cookbook.

Silly me. Just one look will tell you that GM must have designed their security fencing with one guarded eyeball on their own work force. Maybe they believe we're all double agents—plotting to swap the recipe for our cherished Chevy Blazer military vehicle with a carload of Russians parked on the dark side of the train yard. The ingredients of Ronnie's new Death Wagons, even up, for ten cases of Stroh's.

Maybe they live in fear that one hot August night we'll be smitten with road fever and roam our bunions elsewhere. We'll all toss down our gloves, rub axle grease on our faces, load up our coolers fulla car stereos and carburetors, and flee over the west wall. "Warning! We Command You Rivetheads to Halt!" (the shriek of gunfire and Glenn Frey records). "Halt Immediately or No More Microwave Popcorn for Six Months!!!"

Maybe there's nothing to it at all. Maybe GM strung up all this confounding barbed wire just to give us Midnight Plowboys something to chaw on in between the Beer Nuts and the swizzle sticks, the long wait for death and the heat to go off.

**I** must tell you about the mammoth electronic message board they've positioned right next to me at my job. I'm sure that someday soon it will drive me completely mad.

The message board hangs about twenty feet away from me and blinks all day and all night



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long. GM sprang for only ten of these boards, and wouldn't you know it, with all of the acreage they have around this place, they just had to point one right at me. The messages range from corny propaganda to motivational pep talks. From birthday salutes to abstract gibberish. (One day, the board kept flashing the phrase "Happiness Is Horses." Alongside the phrase was a large computer rendering of a horse's head. If I knew what it all meant, I would tell you.)

The first day the board went into operation it flashed one single message the entire shift. They never erased it. It was there when I arrived and it was there when I fled at 2:00 A.M. The message? Get ready, theologians: "Squeezing Rivets Is Fun!" Can you believe it?

Imagine you worked for the sewage department and they erected a giant neon sign right next to you that blinked nothing but "Shoveling Turds Is Fun." Or that you were a shoe clerk and you were forced to stare all day at a ten-foot billboard insisting "Smelling Feet Is Rapture." What would you do?

I know what I did. I cut me up a hunk of cardboard, took a red crayon, and etched down the letters "cked." Then I crammed a bunch of tape to the back of my creation, stood on the workers' picnic bench, and slapped those four letters over the "n" in "fun." I'm a stickler for accuracy. My proud correction stayed up there for about three hours, until a guy in a tie ripped it down amid a chorus of boos.

Now listen, GM. I have a fair idea of what I think is fun. Taking in a ball game is fun. Listening to rock-and-roll is fun. Behaving like an idiot is fun. Having sex in a Subaru. That's fun, too. Squeezing rivets is *not* fun. It pays the rent and keeps Fritos in our children's bellies but in no way, shape, or form is it *fun*. Not even a little. Not yesterday, not today, not tomorrow.

I think next time GM should go right to the source for their information. I'm available weekdays from 4:30 till closing. I work next to a guy with a rodent tattooed on his arm. I install dual-exhaust muffler hangers and hit tons of rivets. I wear blue T-shirts and am losing some hair.

If you come by, I will teach you my job. Then I will go across the street to Mark's Lounge. I will pull up a chair at the end of the bar. I will order a Bud and drink it slowly. It will be fun.

[Guide]

## HOW TO TALK SMALL

From "Business and Small Talk," in Letitia Baldrige's *Complete Guide to Executive Manners*, published by Rawson Associates.

**S**mall talk in business is exactly that—unimportant conversation, a filler for those cracks in substantive discussions when people want to relax and pass the time without intellectual strain. . . .

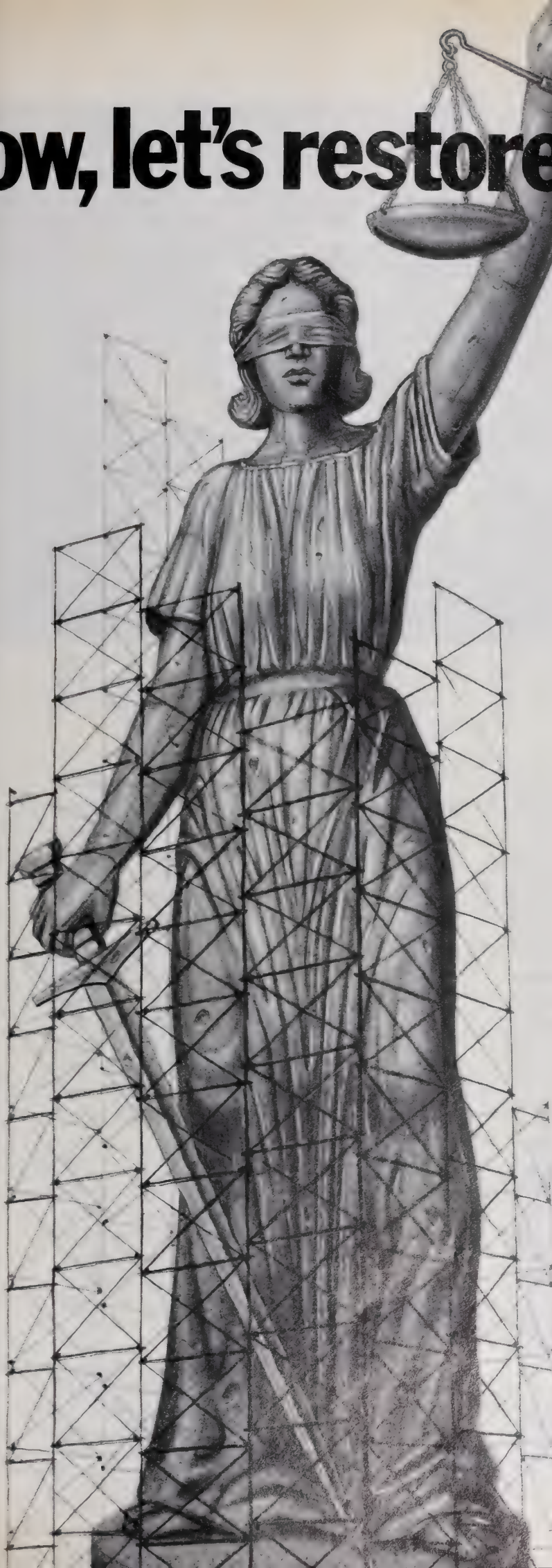
If you have been talking commodity trading all morning and someone at lunch brings up the hockey skater who made three hat tricks [sic] the night before, that's small talk. When a group has been going over the final draft of the budget and at the break one executive teases another for "looking more like Prince Charles every day, with your brown suede shoes, regimental tie, and double-vent back," that's small talk. . . .

The more at ease you become in conversation, the better at small talk you become. It's a good way to survive common sticky social situations like being seated at dinner between two people whom you have never met, don't care about ever meeting again, and have absolutely nothing in common with except that you happen to work in the same company or industry as one of them. When you go into a situation like that, be ready to draw from a large group of topics, one of which *must* strike a responsive chord. Be sure these are topics on which you can lead a discussion during an entire meal course. The following are examples of topics suited to small talk:

- Landscape gardening
- Passing the bar exams
- Princess Diana
- The ASPCA
- Luciano Pavarotti
- Professional wrestling
- The use of hypnotism to stop smoking
- Women astronauts having babies in space
- Famine control
- Fitness programs
- Helicopter safety
- Robots doing housework
- Proust
- What you'd put in a time capsule
- Nutritional treatment of arthritis
- How to write an on-target résumé
- The making of great pasta
- Rolfing
- Different kinds of teas
- The contents of the Smithsonian Institution



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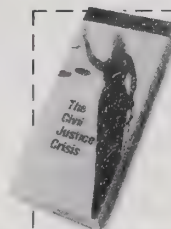
Experts agree on the urgent need for civil justice repair. Chief Justice Burger has criticized "the high cost of legal services and the slow pace of justice." Derek Bok, president of Harvard and former dean of Harvard Law, has called our legal system "the most expensive in the world."

A 1984 Rand Corporation study of thousands of asbestos-related lawsuits shows how serious the crisis has become. Cases closed took an average two years and eight months, with 11 percent taking six years. How much money went to asbestos victims? Only 37 percent of the expenses and compensation paid by defendants and insurers. The other 63 percent went to pay litigation costs.

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Our latest report, *The Civil Justice Crisis*, examines the reforms now being proposed. It tells how you can get involved. We'd like you to have a copy, free of charge.



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[Manual]

## PRO-LIFE 'ABORTION CLINICS'

*Excerpted from "How to Start and Operate a Pro-Life Out-Reach Pregnancy Service Center," a manual prepared and distributed by the Pearson Foundation, an anti-abortion group. Many anti-abortion activists have set up such centers, which mimic the advertising of abortion clinics in order to attract pregnant women; "counselors" then try to dissuade these women from having abortions. There are an estimated 2,100 "abortion alternative" centers in operation.*

**T**hank you for being concerned about mothers and their unborn babies. May the good Lord bless you and help you have the time not only to read this manual but to follow through to help save lives. As Christians, we are challenged as never before in history. There is no middle ground, and there is no compromise. Never worry about money. Be aware that it is needed for your work, but move ahead with one goal in mind: to open the center right now.

### NAMING YOUR CENTER

You are trying to reach the woman who wants an abortion as well as the woman who just needs help having her baby. Keep in mind that the women who are seeking abortions outnumber the others by a hundred to one. We suggest that you use two names in order to appeal to both groups. We have discovered that using a neutral name like Abortion Advice or Problem Pregnancy Center is the most effective way to reach those women who are considering an abortion, while the name Mother and Unborn Baby Care will help you reach those who want to carry [to term] but just need help. Only the neutral name is to be displayed on the building and in advertising.

### LOCATION

First of all, you should see if there is an abortion chamber in your area. If so, see if there is any office space available near the entrance to the abortion chamber. The whole idea behind such a location is this: if the girl who is going to the abortion chamber sees your office first, with a similar name, she will probably come to your center. The best part is that the abortion chamber is paying for the advertising to bring that girl to you. If you do your job well, you just might put the abortionist out of business.

### PREGNANCY TESTING AND RATIONALE

The offer of free walk-in pregnancy tests with results in thirty minutes is the main way to at-

tract young women who need to be properly educated about the facts of abortion. The tests must be done at the center. Never allow a client to watch while you are doing a test. If a client asks how long the test takes, tell her she will have the results in thirty minutes. (You have not told her how long it takes you to run the test, but how long it will be before she has the results.) It is imperative that all clients understand that they must remain at the center for the results of the test. This will give you the necessary time to build a rapport with the client and to show her the slide presentation.

### PHONE CALL PROCEDURES

We do not offer counseling over the phone, as the success rate is very low, even with an experienced counselor. Therefore, do not try to talk a person out of having an abortion over the phone. However [if she refuses to come in], the call is your only link with a woman in need of help. You must take advantage of this one and only contact. In this case, and this case only, we must reveal our pro-life stance and try to talk her out of an abortion. A phone put back on the receiver with no appointment made will probably mean death for the unborn baby and perhaps for the soul of that mother.

### REGISTERING A CLIENT

When registering a client, always be relaxed and pleasant. Call her by her first name often and maintain a neutral voice when asking questions pertaining to previous pregnancies and abortions. We need to know what the client's feelings are both in general and regarding this pregnancy.

### TRANSITION TO VIEWING ROOM

When the client returns from the restroom with her urine sample, escort her to the viewing room. The transition to this room should come precisely at this moment, because it is much easier to ask her to follow you when she is standing. Say something like, "Would you please follow me, as we need a little more information from you."

### NECESSITY OF PRESENTATION

We must understand the importance of the presentation and the use of graphic pictures. If killing whales and seals can be shown very emotionally and graphically, then this is the least that can be done for the preborn baby. It is ludicrous to leave the life of a baby as a free and open "choice" for the mother.

### VIEWING THE PRESENTATION

Now you are ready for the slide show. Obviously, a smooth and easy transition to the presentation is necessary. A client should not feel that she is being deceived or pressured. We





Deer in a Black Car, from *Wildlife Requiem*, a collection of photographs by James Balog. Published by the International Center of Photography.

want her to believe she is being educated.

You might begin like this: "Patty, we want you to see this medical presentation on abortion. There will be a young woman in the presentation who will ask many questions on abortion, some of which you may be thinking of right now. The presentation will answer these questions. It takes twenty-six minutes and we will have your results by that time. Feel free to smoke if you like, and I'll be back at the end of the presentation."

At this point, turn on the projector. As you leave, turn off the lights and close the door. Do not ask the client's permission or opinion.

#### AFTER THE PRESENTATION

A young, pro-abortion, "liberated" woman may refuse to absorb what she has seen in the presentation or may be suspicious of your motives. RELAX. DON'T PASS JUDGMENT. If her defenses are up, it may mean she thinks what she is planning to do is wrong.

If the woman says, "The fetus isn't anything," or "I can't handle eighteen years with a child," or "It's my life and you can't tell me what to do," try this response: "If you saw someone was going to kill a person, wouldn't you want to stop the killing? That's what I'm doing now. Trying very hard to save your child." Help the woman realize that if she is pregnant she is already a mother. If she chooses abortion she is

still a mother, but one who will never have the pleasure of celebrating her child's birthday.

An older pro-abortion woman who is married and has several children will usually change her thinking upon seeing the presentation. If she has older children, she will usually be influenced if you say, "How will your daughter feel when you kill her brother or sister?"

#### ABORTION CHAMBER COUNSELING

All counselors should also do praying and counseling outside abortion chambers under the Mother and Unborn Baby Care image.

Your approach to the girl or woman can be whatever you feel most comfortable with. You might say, "Are you going into the abortion chamber?" or "Can I talk to you for a moment?" or "I would like to offer you our help and this is our literature." Ask her how far along she is in her pregnancy and show her a baby at that gestation. Talk to her lovingly and gently, but continuously. Lead her away from the abortion chamber entrance if you can. If she's going in for a test, invite her to come to your center. Invite her to have a cup of coffee with you at the café down the street.

If you do lose her, if she goes into the abortion chamber, continue to pray for her, as God many times will touch women's hearts even on the operating table, and they will change their minds and come out to you to accept your help.



# HARPER'S INDEX

Interest payments on the federal debt that were made to foreigners in 1984 : \$19,800,000,000  
 U.S. foreign aid in 1984 : \$15,583,000,000  
 Hours spent on strike by Italians in 1979 : 192,700,000  
 In 1984 : 51,000,000  
 Rank of Italy, Argentina, and Libya in annual per capita pasta consumption : 1, 2, 3  
 Pounds of pasta the average American ate in 1975 : 6.8  
 In 1984 : 11  
 Number of Americans who drink Coca-Cola for breakfast : 965,000  
 Quarts of ice cream the average Southerner eats each year : 12  
 The average New Englander : 23  
 Potholes in the United States : 55,961,000  
 Cost of having a car blessed at the Daishi Buddhist temple in Kawasaki, Japan : \$10.77  
 Cost of a car wash at Steve's Detailing in New York City : \$145  
 Percentage of American women who said they liked sports cars in 1976 : 39  
 Who say that today : 56  
 Percentage of American men who say they sleep in the nude : 19  
 Percentage of American women : 6  
 Copies of *Bride's* bought by the magazine's average reader : 7  
 Percentage of black high-school graduates under 25 who are unemployed : 26.8  
 Percentage of white high-school dropouts under 25 who are unemployed : 26.2  
 Amount South Africa spends to educate the average white student each year (in rand) : 1,385  
 The average "colored" student : 872  
 The average black student : 192  
 Number of Jews permitted to emigrate from the Soviet Union in 1979 : 51,320  
 In 1984 : 896  
 Number of Americans who emigrate each year : 100,000  
 Percentage of New York City children who live below the poverty line : 40  
 Average age at which American girls began to menstruate in 1900 : 14.3  
 In 1984 : 12.9  
 Percentage of American obstetricians/gynecologists who have been sued for malpractice : 67  
 Number of Americans who have been killed on the job by robots : 1  
 Number of Americans currently frozen in the hope of one day coming back to life : 11  
 Number of Americans holding reservations with Pan Am for a trip to the moon : 90,002

Figures cited are the latest available as of April 1985. Sources are listed on page 74.

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**HARPER'S**  
MAGAZINE



[Guidelines]

## ETHICS ON THE NUCLEAR BATTLEFIELD

From "Leadership Challenges on the Nuclear Battlefield," by Lieutenant Colonel Jeffrey L. House, in the March issue of *Military Review*, the "professional journal of the U.S. Army." The excerpt below is from a section entitled "Ethical and Spiritual Considerations."

Every commander is concerned with care of the wounded, from both an operational and a moral standpoint. However, combat in a nuclear environment poses some unique ethical considerations. After a nuclear attack, wounded personnel should be evacuated and treated similarly to those subjected to a conventional bombing. But those suffering from radiation poisoning pose special problems.

Radiation produces most of the casualties in explosions of fifty kilotons or less—the yield of the kind of tactical nuclear weapons likely to be encountered in combat. However, its full effects are delayed. Soldiers who receive an acute dose will experience difficulties performing almost immediately and will be combat-ineffective within two to five hours. But they will not die for five or six days. Personnel exposed to smaller amounts of radiation will recover in two days or so and will be combat-effective for about six days. After this, they will suffer a relapse, and will be unable to perform at top capacity. They will die six weeks later.

During the period of apparent recovery, these soldiers, the so-called living dead, will be capable of fighting. Commanders will thus face the ethical dilemma of deciding whether to return these men to duty. It is official Army policy that soldiers who are "fit to fight" must do so. However, many thoughtful persons both in the military and in the civilian sphere question whether those doomed to die from radiation exposure are really "combat-effective," and whether it is morally right to send them back into battle. Senior commanders will have to decide this question on a case-by-case basis, taking into account the tactical situation and the availability of fresh replacements.

Another ethical dilemma concerns soldiers who have received significant but nonlethal doses of radiation (50 to 150 rads). On the nuclear battlefield, units may be exposed several times to radiation from friendly as well as enemy weapons. Commanders must consider the wisdom of using personnel who, while capable of

returning to duty, have been exposed to doses of radiation that are cumulatively lethal. In such situations, the guiding moral principle should be equality—that is, an equal distribution of the burden.

Commanders will have to decide whether to inform their soldiers of the amount of radiation they have received in cases where such measurements are difficult to make. Generally speaking, the more confident a commander is that his estimate is accurate, the more responsibility he has to inform his soldiers—even if he is informing them of their impending death.

It goes without saying that commanders must be sensitive to the spiritual needs of their soldiers. This is particularly true of those exposed to lethal doses of radiation. Close coordination with unit chaplains in tending to the needs of the dying will be essential. As heavily burdened as commanders are with seemingly more immediate problems, they should not neglect their responsibilities in this area.

[Essay]

## THE VANISHING NUCLEAR FIREBREAK

From "Securing the Firebreak," by Michael T. Klare, in the Spring issue of *World Policy Journal*. Klare's most recent book is *American Arms Supermarket*. He is an associate fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies.

Despite the impressive upsurge in public concern over the nuclear arms race, the development of new weapons continues to outpace public efforts to control them. The MX missile, the Pershing II, ground-launched and sea-based cruise missiles, and the Trident II—all these highly accurate counterforce systems have been deployed or are scheduled to be deployed in the next few years. And other potentially destabilizing programs, such as space-based weapons, are now on the drawing boards. It is not surprising, then, that an equally serious threat to world peace has largely escaped the public's eye. While most attention has been focused on these big strategic systems, new conventional and tactical nuclear weapons programs have begun to erode the time-honored firebreak separating nuclear and non-nuclear combat, thereby increasing the likelihood of nuclear war.

The notion of a nuclear firebreak is based on a major premise of current military thought: that a full-scale nuclear war, should one ever occur, would probably result from a conven-



tional conflict that exploded out of control, prompting one side to use nuclear arms in a desperate bid to stave off defeat. The only barrier to such escalation is a moral and psychological firebreak—the widely shared perception that nuclear weapons are different from all other weapons, and that their use could unleash a chain reaction of strikes and counterstrikes leading to total world destruction. So long as this firebreak remains wide and secure, so long as the distinction between nuclear and conventional arms remains sharp and unambiguous, combatants will have an incentive to stay on the non-nuclear side of the divide, no matter what their prospects are on the conventional battlefield. But if that distinction were to fade, the inhibition against nuclear escalation would decrease and the risk of global annihilation would skyrocket.

This, unfortunately, is the situation today.

The deterioration of the nuclear firebreak results from many factors working in tandem. To a large degree, of course, it is a product of sheer technological momentum: scientists and engineers are constantly upgrading conventional and nuclear arms, thus encroaching on the firebreak from both sides. But the deterioration also reflects a deliberate attempt by the United States to establish new military options. Because recent shifts in the world power equation have diminished America's perceived capacity for "escalation dominance," U.S. leaders have sought new weapons and tactics designed to enhance military flexibility. This search has produced a sustained assault on the firebreak.

To appreciate the magnitude of the danger, one need only examine a few salient developments.

*Near-nuclear conventional weapons.* In order to ensure that U.S. forces have a significant combat advantage over potential adversaries—many of which now possess arms as sophisticated as those in U.S. hands—the Department of Defense is seeking to acquire a whole new generation of extremely lethal, high-tech conventional weapons. These armaments include highly accurate guided bombs and missiles, like the precision-guided munitions, or "smart bombs," first employed in Vietnam, as well as "cluster" munitions capable of devastating relatively large areas. The destructive potential of many of these weapons is comparable to that of low-yield nuclear munitions.

NATO officials argue, with some passion, that by permitting allied forces to sustain higher levels of conventional combat without resorting to the use of nuclear weapons, the new high-tech conventional arms would stiffen the West's defense against Warsaw Pact attack and "raise the nuclear threshold." But not all experts agree

with this. Because the new weapons are intended to approximate the destructive capability of tactical nuclear arms, their use against critical Warsaw Pact installations might lower the nuclear threshold on the Soviet side.

*Low-yield tactical nuclear munitions.* Just as the firebreak is being threatened on the conventional side by the development of near-nuclear conventional arms, it is also being threatened on the nuclear side through the introduction of low-yield nuclear munitions with near-conventional damage capabilities.

As is the case with near-nuclear conventional munitions, low-yield tactical nuclear weapons undermine the moral and psychological foundation of the barrier. By suggesting that tactical nuclear weapons are not much different from the most powerful conventional arms, the military clearly intends to diminish the moral *unacceptability* of nuclear combat. Consider Lieutenant General Andrew J. Goodpaster's 1973 testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee:

Achievable new weapons of lower yields could increase military effectiveness while reducing possible collateral damage, thereby increasing their utility as well as the acceptability in NATO planning for employment in the NATO countries and the adjacent areas in which they would most likely be used.

*Dual-capable, "trans-firebreak" weapons.* In addition to the erosion of the firebreak from both the conventional and nuclear sides, there is yet another form of encroachment: the growing deployment of delivery systems (aircraft, artillery, and missiles) that carry both nuclear and non-nuclear warheads. Such dual-capable systems need only be reloaded to cross the gap from conventional to nuclear warfare.

This proliferation of dual-capable systems, which also appears to be under way in the Soviet Union, represents a multiple threat to the firebreak. First, the availability of such systems among frontline units diminishes the problems involved in moving from the conventional to the nuclear realm—thus narrowing the "pause" that separates one from the other. Moreover, the very advocacy of dual capability tends to encourage the view that conventional and nuclear weapons are essentially *interchangeable*.

With dual-capable systems there is also the danger of unintended escalation arising from uncertainty in the mind of an adversary about the type of threat he faces. Because it is impossible to determine whether a dual-capable system is carrying nuclear or non-nuclear munitions until it is actually fired, a combatant, upon detecting a large-scale attack by such a system, might adhere to "worst-case" logic and respond with a nuclear strike of his own.



# One day a man counting his blessings counted how lucky he was to be in this country.

So he got out the Constitution to see what made it tick.  
Being an artist, he was inspired to inscribe and illustrate it.  
A publisher saw it and said we must publish this book.  
James Michener saw it and said I must write a foreword

to this book.

Lands' End saw it and said we must tell every American  
to buy this book.

Here is Mr. Michener's foreword.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century the American colonies in North America won two stunning victories. In 1783 on the battlefield at Yorktown they sealed a military victory which ensured their freedom, and during the summer of 1787 in the debating halls of Philadelphia they won a political struggle which enabled them to survive triumphantly until today.

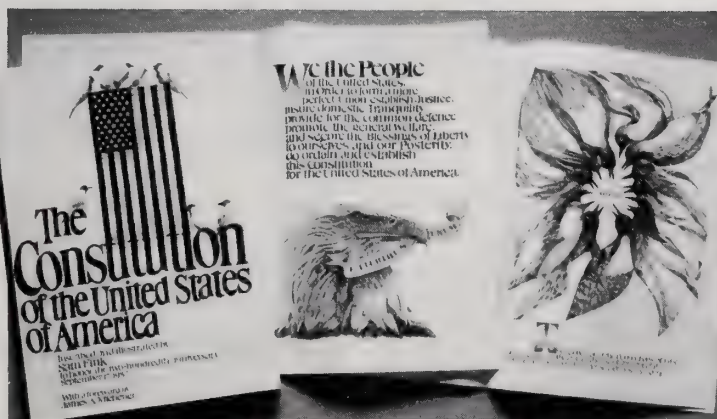
The writing of the Constitution of the United States is an act of such genius that philosophers still wonder at its accomplishment and envy its results. Fifty-five typical American citizens met and argued for 127 days during a scorchingly hot Philadelphia summer and produced one of the magisterial documents of world history.

Almost without being aware of their great achievement, they fashioned a nearly perfect instrument of government, and I have studied it for nearly seventy years with growing admiration for its utility and astonishment at its capacity to change with a changing world. It is a testament to what a collection of typical free men can achieve.

I think this is the salient fact about our Constitution. All other nations which were in existence in 1787 have had to alter their form of government in the intervening years. France, Russia and China have undergone momentous revolutions. Stable nations like Sweden and Switzerland have had to change their forms radically. Even Great Britain, most stalwart of nations, has limited sharply the power of its monarch and its House of Lords.

Only the United States, adhering to the precepts of its Constitution, has continued with its same form of government. We are not of the younger nations of the world: we are the oldest when it comes to having found the government which suits its best.

It is instructive to remember the fifty-five men who framed the document. Elder statesmen like



Hardcover, 10 1/2" x 15 1/4". 128 pages.

George Washington and Benjamin Franklin contributed little to the debate but greatly to the stability and inspiration of the convention. Thomas Jefferson, perhaps the most brilliant American of those days, missed the meetings entirely; he was on diplomatic duty in France.

The hard central work of determining the form of government seems to have been done by a handful of truly great men: James Madison and George Mason of Virginia, Roger Sherman of Connecticut, James Wilson and Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania. Alexander Hamilton of New York did not speak much but did exert considerable influence.

The fifty-five contained a college president, a banker, a merchant, a great teacher of law, a judge, a mayor, a clergyman, a state governor and a surgeon. One-sixth of the members were foreign born. Two were graduates of Oxford University, one of St. Andrews in Scotland. But the group also contained some real nonentities, including a military man who had been court-martialed for cowardice during the Revolution, some who contributed nothing to the debate, and some who

were not quite able to follow what was being debated.

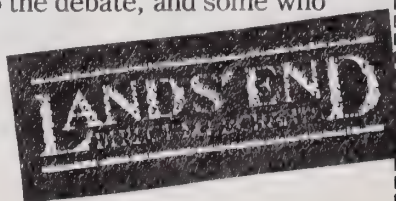
What this mix of men did was create a miracle in which every American should take pride. Their decision to divide the power of the government into three parts—Legislative, Executive, Judicial—was a master stroke, as was the clever way in which they protected the interest of small states by giving each state two senators, regardless of population, and the interests of large states

by apportioning the House of Representatives according to population.

But I think they should be praised mostly because they attended to those profound principles by which free men have through the centuries endeavored to govern themselves. The accumulated wisdom of mankind speaks in this Constitution.

In this book the document on which our liberties as citizens and our continued existence as a nation depend is presented in a manner that invites the reader to wonder at its inspiration, its clarity and its permanence. The foundation document of our nation is thus made accessible to all.

James A. Michener  
Sitka, Alaska



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*AirLand Battle Doctrine.* Accompanying the arms developments described above has been a parallel initiative in the strategic concepts and policies that govern the employment of troops and weapons on the battlefield. To some extent, this effort is intended to reconcile present strategies with advances in technology and shifts in the world power equation. But it is also intended to alter the configuration of U.S. forces in such a way as to give them a more offensively oriented fighting stance and to promote the "integration" of nuclear and conventional capabilities in frontline combat units.

While this new stance has been incorporated into the combat doctrines of all four military services, it is most evident in the Army's AirLand Battle Doctrine (ABD). As described in the Army's basic strategic handbook, *Operations* (Field Manual 100-5), ABD is designed to replace the static, defensively oriented tactics of the past with new tactics stressing fluid, aggressive battlefield maneuvers.

ABD explicitly portrays nuclear munitions as one of a range of weapons that might be employed. "In execution," FM 100-5 notes, "the AirLand Battle may mean using every element of combat power from psychological operations to nuclear weapons." Moreover, "by extending the battlefield and integrating conventional, nuclear, chemical, and electronic means, forces can exploit enemy vulnerabilities anywhere." Although the manual notes the highly destructive potential of nuclear weapons, it says nothing about the crucial distinction between conventional and nuclear arms or about the necessity of avoiding the use of the latter. If anything, the emphasis is the opposite. Consider this passage on field artillery: "The fire support system destroys, neutralizes, or suppresses surface targets. . . . When nuclear weapons are available, the fire support may become the principal means of destroying enemy forces."

This portrayal of nuclear arms as legitimate instruments of firepower is all the more disturbing in light of the high premium placed on *offensive* military action. FM 100-5 emphasizes the "deep attack"—that is, strikes against the enemy's rear that are designed to cripple his follow-on forces and to disrupt his command, control, communications, and logistics capabilities. Needless to say, nuclear arms are considered ideal for such operations.

These developments pose an extremely grave threat to the survival of the firebreak. Each in its own way erodes the moral and psychological foundations of the barrier, as well as the technological and military ones. Furthermore, each development interacts with the others in such a way as to magnify the danger: the simultaneous introduction of near-nuclear conventional

weapons and conventional-like nuclear arms confuses the nuclear/non-nuclear distinction; the adoption of ABD increases the perceived advantage of dual-capable weapons. Indeed, what is now happening is the *convergence* of trends that, if not reversed, will soon consume what little remains of the nuclear divide.

Nuclear arms control and disarmament initiatives have tended to focus on the uppermost rungs of the ladder of escalation—the most powerful and destructive strategic nuclear weapons. Yet because a barrier against the escalation of conventional conflict is a prerequisite for the prevention of nuclear war, the superpowers must reorient their policies to preserve the divide between nuclear and non-nuclear combat. This means that the United States and the Soviet Union must begin to consider limiting weapons at the midrange of the escalatory spiral, where the firebreak separates conventional conflict from nuclear nightmare.

[Letter]

## THE WRITER AND UNFREEDOM

*From a letter sent by Ivan Klíma, the Czech writer, to Philip Roth. Klíma wrote in response to an interview with Roth in the Paris Review last year, excerpts of which appeared in the February issue of Harper's. Translated by George Theiner.*

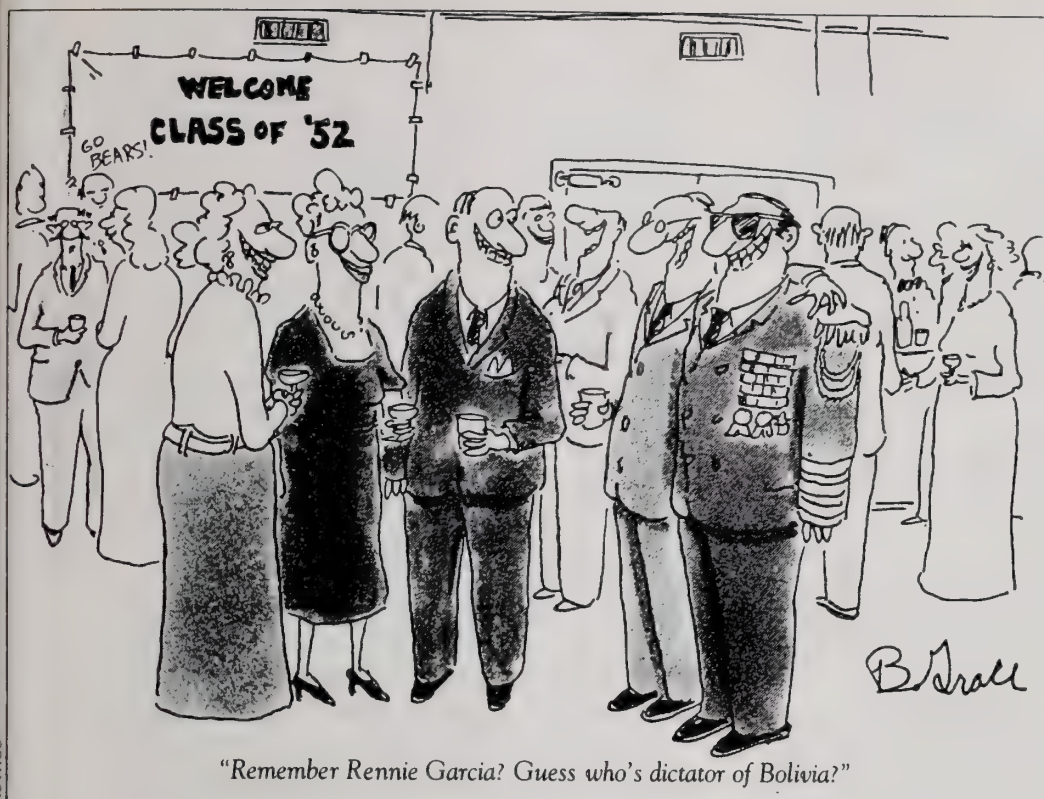
Dear Philip,

I've read an excerpt from your interview, as printed in *Harper's*. I read your work, with pleasure; moreover, this interview is on a topic I frequently think about, one that concerns me personally as well as my friends. After all, we live in a country where, as you have written, "nothing goes and everything matters," where our intellect is in danger of being disfigured, our spirit demoralized, and our bodies sickened.

Having diligently read most of your books, I know that you are one of those writers who carefully weigh their words and write only about things they know from their own experience. You have been to Prague, where you and I on several occasions discussed the fate of Czech writers. You were interested in what was happening to them and wanted to help. Nevertheless, it seems to me that some of your categorical statements on the dark prospects of literature in unfreedom are based on insufficient, or rather one-sided, information.

As you outline it, the dilemma of freedom and its opposite, of the possibility and impossi-





From *Punch*, the English weekly.

bility of creative work, is as obvious and indisputable as the dilemma between sound health and sickness, between a trip to Rhode Island and a sojourn in a death cell—no one can be in any doubt as to which he would choose. Yet it can't be denied that the majority of writers, and indeed artists of all kinds, in Czechoslovakia or Poland, Hungary or Yugoslavia, *can* choose whether to go on living in their own country (in unfreedom) or abroad (in freedom). If they choose the first, despite the fact that they are often persecuted, banned, or even imprisoned, does that not suggest that the dilemma is not quite so clear-cut as you see it, that the problem actually lies elsewhere?

I cannot in all conscience accept your assertion that the literature which originates in these countries and does not enjoy official favor is (with the exception of a very few truly exceptional cases) doomed to remain provincial, backward, and naive. I do not wish to set myself up as a judge in this respect, but I am convinced that Slavonic scholars acquainted with the work that has been done over the past forty years in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and even Soviet Russia would bear me out in saying that among these works you will find remarkable, average, and bad writing, just as you would anywhere else in the world. The fact that even some of the best of them are little known or indeed quite unknown in the West is due to their being written in a minority language rath-

er than to their provincial character.

I'm sure you would agree with me that one of the finest literatures of the nineteenth century came from the most unfree empire of its time—Russia. (Dostoevski was sentenced to death; most of the leading Russian authors spent part of their lives in exile or under strict police surveillance.) The pleiad of names—Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Chekhov—surely cannot be explained merely by the theory of the exceptional giant towering over the graves of punier contemporaries. By this I don't mean to say that you need unfreedom to create great literature. After all, it was in this same period that we saw the flowering of Anglo-American literature. At the present time we are fascinated by the literature of Latin America, which can hardly be considered a place of great freedom. Perhaps these few examples will suffice to allow me to come to the following conclusion: there is no direct link between political system and great literature. It seems to me simply impossible to find such a link in the work of Joyce, Beckett, Vargas Llosa, Havel, or Solzhenitsyn.

It is one of the failings of our time that it endeavors to reduce all problems to the common denominator of political conditions, dividing the world into good and evil, free and unfree, a world in which you can live with hope and a world in which (at least theoretically) it is not possible to live at all. And yet, the vast majority



of the world's population does live in this latter world. If literature has any mission at all, surely it must lie in its constant confirmation of life as it really is, as opposed to some simplified version of life and the world we live in. And if there is anything which proves that life cannot be thus simplified, it is the very fact that good literature and good art do get created in places where, according to a simplified outlook, you would expect to find nothing but "ulcers, asthma, depression, and insanity."

I would hate to put myself in the position of one who is defending his own oppression. I know that in a country where a writer gets his head chopped off for writing an unsuitable text, you cannot have good literature. Fortunately, there are few such places in the world today. What we do have are countries in which freedom is, or seems to be, unlimited, and countries in which various limitations are placed on freedom. The latter—and how depressing it is to realize this—are in a majority. That is to say, most people live in a world of considerably circumscribed freedoms. The question you dealt with in your interview should thus be phrased like this: Given this situation, where should writers live, and what possibilities are there for those who are willing (or forced) to share the fate of this "majority"?

According to the simplified view, writers living in countries where freedom is limited ought to be fascinated with their condition as persecuted, or at the very least circumscribed, beings and, as a result, write in a "deadly serious" way about things which have by now become "trivial" in the West. (That is how it must appear to the uninitiated observer, because to my amazement—and I can explain it only by reference to the ideologizing of the West—it is works of this kind, works of a political and polemical character, which tend to get translated. Even more distressingly—and I can cite the most extraordinary instances from my own experience—all works from our part of the world are interpreted in this facile way. How could a writer living in a state of unfreedom be interested in anything but his own struggle with the regime?)

There are some who claim that living in unfreedom gives the writer a unique opportunity to produce great and vibrant literature, while others say that this literature cannot but end in insularity and provincialism. Both views are rooted in a false premise. Dostoevski and Chekhov are not great because they described the oppression and infamy of the czarist regime. Their greatness, their genius, is to be found in the way they wrote about the fundamental problems of human existence—the same problems they would have written about had they lived in freedom in France or the United States. In the

same way, the work being done today in our part of the world that has any literary merit cannot be interpreted in terms of political terminology, no more than your own books can be interpreted in such a fashion.

Let me give you one example. The greatest living Czech prose writer is, in my view, Bohumil Hrabal. (He is not well known in the West because his work is difficult to translate and impossible to interpret in political terms.) Timid and shy, he is perhaps the exact opposite of Solzhenitsyn, although he too was persecuted for many a long year. A lawyer by training (like Kafka), he spent many years working in a steel works and as a laborer in a scrapyard. He thus lived for a long time in a world unknown to most of us writers. According to the conventional wisdom in the West, Hrabal should have fallen ill, gone stale, or at the very least become an isolated warrior, yet he has managed to create quite an exceptional *oeuvre*, not only in terms of Czech literature but in terms of modern world literature. His is the work of an extraordinary imagination,\* full of humor, poetry, paradox, and absurdity. I have no doubt that if Hrabal wrote in English, French, or Spanish, his books would long ago have received the most distinguished literary prizes. As it is, on the day a new book of his is due to be published (he is allowed to publish again today after years on the blacklist), there is an absurd queue in front of all the bookshops. Now, how would you classify his work? Among that of the provincial authors? Or the hacks nourished by the system? Or among the "one or two [who] with colossal brute strength manage . . . to make art of a very high order out of their persecution"? And where would you put the *oeuvres* of Seifert, Havel, Čosič?

Only a free human being can create genuine art, but perhaps you will agree that one can be free even while living in conditions of unfreedom. The creative act is only partly dependent on outside circumstances (which do have a decisive effect on the fate of the finished work, but that is not the subject of our discussion), even though we often use them as an excuse, and even though we all wish them to be as ideal as possible.

The author is probably the best judge as to where and under what circumstances he can best do work that will seem meaningful to him. That which destroys one man can provide another with the incentive for further effort. And it does not seem right to me to condemn his endeavor as hopeless and his work as foredoomed just because the conditions he works under do not appear to be conducive to art.

With friendly greetings,  
Ivan Klíma



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[Letter]

## MOBIL'S AMUSEMENT AND CONCERN

*From a letter sent by F. W. Dietmar Schaefer, Mobil Corporation counsel, to the Tate Gallery in London and the Stedelijk Van Abbemuseum in Eindhoven, the Netherlands. The museums had mounted exhibitions and published a catalogue of works by Hans Haacke that use the Mobil trademark. After receiving the letter, the museums stopped distributing the catalogue. Haacke has since incorporated the letter into a piece titled Mobil's Mixtures of Interest, Amusement, Raised Eyebrows, and Concern, 1985, which was recently exhibited at the John Weber Gallery in New York.*

September 7, 1984

Dear Sirs:

The advocacy art of Mr. Hans Haacke, as featured in your . . . catalogue and explained by him in the interview with Tony Brown ("Artist as Corporate Critic"), has been viewed here with varying mixtures of interest, amusement, raised eyebrows, and concern. This letter is intended to address the "concern" part of our reaction, as you might expect from my identification as one of the counsel to the company.

It is the purpose of this letter to raise a number of questions and to alert "you" (intended hereinafter as a selective or collective reference, as the context may require) to certain

property rights of the Mobil organization and to the privacy rights of its directors and officers involved in the matter of your catalogue and the artwork it features. Apparently these rights have been—shall we say—"overlooked by you."

It seems to us that certain basic issues need to be resolved in this connection, particularly since we assume it to be your unshakable intent to

continue with the exhibition of Mr. Haacke's works. . . .

Your catalogue and the exhibition of art it publicizes make rather free, by us unauthorized, and certainly by us unintended use and (pardon us) misuse of Mobil Corporation's trademark, or logotype. Moreover, you seem to have paid lit-

tle, if any, attention to the privacy rights which attach to the names and facsimile signatures of Mobil Corporation's chairman of the board, president, and treasurer. . . .

We couldn't help but note that the catalogue is commendably careful in acknowledging sources of photographs and the courtesies apparently extended to you by three former United States senators and UPI in granting you permission to reproduce their photographs on what purports to be a "Mobil poster," complete with our logo on it. (Vide page 35 of your catalogue.)

Dare we compare this commendable care with the conspicuous absence of any credits to Mobil Corporation or its chairman, president, and treasurer, whose property and privacy rights have been "overlooked" while you make use of (you wouldn't be "exploiting"?) these various rights for profit but without the required prior written consents of any of the holders of these rights? Mere legal technicalities, you say? But perhaps you have been in touch with a Mobil company somewhere in a free or developing country in an effort to obtain the necessary prior written consents to "exploit" (that's what "they" call it when "we" do it) the rights involved for private profit? We have no record of any such approach having been made by either of your organizations and/or Mr. Haacke. . . .

You wouldn't want (or would you want?) segments of the public to believe that the Mobil organization has authorized, explicitly or implicitly, your exploitation of the property and privacy rights involved or otherwise encouraged your use of these rights? This sort of thing is sometimes referred to by our Federal Trade Commission as "misleading advertising." But perhaps you haven't thought of that either, or have overlooked that, too; or if you have not, perhaps you don't much care?

There is a famous English definition of the American institution known as a consent decree which reads: "an agreement not to do in the future what one strenuously disavows having done in the past." Perchance you will give some thought to that definition in light of the questions and legal issues hereinabove raised or at least alluded to. After mature reflection and perhaps consultation with your own counsel you will want to respond to this letter. As you will have noticed, it does not contain any threats, but rather expects your recognition of the property and privacy rights at stake, none of which we have any intention of waiving. . . .

We hope we are not expecting too much if we ask you to agree that whatever your "rights" may be in this matter, one cannot simply exercise such rights with apparent disregard for others' "rights," which in this case (we like to





think) are rather self-evident and fundamental. It's that simple—and that difficult.

We look forward to what will undoubtedly be a considered response.

Very truly yours,  
F. W. Dietmar Schaefer

[Letter]

## MURDER IN THE ACADEMY

*From Parodies, Etcetera & So Forth, a collection of W. B. Scott's writings edited by Gerald Graff and Barbara Heldt and published by Northwestern University Press. Scott, who died in 1980, was a professor in the theater department at Northwestern. Some of his satires of academia appeared in quarterlies; others were privately circulated.*

Dear Professor Mosher:

I am very happy to reply to your letter of January 29 regarding Mr. Desmond Pitcalfe, who has been in correspondence with you about a possible instructorship at Northwestern.

Mr. Pitcalfe has had a distinguished record in English studies, both as an undergraduate at Harvard College, where he received his B.A. in 1944, and as a graduate student. As a member of my seminar two years ago he wrote a brilliant paper on the identity of "Stella," arguing most plausibly that "she" was in fact Alexander Pope. I had hopes at the time that he would go on to further work in the eighteenth century, but he chose the Renaissance. He will complete during the spring term his thesis on "The *Summa Contra Gentiles* and the Minor Poems of Chittiock Tichborne."

I am convinced that Mr. Pitcalfe will be an excellent teacher and that your department will find him a most congenial person. He possesses, in addition to his impressive command of English literature, an extraordinary range of cultural interests. He speaks perfect Finnish, and during the leave of absence last year of Professor Aalvoaa Haakuninnen taught the Harvard courses in Finnish. His hammered-brass ashtrays and salad bowls have won high praise from connoisseurs in Boston and New York. He has a sound knowledge of needlepoint, composes songs to which he plays his own accompaniments on the virginals, and owns the second largest collection in Cambridge of records of fourteenth- and fifteenth-century music. In his senior year he was table-tennis champion of Lowell House, and to his other accomplishments has recently added a mastery of that

[Sonnet]

## THE HUMBLE ADMINISTRATOR'S GARDEN

*By Vikram Seth. This is the title poem of Seth's first collection of poetry, published by Carcanet. Seth, who was born in India and educated in England, the United States, and China, is the author of From Heaven Lake, an account of a walk through Sinkiang and Tibet which won the Thomas Cook Travel Book Award in 1983.*

A plump gold carp nudges a lily pad  
And shakes the raindrops off like mercury,  
And Mr. Wang walks round. "Not bad, not bad."  
He eyes the Fragrant Chamber dreamily.  
He eyes the Rainbow Bridge. He may have got  
The means by somewhat dubious means, but now  
This is the loveliest of all gardens. What  
Do scruples know of beauty anyhow?  
The Humble Administrator admires a bee  
Poised on a lotus, walks through the bamboo wood,  
Strips half a dozen loquats off a tree  
And looks about and sees that it is good.  
He leans against a willow with a dish  
And throws a dumpling to a passing fish.

treacherous vehicle, the unicycle.

Two years ago Mr. Pitcalfe was married to Miss Mfwanwy Cabot of Boston, a member of a distinguished family and a crack pilot, horsewoman, and racing-car driver, who for the past five years has held the All New England women's squash-racquets championship. I know that you will find Mrs. Pitcalfe a charming addition to your circle once you have become adjusted to a certain brusqueness of manner, rather disconcerting on first acquaintance.

Such a letter as this would, of course, fall short of entire candor if it mentioned only virtues and failed to mention possible shortcomings. I am aware of none on the basis of personal encounters, but have heard in a roundabout way that Mr. Pitcalfe is a little inclined to epilepsy, occasionally given to taking small girls into empty garages and toolsheds, and a bit of a voyeur. Whether such allegations are well founded or not, I do not know; all I can say is that to err is human, and that if Mr. Pitcalfe does not have these particular weaknesses, he no doubt has others.

I hope this brief note has supplied you with



the kind of information you had in mind. In conclusion I can only repeat that I am delighted to be able to recommend Mr. Pitcalfe without reservation. He will, I am quite sure, be a credit both to Northwestern and to Harvard.

Very sincerely yours,  
Albert Trewcott Snard

[Short Story]

## EIGHTEEN MINUTES

By Axel Schulze. From *Voices East and West: German Short Stories Since 1945*, an anthology translated and with an introduction by Roger C. Norton, published by the Frederick Ungar Publishing Company. Schulze, who lives in East Berlin, was trained as a lathe operator.

**T**he train slowly pulled into the covered station, and I saw rivulets of rain running from the roof down over the coaches. Above me a defective neon light buzzed behind its frosted glass, and I was being propelled toward the train, squeezed between travel bags with protruding thermos bottles; I was hemmed in by elbows and suitcases and driven toward the door, whose glass was sprayed by glistening raindrops. In the compartment of the train the heavy dry heat made my throat feel raw. But maybe that was my fever too; the pills weren't working yet. I still had the cold, tarry taste of mouthwash on my lips and felt a sharp, painful coldness in my stomach.

I took the seat by the window, and the train started, rattling over the first switches on its way out of the station and past the malt-coffee plant, whose smells foretold wind direction and weather for the local people.

Behind me there was a hum of conversation; the clicking of wheels on the rails became regular. I felt the sweat in my armpits and I thought of the talk I'd had with Pokropa in the low barracks that stood within an arm's length of the railroad spur to the refinery, and I heard Pokropa say: You're wrong if you think resignation is a private matter. And: We don't change our work cadres the way a tree does its leaves. He said it and stood at the window looking over at the refinery. The searchlights pierced the evening mists that swirled lazily around them, and in the distance we could see the torch glow of the exhaust stacks. Pokropa had opened the window, and the room was penetrated by the fragrance of a wild jasmine bush that led its straggly existence somewhere on the barracks' wall.

I thought of Pokropa and the jasmine and the

refinery, and knew at once that all these things didn't really belong together, that they were assembled from observations and conversations at different times and in different places—assembled and composed into this picture and romantically colored by my damned imagination. But the wild jasmine actually grew everywhere at the refinery. And the elder leaned its lazy, heavy, umbellate blossoms against the walls.

And above all I was thinking of this trip, this eighteen-minute trip that was bringing me inexorably to the refinery. And I began to look around in the compartment, first at the posters in the advertising panels, which showed girls happily waving a welcome to the Black Sea resorts, and then at the passengers' faces, with their bristly chin stubble that had resisted their shavers, and their veined eyelids that grew heavy and closed from the regular rocking of the train.

Then the city receded, and more and more gardens were squeezed between the houses, with sheds in them made of boards and tar paper, and there were plots of cabbages and onions, but now they too were gone, and I could finally look out over the meadowlands steaming in the rain, intersected by lazy rivers on which oil spots floated.

Pokropa, I was thinking again and again, Pokropa; I was almost whispering the name like an incantation. The name was close to my tongue, and I swallowed with half-opened mouth because my throat was sore and hot and I knew that the fever was not going away.

You're wrong if you think resignation is a private matter.

We should talk about that, Pokropa, about that very thing, and about my data-gathering at the refinery, because, believe me, it all belongs together. You agreed with me, didn't you, Pokropa? What does "efficient" mean, you said—we have to be more efficient?

My file is right up there on the aluminum luggage rack. There are my figures and my recommendations, Pokropa.

But you aren't at the refinery anymore, and I still can hear the politely regretful voice of the secretary on the telephone: Comrade Pokropa has been given a position of greater responsibility in the government. What was that again about not changing our cadres? . . . Help me out, Pokropa, now, while the train is going around this long curve to the right, and the panorama of the city can be sensed through the fog and rain. I know you're living here somewhere in this sea of dark gray tiled roofs, somewhere in one of these buildings that have their stucco crumbling off and long dark corridors running through them. Once I even tried to visit you, but your wife opened the door, and you



had gone to a conference at Sverdlovsk or Che-lyabinsk—I don't remember anymore. But you were expected back soon, very soon.

The sun is almost up, and the lights in the compartments are going out. Under a bridge darkened by the soot of many trains I still can see my pale face with the stringy hair, and for this tiny moment the noises vanish and I am alone with myself, all alone, as I'll probably be the whole day long.

My investigation is over—a good job, everybody says, but the way they say it—I was listening very carefully. . . . And now the train shoots out from under the bridge and past the boiler factory, where arcs of light flash behind the windows.

Your illusions won't buy us anything, Pokropa had said as we stood at the window or in the canteen, where there were always sausages with lentil soup on Monday. The investigation is over, do you hear, Pokropa? There are no illusions anymore. There are only figures, data, and diagrams. A year's work is up there in that file case, and then my fever the last two days and the sleepless nights on sheets wet with perspiration.

Rain beats against the panes, and the streaming droplets blur the village clustered around the brick church and the cemetery with lichen-covered gravestones. The train races past the red frame station and its geraniums planted in woven baskets, and past the red signal tower at the end.

This investigation was very good, but too academic. What do you want? After all, the refinery is operating. Did you consider the production rates? And I can give you figures, Pokropa, the figures you wanted, and afterward, in the evening, we'll say goodbye to each other with a bitter taste in our mouths, too many cigarettes again and a little hoarse again because we got too loud. But we'll have a talk, and when we get tired we'll wonder whether it was enough, whether we've said everything, and we'll take nothing for granted—nothing. The train was slowing down and the network of overhead lines was becoming more closely entwined against the rain-gray sky, and it was time to get my file case down. We rode past slag heaps gouged by erosion, sparsely covered by vegetation, and then came the refinery; the brakes pulled harder and I stood up.

At that moment—where was it really, and when? At that moment I wanted to give up everything, and I remember the painful uncertainty of those days, and I remember you, Pokropa, and I see you standing there, looking at the refinery, the living, dirty, breathing refinery that stood there in front of him and in front of me.

The door was pushed open, and the air smelled of acid and carbide as always. We walked toward the stained wooden bridge and the glass-roofed pedestrian bridge that led to the entrance gate, and I saw caps and the backs of heads before me, and the bobbing umbrellas.

Next to the railroad tracks was the racetrack with its dusty, symmetrical columns, and as I climbed up the stairs, jostled and crowded, shivering from cold sweat under my arms, I also saw a jacket and the back of a head, and, when the man turned to go over the pedestrian bridge, I caught a glimpse of his profile. I pushed forward, squeezed my way through the crowd, was showered with curses and good-natured jibes, and then I stood by the man and the sweat ran from my face.

Pokropa, I said, you're here, you're really here.

But it was someone else.

[Memorial]

## ONE MAN'S MEAT

*From 1938 to 1943 E. B. White wrote a monthly column for Harper's called "One Man's Meat"; this selection is taken from the March 1943 issue. One Man's Meat, a collection of White's Harper's columns, was published by Harper & Row.*

**T**here is always the miracle of the by-products. Plane a board, the shavings accumulate around your toes ready to be chucked into the stove to kindle your fires (to warm your toes so that you can plane a board). Draw some milk from a creature to relieve her fullness, the milk goes to the little pig to relieve his emptiness. Drain some oil from a crankcase, and you smear it on the roosts to control the mites. The worm fattens on the apple, the young goose fattens on the wormy fruit, the man fattens on the young goose, the worm awaits the man. Clean up the barnyard, the pulverized dung from the sheep goes to improve the lawn (before a rain in autumn); mow the lawn next spring, the clippings go to the compost pile, with a few thrown to the baby chickens on the way; spread the compost on the garden and in the fall the original dung, after many vicissitudes, returns to the sheep in the form of an old squash. From the fireplace, at the end of a November afternoon, the ashes are carried to the feet of the lilac bush, guaranteeing the excellence of a June morning.



# The Other Deficit

A lot has been written about America's chronic federal budget deficit and its implications for the nation's economic future. But there's another deficit that's equally alarming. And it's not talked about as much as it should be. It's the U.S. trade deficit.

Beginning in 1893, and continuing every year since then for 77 years in a row, the United States enjoyed a surplus in its merchandise trade with the rest of the world.

Then came 1971.

That was the first year in this century that the U.S. had a merchandise trade deficit. It was \$2.2 billion, an amount that seems slight in retrospect. For it rose to \$28 billion in 1981. And last year it took a quantum jump to \$111 billion. This year, 1985, will be the 10th in a row in which the United States will run a merchandise trade deficit. The amount may well be in excess of \$160 billion.

No other nation has ever had merchandise trade deficits of this magnitude. And what has happened so far may be but the tip of the iceberg.

America has the richest and largest economy in the world. Yet it has a merchandise trade deficit with Britain, France, Germany, and Italy, Europe's four largest economies; with its neighbors of Canada and Mexico; with Japan; and even with such newly industrialized countries as Brazil, Singapore, and Korea.

Why is America's foreign trade position deteriorating so?

Some say it's all the fault of the dollar. True, the high value of the dollar

in foreign exchange markets makes imports more attractive and American exports less attractive. But when the dollar was weak America still had a huge trade problem. Few believe the problem will disappear when the dollar again becomes weak.

Some complain that America is being victimized by the unfair trade practices of other nations. There is validity in this complaint, too, but it fails to explain why America has trade problems with countries that have not erected high import barriers.

Some blame America's budget deficit and the historically high interest rates it has produced. Yet these rates have come down somewhat while the merchandise trade deficit has gone up.

All these reasons are incomplete. We are experiencing the globalization of the international economy. The distinction between importing-competing and exporting-competing industries is blurring. Foreign-based companies are doing more than exporting to America. They're investing here and manufacturing here as well. American companies need to do the same abroad if they want to remain competitive in world markets.

The way to greater market presence is through sharing technologies, entering into joint ventures and co-production agreements, and forging partnerships that cross national borders. Foreign-based manufacturers recognize the significance of the global economy. American manufacturers need to do the same if the country hopes someday to see its merchandise trade in balance.



# WHAT IS OUR DRUG PROBLEM?

Last year Americans spent \$30 billion on illegal drugs, while their government spent \$1.5 billion trying to shut down their sources of supply. Despite stepped-up funding by the Reagan Administration, enough traffickers manage to elude the clutches of Drug Enforcement Administration agents to maintain the drug market in a state of robust prosperity. Government efforts have come to resemble a perverse price-support program, succeeding mainly in keeping drug prices up and dealers' profits high.

The booming drug market no longer serves only poor junkies and adolescent pot smokers; during the last decade drug use has become increasingly fashionable among the well-to-do. The "drug problem" now means affluent lawyers, doctors, and investment bankers serving cocaine at parties, offering it at clubs, even taking a snort or two before an important business meeting. Sermons about the dangers of drugs are no more successful in discouraging wealthy users in their newfound predilections than the DEA's efforts are in limiting their supply.

Why are Americans using more and more drugs? What should be done about it? Are there better ways to discourage drug use than putting traffickers and dealers in jail? *Harper's* recently invited a group of legal scholars, medical authorities, and government officials to reflect on America's drug problem.



The following Forum, cosponsored by Harper's and the Manhattan Institute for Policy Research, is based on a discussion held at the University Club in New York City. Mark D. Danner served as moderator.

MARK D. DANNER  
is senior editor of Harper's.

MARK A. R. KLEIMAN  
was director of policy and management analysis in the Criminal Division of the Justice Department from 1981 to 1983. He is currently a research fellow at Harvard University's Kennedy School of Government.

ARNOLD S. TREBACH  
is a professor of justice at American University and director of its Institute on Drugs, Crime, and Justice. He is the author of *The Heroin Solution and The War on Us: The Story of the American Anti-Drug Crusade and Its Victims*, which will be published next year by Macmillan.

ROBERT M. STUTMAN  
is special agent in charge of the Drug Enforcement Administration's New York field division. From August 1979 to September 1985 he headed the DEA's Boston field division.

RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI  
is U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, where he initiated Federal Day-Operation Pressure Point and other major campaigns against drug dealing. From 1981 to 1983 he served as associate attorney general.

LUIS G. GARCIA  
trafficked in marijuana, Quaaludes, and cocaine in Miami and the Bahamas from 1979 to 1983. He participated in a DEA "sting" operation in 1983 directed at Bahamian politicians and government officials involved in the drug trade, and testified before the Royal Bahamian Commission of Public Inquiry.

LESTER GRINSPOON  
is an associate professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. He is the author of *Marihuana Reconsidered and, with James B. Bakalar, Cocaine: A Drug and Its Social Evolution*.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG  
is John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy at Fordham University and a Distinguished Scholar at the Heritage Foundation. His books include *Capitalism: Sources of Hostility*, *Punishing Criminals*, and *The Death Penalty: A Debate*.

HERBERT LONDON  
is dean of the Gallatin Division of New York University and a senior fellow at the Hudson Institute. His books include *Closing the Circle: A Cultural History of the Rock Revolution*.

MARK D. DANNER: **W**hat is our drug problem? The traditional response might run as follows: Greedy criminals are smuggling increasingly large amounts of illicit and dangerous substances into our country, where Americans, particularly young ones, smoke, snort, and inject them into their systems in larger and larger amounts, thereby ruining their health, muddling their thinking, and generally debilitating themselves.

But some might offer a different answer: For some reason, our government is inordinately concerned with preventing its citizens from consuming certain substances they very much

want to consume, and in so doing has created a huge illicit industry and a large new criminal population. In considering our drug problem, I want to keep these two responses in mind.

Perhaps the best way to start is to divide the monolith we call the drug problem into its constituent parts. What drugs in particular are widely used today? Are some drugs becoming more popular and others less so? And who uses drugs? Is it true, for example, that marijuana is favored mostly by young people, that heroin remains the drug of the ghetto, and that cocaine has become fashionable in the suburbs?

Second, why do people use drugs, and why



are they using them more and more? Should we talk about poverty? affluence? peer pressure? addiction?

Finally, what should be done about the drug problem? Are the present enforcement policies working? Should other approaches be tried? For example, is legalization of some or all drugs a realistic option?

Mr. Kleiman, perhaps you can give us some idea of the drug problem as it exists today.

MARK A. R. KLEIMAN: As you mentioned, we have a drug problem not only because some people use drugs but because other people object to them, with the result that the United States now has a huge illicit drug industry. The damage a drug does may result as much from its illegality as from its pharmacology.

Americans probably spend between \$25 billion and \$30 billion annually on illegal drugs. Only a small fraction of this money is earned by large criminal organizations. But virtually all of it represents the income of criminals: people who either buy and sell drugs on their own account or work for someone who does. The only significant expenses involve boats and planes; radio equipment; and lawyers' fees, bribes, and the other expenses of getting out of legal trouble. The actual raw-material price is almost always trivial.

DANNER: How many people are paying that money, and for what drugs?

ARNOLD S. TREBACH: In terms of sheer numbers, our worst problem drugs are the legal recreational drugs—alcohol and tobacco. Out of a total population of 240 million Americans, more than 100 million use alcohol, and 10 to 13 million are probably addicted to it. Roughly 56 million Americans are addicted to tobacco; almost all users are addicts.

Among illegal drugs, marijuana is still the most popular. According to the U.S. government, 20 million Americans smoke marijuana occasionally. My own studies, based on government data, suggest that the number of marijuana users—people who smoke it at least once a year—is probably between 35 and 40 million. Of these, perhaps 3 million smoke it every day, which is one definition of an addict. But my guess is that no more than 1.5 million are compulsive users—smokers who would suffer great discomfort if forced suddenly to stop using the drug. So I suspect that roughly one in every twenty pot users is truly addicted, while roughly one in ten alcohol users is.

Cocaine has now become the second most popular illegal drug. Somewhere between 12 and 15 million Americans probably use cocaine

at least once a year. Of those, perhaps 500,000 to 750,000 use it every day. Another 3 to 5 million may use heroin at least once a year, and about 300,000 to 500,000 are addicts. Finally, a couple of million Americans are addicted to Valium and to other, more obscure drugs that aren't much talked about.

DANNER: Mr. Stutman, how are these numbers changing? Do you see drug use increasing?

ROBERT M. STUTMAN: The most significant change during the past few years is the surge in cocaine use, accompanied by the increasingly younger age of its users. Like many people, I used to consider cocaine the drug of the Yuppies; young lawyers, doctors, and investment bankers were the people I expected to snort coke. Today, it's not unusual for me to find thirteen- and fourteen-year-old cocaine users in nice, affluent suburbs. A well-documented study recently published by the state of Massachusetts found that 26 percent of high school seniors use cocaine occasionally or have at least tried it—an astonishing figure. Cocaine is probably the most addictive illegal drug available in this country, and if one in four high school seniors now uses it occasionally, we will have a devastating problem five years down the road.

On the plus side, marijuana use, certainly among young people, seems to have leveled off in the past few years and in some areas to have declined significantly. According to a National Institute of Drug Abuse survey taken last year, 5 percent of high school seniors smoke grass every day, which is down from 10 percent in 1979.

The use of heroin has also declined significantly. Mr. Trebach estimated there may be 500,000 heroin addicts; fifteen years ago there were probably 800,000 to 900,000. And the use of PCP and Quaaludes, two drugs that were huge problems a few years ago, is also way down.

RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI: I agree that cocaine has become a gigantic problem; there may be five, even ten times as many users today as there were a decade ago. And there is so much cocaine pouring into the country that the price has actually gone down.

LUIS G. GARCIA: Yes, when I was in the business, you could pick up a kilo of cocaine for about \$50,000 in Miami. Today, only three years later, a kilo in south Florida brings \$34,000. The government sends all these federal agents down to south Florida and they arrest a lot of dealers and seize a lot of coke. But the cost of growing the leaves in South America and processing them in labs down there is nothing compared with the profits. So the producers and traffick-



ers react to the extra enforcement by flooding the market.

GIULIANI: Exactly. While the price of heroin has increased five times—from \$44,000 for a kilo in 1975 to about \$200,000 today—cocaine, despite the huge increase in demand, has actually gotten cheaper.

The heroin and cocaine problems are of different orders of magnitude. When we began arresting heroin dealers on Manhattan's Lower East Side as part of Operation Pressure Point two years ago, the market was affected almost immediately: the price went up, and a large number of addicts suddenly sought entry into methadone and other treatment programs. On the other hand, the tremendous influx of federal law enforcement officials into south Florida during the past four years has had very little effect on the cocaine market.

DANNER: So Operation Pressure Point suggests that heroin use is localized, and relatively easy to target; cocaine use, on the other hand, is more widespread, not just geographically but across social classes.

GIULIANI: That's right. For example, if I wanted to make heroin cases in New York City, I'd concentrate on the Lower East Side, Harlem, the South Bronx, and a few other areas. That's where the great percentage of heroin is sold, and that's where the addicts are. Heroin is still a drug that disproportionately affects the poor, and it is the drug most closely connected with violent crime and property crime.

If I wanted to make cocaine cases, I'd go to the Upper East Side bars, the after-hours clubs, the suburbs—the more affluent areas. You'd find a lot of marijuana in those places too, but marijuana can be found everywhere, especially among young people. It's still a drug of initiation. There's some overlap, of course, but cocaine is more exclusively a drug of the middle class and the wealthy.

DANNER: So why do so many fairly wealthy people suddenly begin snorting cocaine?

TREBACH: None of us will ever know *why* people take certain drugs. Simply put, people take drugs because they like them. Who knows why it suddenly became fashionable to snort coke? It's like fashions in hairdos or clothing.

LESTER GRINSPOON: It's like asking why people go mountain climbing or parachute jumping. They use drugs because they enjoy them and are willing to take certain risks for the thrill or pleasure they get.

STUTMAN: Cocaine has become the marijuana of the eighties for two simple reasons. First, it is a social drug, a drug that is fun to use in groups; it's popular at parties and in bars and clubs and discos, just like grass. Second, many people are still convinced that cocaine can't hurt them, which was widely believed about marijuana until a few years ago. Those two facts suggest our young people are ripe to become seriously debilitated by cocaine.

KLEIMAN: But of the millions of Americans who use cocaine, probably fewer than 10 percent use it daily. In fact, except for tobacco, *none* of the mass market drugs has more than a 15 percent ratio of chronic intensive use—"addiction"—to occasional use.

GRINSPOON: The loaded word here is *addiction*. Although some people define an addict as a daily user, many people understand addiction as a debilitating physical dependency on a drug. Such dependency is possible with some drugs. For example, an alcoholic who suddenly stops drinking may experience an array of physiological symptoms which make up the abstinence syndrome known as delirium tremens, or the DTs. A heroin addict also suffers from an abstinence syndrome, although the severity of these particular withdrawal symptoms has been much exaggerated. Withdrawal from barbiturates can be infinitely worse; a person who has been taking 800 milligrams or more of secobarbital a day and suddenly stops may actually die.

According to this definition of addiction, marijuana is not an addictive drug. Neither, really, is cocaine. A heavy cocaine user who suddenly stops will have a few relatively trivial physical symptoms. But he can quit cold turkey and not worry about it, which a Valium addict or an alcoholic cannot do. Yet I have patients who are as fastened to cocaine as others are to heroin. They don't shake or sweat, but they have a very strong psychological craving. A good comparison might be to the craving felt by a compulsive gambler.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG: Another comparison might be to being in love. If the object of your love is withdrawn, you will suffer from depression and other psychological problems. In trying to help someone get over his marijuana or coke habit, or his obsessional love, a psychiatrist is dealing with a purely psychological problem, sometimes called a volitional defect. The problem has two parts: Why does this person love this substance, or this person, more than others seem to, even though he realizes that loving it, or her, may be destructive? And why does he find it so hard to get rid of a habit he



wants to get rid of? That he *does* want to is essential; if he doesn't, no one can do anything for him.

GRINSPOON: It's a good analogy, because we know as little about why people become drug users as we do about why they fall in love. It is a human weakness to fall in love with a person you know is not good for you, just as it is a human weakness to become addicted to drugs.

HERBERT LONDON: We have to look not only at what the drug does to people—the craving it causes, and so on—but at why they feel obliged to use it in the first place. I think cocaine has become fashionable because the middle class in this country was sold a bill of goods; they were told that cocaine is a relatively risk-free drug, so a lot of people who were unwilling to try heroin—because they believed it *was* dangerous—were willing to try cocaine.

GIULIANI: Most of the people who now snort coke belong to a generation that was presented with a very benign picture of drugs. In the movies they went to see, in the songs they listened to, in the words of their heroes, cocaine and marijuana were depicted as “all right” drugs—not very different from, and certainly no more harmful than, alcohol. A mind-set was created, and it takes more than three or four years to turn it around.

DANNER: Why are you so certain that when people are fully informed about what the drug does, they will decide not to use it? It seems to me that's taking a rather sanguine view of human nature.

LONDON: I am not talking about informing people but about *frightening* them. The trouble is, people don't fear cocaine as they fear heroin. We relied on our educational institutions to warn people of the dangers of drugs—to frighten them—but they didn't do that at all.

GRINSPOON: We frightened them all right, but the result is that they no longer take us seriously. By lumping all these substances together and pretending that they're all equally harmful, we lose our credibility. Young people hear about reports issued by the National Institute of Drug Abuse and the Drug Enforcement Administration that claim every drug is equally dangerous, every drug is harmful, none of them has any beneficial effect whatever. They know from their own experience with marijuana that it isn't true. So now they don't believe anything the government says—they find out for themselves.

Mr. Stutman mentioned that the use of PCP has declined dramatically. That's not because of government warnings but because young people, relying on *their* drug educators—one another—have discovered PCP is a bad drug. The same thing happened with amphetamines.

TREBACH: Even now, much of the information that NIDA and the DEA put out utterly perverts scientific findings. Kids *know* they can use marijuana and not ruin their lives. The overwhelming majority of people who use these drugs do so occasionally, and apparently without destroying themselves.

STUTMAN: The point is to *convince* people that drugs like cocaine are harmful. I think Dr. London is right that it's more a question of frighten-

## Why Do People Use Drugs?

O just, subtle, and mighty opium! That to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for “the pangs that tempt the spirit to rebel,” bringest an assuaging balm—eloquent opium! That with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, and to the guilty man for one night givest back the hopes of his youth and hands washed pure from blood, and to the proud man a brief oblivion for

*Wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged;*

that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumphs of suffering innocence, false witness, and confoundest perjury, and dost re-

verse the sentences of unrighteous judges. Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles—beyond the splendor of Babylon and Hekatompylos; and, “from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,” callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the “dishonors of the grave.” Thou only givest these gifts to man, and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium! . . .

—from *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* (1821), by Thomas de Quincey



ing people than of giving them medical facts. High school kids I talk to who have quit smoking grass or who never started usually say that they believe the drug will hurt them. And surveys bear this out.

GRINSPOON: If the diminution in the number of young people who smoke marijuana is a function of the government's fear campaign, the policy will eventually backfire. The government's new argument is that marijuana is the "gateway drug." This is just another version of the long-discredited "stepping-stone" hypothesis, which says that marijuana has inherent psychopharmacological properties that lead its users to take up so-called harder drugs. This is not true. This is not education but miseducation, and it will result in distrust.

GIULIANI: Why is it miseducation to tell people marijuana is bad for them—that it is dangerous, that it doesn't do anything good for them, that they shouldn't use it? Are these things untrue?

GRINSPOON: They are not altogether true.

GIULIANI: So marijuana is good for you? It is a helpful thing for people to smoke marijuana?

GRINSPOON: There are circumstances where it might be.

GIULIANI: That's ridiculous! I have one question for you, Doctor: Should we be telling young people that marijuana really isn't so bad?

DANNER: Now wait, what kind of question is that? Is there really a clear answer that the govern-

ment may or may not be distorting? Or are we in fact disagreeing about values, about which truth—that some people become addicted, or that most people don't—is most appropriate to guide public policy?

KLEIMAN: Certainly some scientific facts—the physiological effects of a drug, its effects on learning and development, the probability that someone who uses it will become a compulsive user—are relevant. The problem is that honest answers don't necessarily produce the fear that some people want them to. Marijuana is certainly not a purely benign drug, at least not for the 2 or 3 million Americans who smoke five joints a day. But it's hard to prove that Saturday-night marijuana use does much damage; the scientific evidence is just not that impressive. Assume the worst about the evidence linking it to lung cancer, and the danger is still small compared with that of tobacco smoking. The studies linking marijuana to drops in IQ just don't hold up. Evidence that it weakens the immune system is interesting but inconclusive. Maybe the only way we can control the behavior of kids with respect to marijuana is to tell them all drugs are poison. But we'd be lying.

TREBACH: That's why I don't tell young people that marijuana is something terrible. I say: "Look, compared to tobacco and alcohol, compared to heroin, here are the facts." My hope is that we can be open and honest and help people make up their own minds instead of scaring them to death, as we tried to do in the past.

GIULIANI: In fact, we've done just the opposite: we haven't stressed the dangers enough.

### *On the consequences of enforcement—and decontrol*

DANNER: Is that the basis of our drug policies, Mr. Giuliani? You're very involved in drug enforcement. What do you see yourself as doing?

GIULIANI: Teaching, first of all. The most general purpose of the law is to teach. Laws against the use and sale of drugs say firmly that it is *wrong* to use these things.

Of course the law also happens to be one of the ways in which society controls people's behavior; it does this through laws that protect the environment, laws that require prescriptions to buy most legal drugs, as well as laws that forbid the use of certain drugs. Early in the century, the legislators who drafted the original laws saw that people were being harmed by drugs, and they saw links between the growing

use of drugs and some types of crime. Those remain the practical reasons for our drug laws today.

VAN DEN HAAG: In practice, the purpose of the drug laws is not to educate at all—if it were, I'd be all in favor of them—but to restrict the sale of these substances. And *that* purpose the law has failed, and must fail, to achieve. Only from 5 to 10 percent of all drugs entering the United States are intercepted. The price of seizing that tiny percentage is enormous, not only in direct law enforcement costs but also in the corruption and social dislocation produced. The time has come to ask ourselves the question we asked about alcohol in the twenties: Wouldn't the money wasted trying to prohibit the stuff be



more profitably spent on direct efforts to educate people about the dangers of drugs?

GIULIANI: The percentage of drugs seized is an absolutely meaningless measure of enforcement efforts. In many of the most important drug cases, high-level traffickers are arrested but almost no drugs are seized. And if you define an effective enforcement program as one that is perfect or near-perfect, then you are asking more of drug enforcement than of all other law enforcement. We are not anywhere near perfect in deterring murder—or income tax evasion, for that matter. Shall we legalize them?

STUTMAN: Enforcement is effective. We've had some striking successes. Dr. Grinspoon attributed the decline in PCP use to the fact that people were frightened of the drug. But it's also true that there is a hell of a lot less PCP available: our tight controls on piperidine, which is needed to produce the drug, made it difficult to find.

TREBACH: Sure, we can curb some of the drug traffic. But we will never be able to prevent those Americans who want to use drugs from doing so—without, that is, massive invasions of our constitutional freedoms. How else can law enforcement officers go after something as easily concealed and as highly profitable as drugs? Look at this tape recorder; it's the size of two packs of cigarettes. How much would that be worth if it were cocaine?

STUTMAN: Maybe \$20,000.

TREBACH: When \$20,000 worth of illegal substance can be concealed in something this tiny, there will *always* be 100,000 traffickers. How do you expect the police to find it? The only way is to ignore or skirt restrictions on search and seizure. A quarter of all Fortune 500 companies now test their employees for drugs; in 1982, only 10 percent did. Such tests are already mandatory for competitors in many sporting events, including the Olympics. The mayor of New York City has even proposed that all visitors from Mexico and the Far East be strip-searched at the airport—which, by the way, is quite legal. Pressure is building for invasions of privacy. We are moving toward increasingly revolting methods of preventing people from doing what they want to do. It won't be long before legislators will be required to bring in a warm bottle of urine before every important vote. This is the road we are on; if we continue down it, I see a very bleak future.

Why not look at each drug or group of drugs and devise approaches that make sense. Heroin? It's a medical problem. I'd be perfectly will-

ing to supply it to addicts through the doctors treating them. Cocaine? This troubles me deeply, because it's such a seductive drug. But there is no evidence that cocaine involves a greater percentage of its users in debilitating abuse than does alcohol, and so I would seriously consider decriminalizing possession. Marijuana? I would allow it to be sold in stores along with alcohol—it is certainly no more harmful—but I would require that labels be put on all packages saying that it may be addicting and explaining in detail how it might endanger the user's health. The same labels should be put on bottles of liquor and beer.

We've seen that this method can work. Today, about 32 percent of American adults smoke, whereas in 1965, 43 percent did. This reduction was achieved not by prohibiting tobacco but by mounting government education efforts and by limiting advertising. So I'm suggesting new approaches to dealing with drugs. Otherwise, we'll need greatly increased law enforcement in the face of constantly increasing demand, and we will inevitably invade the liberties of our people.

LONDON: Consider the social consequences of your proposal. Warnings do not prevent young people from smoking cigarettes; warnings certainly won't prevent them from smoking marijuana. Ernest argues that we're paying a great price for our current policy, and I agree. But it's obvious to me that if many more people begin using drugs, we'll have to pay a much greater price in terms of family dislocation, hospital costs, insurance costs, and so on.

VAN DEN HAAG: You assume drug use would go up enormously under Mr. Trebach's plan. I don't think that's correct. After the repeal of Prohibition, alcohol consumption increased, but the increase was too slight to justify the moral, material, and other costs of Prohibition. The increase in addiction that would accompany legalization is clearly undesirable. But it has to be weighed against the social cost of the prohibition we now have. After all, anyone who wants to can become addicted today.

And addiction tends to be self-limiting. When American troops were in Vietnam, heroin and marijuana were as available as they could possibly be—and terribly cheap. Most of our soldiers tried them, and some used them habitually. Only a small percentage became addicts, and most of them stopped using drugs when they returned to this country.

GRINSPOON: There's no question that prohibition works. While the Volstead Act was in effect, Americans consumed significantly less alcohol.



On the other hand, many people were blinded or killed by drinking methyl alcohol and organized crime and corruption thrived, as did disrespect for the law. Americans finally decided the price was too high, but there is no question that repeal brought more drunkenness, alcoholism, traffic accidents, cirrhosis.

When I visited Texas in 1972, I found that about 800 young people were in prison on marijuana charges, mostly simple possession, with an average sentence of almost ten years. Now, whatever our disagreements about the psychopharmacological effects of marijuana, no one claims it is as damaging as ten years in the penitentiary. The drug has no psychoactive properties that can be compared to the harm to careers, family finances, self-esteem, and respect for the law that result from a long stay in prison. And more than 4 million Americans have been arrested on marijuana charges during the past decade. On the federal level alone, we're spending \$1.5 billion a year to control drugs. Our attorney general runs around the country proclaiming a daily "plant count" when, it seems to me, he should be addressing more important matters.

GIULIANI: The statement that enforcement of our drug laws is costing taxpayers enormous amounts of money just isn't true. By any governmental standard, the cost is minuscule. And those costs are almost entirely offset by the cash and property seized during drug arrests. In Florida, the state enforcement people are exceeding their budget in assets seized.

GRINSPOON: I don't know if that's a good argument or a bad argument. It seems to me that the DEA and the drug dealers are involved in a kind of synergism: the DEA needs the drug dealers, not only to justify its large budget but, as Mr. Giuliani suggests, to provide a good part of that money; and the dealers need the DEA to keep the prices of drugs high. Meanwhile, the courts are clogged with marijuana cases; 25 percent of criminal cases in federal courts are drug cases.

GIULIANI: The vast majority of those are cases against heroin and cocaine dealers and major marijuana traffickers. The courts are certainly not "clogged with marijuana cases." Of course if you get caught in, say, Wyoming with a small amount of marijuana, you very likely will go to prison; the people of Wyoming feel that this is a significant offense. In New York City, we don't have the luxury—enough police officers, judges, or cells—to treat possession of marijuana that way even if we wanted to.

Actually, the Prohibition model is silly, distorted, and irrelevant. I think drugs are ex-

tremely dangerous, and we can do a better job of limiting their use by keeping them illegal. That's not an irrational position, and it happens to be the case that the vast majority of Americans agree with it. Americans are not clamoring to legalize drugs, as they did to legalize alcohol. The idea is clearly unpopular, impractical, and utterly unrealistic. No member of Congress has put forward a bill to legalize marijuana, cocaine, or heroin, because he wouldn't be reelected if he did.

STUTMAN: In 1977, we probably came as close to decriminalizing marijuana as we ever will. Since then, the percentage of Americans who oppose legalization has steadily grown; polls now put it at about 75 percent.

GRINSPOON: But the whole country has turned to the right. I'd bet the situation will be very different, at least regarding marijuana, a decade from now. Mr. Giuliani and Mr. Stutman seem to assume we have only two alternatives: strict prohibition of all drugs and absolutely free availability of all drugs. I don't think free availability is the answer. It frightens me to think of cocaine, for example, freely available at the price physicians can get it for medical purposes, which is about \$30 an ounce. I think we need to conduct some social experiments to find better ways of dealing with these drugs. Some have already begun. In 1973, Oregon decriminalized marijuana. Many people warned that this would lead to a great increase in marijuana use, even that people would move to Oregon so they could use the drug freely. It didn't happen. When Alaska made it legal for people to cultivate marijuana on their own property two years later, similar—and similarly mistaken—predictions were made. In neither state did the use of marijuana increase measurably.

KLEIMAN: To some extent, other experiments are proceeding even within the current regime of strict prohibition. As Rudy said, levels of enforcement vary a great deal across the country and from drug to drug. The point he made about Operation Pressure Point's effectiveness against heroin dealers compared with the relative ineffectiveness of the South Florida Task Force against cocaine says a lot about our current enforcement policy. We can enforce the cocaine laws as rigorously as we like, and nothing changes. That's partly because cocaine is an enormously profitable mass-market drug and partly because the enforcement resources of the government are simply not large enough to deal with it. Between 1981 and 1985 federal enforcement efforts against cocaine *tripled*. This enormous investment bought us, as far as I can



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tell, zip. The supply of cocaine wasn't drastically reduced and the price actually fell.

GIULIANI: That's because the market is so huge. I'm not sure the problem wouldn't be significantly worse without that level of enforcement; at least it keeps a finger in the dike. If educational programs can begin to bring the demand down, enforcement efforts will start to show real results, just as they did with heroin.

KLEIMAN: But as you pointed out, heroin use is so limited that street-level enforcement can have a large effect; and it's so closely linked to property crime that the cost of enforcement is justified. Street-level enforcement definitely reduces the number of heroin users and provides immediate, measurable benefits to everyone else in the target area.

But street-level enforcement doesn't have the same effect with marijuana and cocaine—there are just too many dealers. Going after the big importers and distributors may push prices up, but not enough to discourage the users, who are relatively affluent, from buying the drugs. So the main effect of cocaine and marijuana enforcement is to make the remaining traffickers richer by limiting competition. Yet federal enforcement currently centers on marijuana and cocaine: 70 percent of the people convicted in DEA cases last year were convicted for cannabis and cocaine offenses, and only 18 percent for heroin offenses. I think there is a strong argument for moving away from pursuing big cocaine and marijuana traffickers and toward street-level heroin enforcement.

GARCIA: Boy, that's a mistake if I ever heard one. I think I'm going back in the cocaine business if I keep hearing ideas like that.

KLEIMAN: I wouldn't advise it. Cutting back federal cocaine enforcement would *reduce* the profitability of the illicit cocaine business. Enforcement keeps prices high.

DANNER: But doesn't the illicit industry that has arisen as a result of the drug laws create and encourage organized crime?

GIULIANI: The drug laws don't "create organized crime." As a matter of fact, the drug laws are a very effective way to pierce organized crime. Vito Genovese died in prison; he would probably never have been sent there if the DEA hadn't made him on a drug case.

KLEIMAN: Rudy, you've got to concede that those guys wouldn't be in the drug business if they weren't benefiting from it.

GIULIANI: Of course. But the notion that drugs somehow "create" criminals is silly. The United States has a large criminal population, period. Maybe drugs make that problem marginally worse; but we won't solve the crime problem by legalizing drugs. Marijuana has almost nothing to do with organized crime; if we decriminalized it tomorrow, the crime rate in Manhattan would remain virtually the same. And the major traffickers, the serious entrepreneurs in south Florida, would just switch to coke. If we decriminalized cocaine, those traffickers would move into extortion, labor racketeering, and so on.

GARCIA: Yeah, 95 percent of the people I knew in the drug business would be out doing some other crime if drugs were legalized, even if it came down to holding up the local 7-Eleven or robbing somebody's house.

### *Diplomacy, education, and the paradox of vice control*

GIULIANI: Look, we deal with the crime problem—which goes beyond the resources allocated to solve it—by prosecuting individual, representative cases as a means of deterring other crime. That strategy is working in containing our heroin problem, largely because our educational programs have reduced the population of users to a manageable size. Right now, the strategy isn't working as well with cocaine. But wouldn't our cocaine problem be catastrophic if we weren't making any effort at all? The answer is not to legalize cocaine and give people all they want, and at the same time go into schools and tell kids that cocaine is dangerous, don't use it. That's absurd. Give up on our drug laws

and it will be almost impossible to mount an educational effort that will truly discourage drug use. And there is a moral question here as well. Do we want to live in a society that says, "Go ahead, pump all the drugs into your body that you want"?

As for marijuana, I don't claim that everyone who uses it necessarily moves on to other drugs. But if we encourage people to use marijuana by legalizing it, we will create an even larger drug-using population, and many of these people are certain to move on to cocaine and heroin. If the number of marijuana users is kept down, eventually the number of cocaine and heroin users will decrease.



TREBACH: You say my arguments are absurd. What if I say, O.K., where do you think drug policy will be at the turn of the century? How much drug use will there be—and how many dead police officers and soldiers, how many people locked up in jail?

GIULIANI: If we increase our commitment to our current policy, we can dramatically reduce the drug problem. That policy has five parts. First, the United States must continue to work with—and put pressure on—those countries that produce cocaine, heroin, and marijuana, in order to put the producers out of business.

TREBACH: You want to force other countries to control their drug traffic. That's ridiculous! We can't control drugs on our streets; to suggest that the Bolivians and Peruvians and Colombians can control drugs in their jungles—where no official has the guts to go—is preposterous.

GIULIANI: I'm not saying we can solve the cocaine or heroin problem solely through the exercise of foreign policy. Many countries that produce drugs are not open to our influence. But we can still do a great deal.

The second part of the policy is to make more effective use of the military, especially in patrolling our coasts and borders.

TREBACH: Sure, there ought to be controls at the border. But think how far we'd have to go to make truly effective searches. At the moment, strip searches are completely legal. Any one of us may be challenged to submit to a strip search when we enter the country, to give a urine sample at work, to face all sorts of indignities whose real motivation is this obsessive concern with preventing people from taking drugs and whose result is to diminish the personal freedom of us all. If what are now the dominant forces in our society, so ably represented by Mr. Giuliani and Mr. Stutman, have their way, this country may be a very uncomfortable place to live in at the turn of the century, though I doubt drug use will have been reduced.

GIULIANI: I don't advocate strip searches or mandatory urine tests or any of those horrible things that you are using to condemn what is in fact a very reasonable approach to a difficult problem.

The third aspect of our drug policy is to strengthen our deterrent at home. The message must be clear: if you deal drugs you go to prison. Today, every drug dealer in this city knows that if he gets arrested for selling drugs he will probably not go to prison. In New York City last year, only one out of nine people arrested for selling drugs was imprisoned.

TREBACH: Are you saying that we have to build more prisons?

GIULIANI: Absolutely. If the message reaching the street was that when you get arrested you go to prison, no excuses, there would be a dramatic drop in drug sales and in the crimes associated with them. During Operation Pressure Point, drug-connected crime in the target areas dropped between 30 and 40 percent.

TREBACH: The thought of many more people in our prisons is appalling. Why don't we make certain now that anyone who deals drugs goes to prison? Because we have practically lost the prison option altogether; our prisons are so overcrowded that we only put people there when we don't know what else to do with them. America is already the largest jailer of its own citizens among the Western democracies.

GIULIANI: Americans commit more violent crimes per capita than other Western people. We don't put people in prison because we like to but because we have no other choice. Do we let them rape and murder in the streets, or do we get them off the streets?

The fourth aspect of our policy is to put more money into treatment programs so that people who want to stop using drugs will have help in doing so. And finally, we have to devise more effective ways to educate young people not to use drugs.

GRINSPOON: Why not educate people *about* drugs?

GIULIANI: Because our society has made a choice that it is dangerous, and thus illegal, to use certain drugs. Your question proves my argument about how the drug problem became so great. For years, we essentially said to people: "Hey, drugs really aren't much of a problem."

STUTMAN: I would add a number six to Mr. Giuliani's program: we must change our society's tolerant attitude toward drugs. During the past few years, that attitude has been changing; parents will no longer accept as inevitable that their kids use illegal drugs. They want to fight it.

KLEIMAN: Of Rudy's five-point program, the only point likely to make a dent in marijuana and cocaine consumption is the last—education. Programs directed at countries that export drugs, efforts to increase interdiction at the border, increased domestic enforcement—none of these steps can raise prices high enough, produce substantial enough shortages, or eliminate enough retail dealers to keep drugs out of the hands of



customers. In any case, while street-level enforcement may drive a heroin addict into treatment by getting rid of his connection, cocaine users tend to buy enough coke to last for longer periods; and marijuana users, for even longer periods. Finally, treatment programs, as Professor van den Haag pointed out, assume a desire to be cured, which most marijuana and cocaine users lack.

GIULIANI: It is clear that these steps have already worked in decreasing heroin use. That's a good reason to use this approach as a model for dealing with cocaine.

KLEIMAN: It sounds good, but you're comparing heroin, which at its peak of popularity was used on a daily basis by *maybe* a million people, almost all of whom were poor, to cocaine, which is now used by at least 5 million relatively rich people, many of whom view it as a luxury. The cocaine problem is on a different scale entirely.

GIULIANI: But as you say, use of cocaine tends to be "soft": most people who use it are not daily users and are not antisocial. These people can be persuaded by education, by legal deterrents, by social pressure. It's like the difference between deterring white-collar crime and violent crime; it is much easier to deter white-collar crime. One strong sentence meted out to a middle-class cocaine user would have a heck of a lot more deterrent effect than the same sentence meted out to a heroin user.

VAN DEN HAAG: Unquestionably, the most effective policy would be to sentence every convicted user to five years in prison. The market would disappear in a moment; and if there is no market, a dealer can't deal. But you would have to persuade judges and juries to hand down those sentences, which means convincing them that the social cost would not be greater than the advantage gained.

GIULIANI: In any area of law enforcement, it would not be effective to prosecute every single person who commits a crime. Dealers are even more responsive to deterrence than users, because they are essentially white-collar criminals; if you make the risk high enough, they move on to something else. I could play tapes for you of Mafia guys discussing whether they should move their money from one drug to another because the risk of jail has gotten too high.

KLEIMAN: The real problem is that if you increase the pressure on dealers, the price of the drug goes up to cover the heightened risk. Since the users are already there, ready to pay the price,

you only increase dealers' earnings. If you put more burglars in prison, you do not increase the profits of burglary, but if you put more dope dealers away, the revenues of dope trafficking go up.

All we can really do on the supply side of the marijuana and cocaine markets is marginally raise the price of the drug and temporarily reduce the number of dealers on the street, and it's questionable whether we can even do that. As for prosecuting users, it would be tough to get convictions, not to mention severe sentences. The number of users is just too great.

GRINSPOON: Instead of devising ways to arrest everyone, maybe we should encourage people to be more intelligent and prudent in how they handle these substances. If we can't force everyone to stop using drugs, which seems to be the case, perhaps we can develop informal controls that discourage their abuse. Many societies, and even some groups within our society, seem able to do this. For example, there seems to be relatively little alcoholism among Jews, Chinese, and Greeks, yet they have the same access to alcohol that everyone does. The reason for that, many people believe, is that alcohol has been integrated into their subcultures in various ways—through the religious use of wine among Jews, for example.

There are many similar examples that might help us learn what actually *does* work in controlling drug use. Formal controls will not solve this problem. As long as the demand is there—and the profit—somebody will be happy to take the place of the dealer you've arrested.

TREBACH: The implication is that we must begin teaching people the responsible use of mind-altering substances. Such a view is anathema in Washington today.

GIULIANI: Maybe that's because there's a terrible moral and philosophical contradiction in that notion. You are saying: "O.K., we will break down yet another barrier in our effort to become more permissive and liberal, to let people do whatever they please to destroy themselves." Why can't we protect ourselves for a change? Americans only recently became sensitive to the dangers of dirty air. It seems absurd for us to say: "Gee, drugs are really no problem. There is a 'responsible' way to stick cocaine into your nose." That is a dangerous notion and just plain wrong.

TREBACH: But what do you say to kids about drugs when they reach twenty-one?

GIULIANI: Never use them.



STUTMAN: I don't know a good use of any drug we've mentioned today, including alcohol.

TREBACH: What about sex?

LONDON: You say no, and you know full well the kid's going to engage in sex anyway. But it's desirable to say no; the hypocrisy is desirable.

TREBACH: That's it! Dr. London has just defined for us the dominant social position on sex, and drugs.

GIULIANI: What do you say that teaches kids about the "responsible" use of cocaine?

GRINSPOON: The same thing I say about alcohol: some people seem to use this drug without difficulty. But a significant number—and we cannot identify them in advance—have serious problems with it. So if you use it, you take some risk. Here is the kind of harm you flirt with if you use this drug.

GIULIANI: We've done a poor job of controlling people's behavior with respect to alcohol. To use it as a model for the cocaine problem is utterly irresponsible. Cocaine use is not yet at the level of alcohol use, thank God.

TREBACH: The use of alcohol is going down; people are becoming more conscious of offering their guests nonalcoholic beverages at parties and in other social settings. And smoking has declined steadily. So people *can* be influenced to use some drugs more responsibly.

KLEIMAN: Some kinds of drug education in schools work, particularly with respect to tobacco, which seems to be the real "gateway drug": 80 percent of high school kids who are tobacco users have tried marijuana, whereas fewer than 25 percent of those kids who are not tobacco users have tried it. We can substantially reduce tobacco use among kids by programs in the sixth and seventh grades.

The basic approach is this: "Look, people are going to be offering you tobacco. Here are some reasons why you shouldn't use it." You tell them cigarettes make their breath smell bad and stain their teeth so that people won't want to kiss them, and that smoking wrecks their wind so they won't do as well in sports. These are reasons that matter to kids and that also happen to be true. Finally, you teach them the difficult social skill—and it is difficult at that age—of gracefully turning down a cigarette.

LONDON: Would you teach them the same things about marijuana?

KLEIMAN: Absolutely. But in the case of marijuana, it's hard to come up with comparable short-term health problems that would persuade a seventh-grader not to smoke his first joint. Maybe the answer is simply to make fun of what marijuana does to you.

GRINSPOON: I'm concerned not just about marijuana and the other substances we have now but also about those coming out of the laboratory. Some that may have legitimate uses will be kept from people who need them because of the way we respond to drugs.

For example, consider the way the government has behaved with respect to 3,4-methylenedioxymethamphetamine, or MDMA—known, unfortunately, as Ecstasy. Some anecdotal data suggest this drug may have important therapeutic uses. But we don't know enough about these possibilities or about the down side of the drug. So what did the DEA do? It took emergency action and listed it on Schedule 1, putting it in the same category as heroin. They were worried that kids were trying it, which is a legitimate concern; but the DEA's action will inhibit us from gathering important data. Again, we're creating a situation: MDMA is going to be available on the street, and much of it will be impure. But we will only have street data to give us some sense of what the substance does, good and bad. Unfortunately, that is the way we've handled many drugs in the past couple of decades.

KLEIMAN: That experience should have demonstrated the paradox that is at the center of any vice control policy, including drug enforcement. We make something illegal because it's a vice—bad for its devotees and bad for the people around them. But for those who indulge anyway, prohibition and enforcement make the vice *more* dangerous; they also make these people more dangerous to the rest of us. Think of wood alcohol during Prohibition, the violence and disease associated with prostitution, the gambling debts collected by muscle rather than collection agencies.

That this paradox exists does not mean we should legalize everything—it seems to me that society is better off with 400,000 very dangerous heroin addicts obtaining the drug illegally than with 5 million addicts obtaining the drug from their doctors, even though each of them would be a little better off and a little less dangerous. It does mean that we don't get a free shot at drug dealing. Successful drug enforcement—most of all, street-level heroin enforcement—helps. Unsuccessful drug enforcement—anything that fails to shrink the market—only makes the problem worse. ■



# BREAKTHROUGH: TAKE THE HEADACHES OUT OF HIGH ALTITUDES.

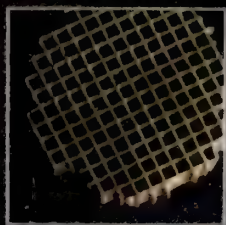
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# MCDONNELL DOUGLAS





# WAITING FOR BARBIE

In Lyons' cobbled squares, ghosts and disquietude

By Patrick Marnham

**L**ast July, an important trial took place in the Palais de Justice in Lyons. It was a complicated business involving a succession of murders committed on the island of Corsica. There were policemen, fake policemen, drugs, Corsican nationalists, bombs, and bodies in the shark-ridden seas. The trial, with its massive security operation, exhausted the patience of the Lyonnais. The Palais de Justice is situated in the heart of the old city, which has recently started to attract tourists. During the trial the quarter was partly closed down. Marksmen were stationed on rooftops and officious policemen checked identity cards at every corner. The characteristic sound of life in the cobbled squares was the wailing of sirens.

"If it's like this for the Corsicans," people complained, "think what it will be like for Barbie." For most Lyonnais, Klaus Barbie, the "Butcher of Lyons," is simply regarded as bad for business. One businessman, when asked whether he was glad that the former Gestapo commander had been brought back for trial, replied, "Why did this trial have to be in Lyons?" He thought Strasbourg would have been a more suitable place. "The journalists will flock here like vultures," he said. "We are being punished by the government for voting against them in the elections." Then he added, "And why have a trial anyway? If it was necessary to get rid of a man like Barbie, there must be other ways."

Of all those I spoke to in Lyons last summer, only two men seemed pleased about Barbie's forthcoming trial. One was the city's chief rabbi, Richard Wertenschlag. "We welcome the fact that a criminal will be punished," he said.

*Patrick Marnham's most recent book is So Far From God, an account of his journey through Central America.*

"He will be made to answer to human justice. Further, the trial will be educational. The story of the fate of the Jews in Occupied France is not taught in French schools. I was educated in French state schools, and the subject of the arrests and deportations was virtually taboo. This trial provides an opportunity for the French population to be instructed about these crimes."

The other enthusiast was Hubert Mora, of Agence France Presse. Mora covered the long hunt for Barbie until he was discovered in 1972, living in Bolivia under a false name. "We are proud to have Barbie here," said Mora. "We are proud because *we* did it. Not de Gaulle. Not Pompidou. They failed."

Who were "*we*"? The Lyonnais? The journalists? He and his friends, the Klarsfelds?

"Yes," he said. He showed a refreshing sense of satisfaction.

The man mainly responsible for bringing Barbie to trial lives not in Lyons but in Paris. Serge Klarsfeld (whose courageous father was deported from Nice and later died in Auschwitz) and Beate, his wife, were instrumental in tracking Barbie to Bolivia, uncovering his false identity, and persuading the French government to press for his deportation. At the trial, Klarsfeld will represent the relatives of the fifty-two children from a Jewish orphanage who were sent by Barbie to Paris for deportation. Barbie will be prosecuted by the public prosecutor of Lyons, but he will know that his real prosecutor is Serge Klarsfeld.

As they currently stand, the three charges against Barbie are:

□ The liquidation of the Union Générale des Israélites de France. Barbie is accused of leading a raid on the organization's headquarters in the rue Sainte-Catherine on February 9, 1943.



Barbie himself  
is almost  
certainly of  
French descent:  
his name is a  
common one  
in Lyons

Eighty-six people, including the father of the present minister of justice, Robert Badinter, were seized and eventually deported.

□ The deportation to Auschwitz and Ravensbruck of 308 Jewish prisoners taken from Montluc prison and sent on the last prison train out of Lyons on August 11, 1944. All references to the 321 Resistance prisoners taken on the same train were, at the last moment, dropped from this charge.

□ The deportation of fifty-five Jews, including fifty-two children, from the orphanage at Izieu on April 6, 1944. A telex to the Gestapo in Paris relating to this deportation and signed by Barbie will be produced at the trial.

According to Klarsfeld, one reason why it is possible to prosecute Barbie today is that none of these crimes against the Jews were raised at his previous trials, in 1952 and 1954, at which he was twice sentenced to death, in absentia, for crimes against the Resistance and against French civilians. Klarsfeld suggests that there was no mention of deportations at that time because the French authorities did not then consider the fate of the 75,000 Jews deported under the Vichy regime to be important. In saying this he is not criticizing the general population of wartime France. He agrees that three quarters of the Jews in France, about 225,000 people, survived the Occupation because of the willingness of ordinary French men and women to hide them. But, as president of the Association of the Children of the Deported Jews of France, he intends both to bring a criminal to justice and to correct a historical outrage.

But not everyone in Lyons is so eager to rectify the omissions of history. During the Occupation Dr. Frédéric Dugoujon was a member of the Resistance. It was in his house in the suburb of Caluire that the political leader of the Resistance, Jean Moulin, was captured by Barbie's Gestapo in 1943. Moulin later died in captivity after a brutal interrogation by Barbie. Despite this, Dr. Dugoujon is opposed to the forthcoming trial. "That man," he says, "will use the occasion to smear everyone. I'm very much afraid that from being the person accused he will become the judge." Dr. Dugoujon's fear is shared by others in Lyons. To understand this fear, one has first to understand the complicated story of life in a city such as Lyons during the "black years" of collaboration.

**F**rom the room of my hotel in the place des Célestins I looked out directly onto a griffin. This griffin, not including the wings, is rather larger than a large Alsatian dog, and is the most watchful ornament on the roof of the Théâtre des Célestins, among the finest buildings in the center of the city. To my left, the view included

the quiet waters of the river Saône and the steep hillside beyond the old city. To the right, had my room been on a higher floor, I could have seen the broader and rougher waters of the Rhône. The hotel is on the Presqu'île, the finger of land that divides these two rivers in the last miles before their meeting.

Lyons is the capital of the Rhône-Alpes, the most prosperous region in France after the area around Paris. It is the second city of France, but neither known nor much liked by the French. That it is a beautiful and pleasant place, and not an industrial eyesore, is one of the best-kept secrets in the country. It was one of the great cities of Europe when Paris was a collection of hovels. It remained a great city, and a rival to Paris, until the disastrous collapse of the silk trade in the nineteenth century. Lyons today is eager to recover the wealth and prestige of its past. So far, the Lyonnais have captured from Geneva, ninety miles to the east, part of the World Health Organization and the headquarters of the International Criminal Police Organization—Interpol. This is the good news.

Klaus Barbie made his living as a policeman. That was how he saw himself. Since his return to Lyons in 1983, when he was extradited from Bolivia, he has spoken to court psychiatrists of his feelings when Germany lost the war. He lost not only his fatherland and his liberty, he said, but his "profession." He reached new heights of this profession when he was placed at the head of Section IV of the SS detachment sent to Lyons in November 1942. Section IV was the Gestapo.

Barbie's childhood was spent in Trier, which was occupied by French troops for a decade after World War I. His father had been wounded fighting the French and eventually died as a result of his wounds. Klaus grew up speaking rather good French, and hating France. He is almost certainly of French descent: his name is a common one in Lyons. There are three columns of "Barbiers" in the local phone directory, one "Barbié," three "Barbis."

Despite reports to the contrary, Barbie was not a public figure in Lyons during the Occupation. The Resistance knew the name of SS Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Knab, the senior German political policeman in the city. But few had heard of Barbie until they had the misfortune to meet him. He was certainly not known as the Butcher of Lyons, a title for which he would have had several rivals. In the account of German activities published in Lyons immediately after the Liberation I could find only one reference to Barbie. He was said to have been a junior figure at various gastronomic occasions attended by both French and German police officers. When, some years after the



war, it became known that it was he who had beaten to death Jean Moulin, one of France's great war heroes, Barbie was indeed hunted by the French government. As Moulin's fame grew, so did Barbie's. At some point during this process the "Butcher" tag was attached. Nonetheless, in newspaper reports of the 1950s he was frequently called "Barbier." In Henri Amoret's *Lyon Capitale*, published in 1964, his name is spelled Barbié, and another account of Moulin's death, published in 1966, contains no reference to Moulin's killer.

It was for the murder of Jean Moulin, among many other crimes, that Barbie was sentenced to death in absentia. Since those sentences were handed down, France has abolished the death penalty. And under French law there is a twenty-year statute of limitations on all criminal offenses, with the single exception of "crimes against humanity." Barbie now faces three charges of crimes against humanity: that is, the deportation of Jewish noncombatants in the knowledge that this would result in their deaths. But, as head of the Gestapo, Barbie's main task was, in his own words, "the battle against the Resistance." Deportations were usually dealt with by his subordinates. In other words, Barbie can be condemned only for work that was outside his normal responsibilities and can no longer be tried for the atrocious acts that were his daily task. Indeed, there is no reliable evidence for some of the most lurid charges that have been made against him in popular legend: that he killed Jewish children by smashing their heads against walls, or that he tortured Resistance fighters while in the company of attractive young women. These stories, published all over the world in the past months, seem to be part of the pornography of violence, always capable of improving on the existing horror of life.

Lyons has an international airport and a motorway, but last summer I chose to travel there on the fastest train in the world, the TGV (Train à Grande Vitesse). It covers the 300-mile run from Paris in about two hours. The



journey ends at the Gare Perrache; the station is directly beside St. Joseph's prison, where Barbie and his guards and nurses now occupy an entire floor. When I arrived, the cell windows of St. Joseph's and those of neighboring St. Paul's prison were lined with prisoners trying to get some air. On the wall opposite St. Joseph's someone had painted in large letters "Israel vivra!" During the Occupation, the trains leaving this station included the cattle cars going to Auschwitz via the French concentration camp at Drancy.

Outside the Gare Perrache one is faced at once with the Hôtel Terminus ("very com-

fortable"—*Guide Michelin*). Here, in 1942, the SS set up its first headquarters; the cellars were used for interrogation. One could, with the right information, set out from the Hôtel Terminus for a Gestapo tour of Lyons. From the Gare Perrache one would take the rue Victor Hugo, now a hideous exercise in pedestrianization. For ten minutes you pass between many shoe shops and beneath the flags of many nations, and hear the same piped music from one end of the concourse to the other. That is, you hear the same dreadful tunes *at the same volume*. During the wartime curfew, this street was deserted and silent. At the end, with a gasp of relief, you reach the place Bellecour, the largest square in Lyons and the traditional site of mass protest and mass enthusiasm.

The tour would continue round the Bellecour. At number 27 you pass the Cercle de l'Union, too smart to identify itself—the meeting place of the discreet old money which still runs most of the city. Crossing rue Alphonse Fochier, birthplace of Saint-Exupéry, author of *The Little Prince*, you come to the Café Bellecour, with its agreeably flyblown wallpaper and delicious *plats du jour*. The café is in front of a quiet courtyard at number 33, at the corner of rue Paul Lintier. Barbie had a little office in rue Paul Lintier.

Number 33 place Bellecour was the premises of the Bureau de Renseignement. This bureau was set up in 1943 in response to popular

*Some of the stories about Barbie seem to be part of the pornography of violence, always capable of improving on the existing horror of life*



France has  
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wastepaper  
basket

demand. Section VI of the SS, charged with gathering intelligence, had appealed to the public for information and was no longer able to cope with the flood of denunciations which the people of Lyons were directing toward it. The efficient solution was to establish an office run by Frenchmen for Frenchmen, or quite often Frenchwomen, who wished to sell one another to the Germans for money. The men who ran the Bureau de Renseignement were drawn from the Milice, the pro-Nazi paramilitary group known as "the French Gestapo." After the war, there were more complaints lodged about the *miliciens* based at number 33 than about any other gang. They were more numerous, better informed, and if anything more cruel and greedy than the German Gestapo. Theft, blackmail, torture, and murder were the methods they used in the patriotic crusade that was anti-communist, anti-Jewish, anti-Resistance, and, finally, anti-Everyone who was not in the closed community of the German police.

Every police force needs information. In Lyons, as throughout Occupied France, this information did not usually have to be obtained by torture, or even by threats. Most of it was simply purchased by agents sent out on their daily rounds from number 33. France has a long tradition of informers: bright little eyes at the shutter, sharp little fingers rifling through the wastepaper basket. During the Reign of Terror that followed the French Revolution, a box was nailed up on every street corner for anonymous denunciations. The boxes overflowed. In Lyons, 150 years later, matters were more sophisticated: signed denunciations. If you didn't sign them, you didn't get the reward.

After the Liberation the *miliciens*, who were well known locally, were hunted without mercy. Hundreds of them were lynched by mobs or shot after trials by military tribunals. Three were lynched in the Bellecour on the day of Liberation. Many of their records were also captured; as a result, 489 Lyonnais, including eleven women, were tried for "denunciation to the enemy." (And ninety-one women were convicted of the other female treason, "intimate relations with the enemy," or *collaboration horizontale*, as it was popularly known.) These totals represent only a small percentage of those guilty of collaboration. Many escaped conviction because the records of Barbie's Gestapo were never captured; and that may be another reason why his return to Lyons is not entirely welcome. He couldn't have kept the files—could he?

**M**me. Weil was a victim of denunciation. She was a Jew, a refugee from Paris, who early in 1944 made her way to Lyons and took an

apartment at 27, rue Centrale. There she lived without attracting notice until her nephew, M. Goetsckel, hunted by the Gestapo of Limoges, arrived with his wife. Mme. Weil was a very trusting woman; she invited her nephew to move into 27, rue Centrale and found lodging for herself *chez* Mme. Aublé, 49, rue Mercière. You can see number 49 today; the Scrabble club of Lyons is among the tenants. Mme. Weil moved all her possessions into Mme. Aublé's apartment and told her the whole story. Mme. Aublé was sympathetic. Mme. Weil then told Mme. Aublé that she possessed 4 million francs' worth of jewelry. That was her death sentence.

The following day M. Goetsckel and his wife were taken from the apartment in the rue Centrale. Mme. Weil was terrified. On the advice of Mme. Aublé she abandoned her jewels, changed her name to Chapuis, and left Lyons for the village of Grézieu-la-Varenne. It was the sort of place where scarcely a German was seen from one end of the war to the other. Thousands of Jews took refuge in such villages in complete safety. Fifteen days after the arrival of "Mme. Chapuis" the "Gestapo"—possibly Germans, probably *miliciens*—came for her.

But somebody else knew about Mme. Weil and her jewels. In November 1944, two months after the Liberation, Mme. Aublé was sentenced to death by the Cour de Justice of Lyons for informing on Mme. Weil, her nephew, and his wife. In her defense Mme. Aublé pleaded that she had given information "*sur la menace impérieuse*" of the "Gestapo." But the police inspector who had tracked her down proved that she had sold some of the jewels to set up her son in an insurance business. She had, in fact, first gained Mme. Weil's confidence, then panicked her by denouncing her nephew, then separated her from her jewels, and finally disposed of her after a discreet interval. A highly successful, if cold-blooded, operation. Hundreds of Lyonnais profited by similar behavior but were never caught.

**N**o Gestapo tour of the place Bellecour would be complete without a visit to the rue Gasparin, where there was once a café called the Moulin-à-Vent. This café, popular among the Germans, was bombed by the Resistance on the night of July 26, 1944. The following day, in reprisal, the Germans brought five prisoners to the site of the bombing, machine-gunned them in front of a horrified crowd, and then left their bodies lying in the street for three hours. On the site of this atrocity a monument to the five young men has been erected.

So far the story is well known. Less known is an incident that took place here after the war, recounted by the historian Richard Cobb. The



writer and actor Sacha Guitry, who had been convicted of collaboration, was attempting a comeback at the casino of Charbonnières-les-Bains, near Lyons. Considering this event rather premature, former members of the Resistance kidnapped the star, brought him to the center of town, took off his trousers, and made him kneel in front of the monument. Such moral outrage would not meet with much approval today. Nineteen eighty-five is the centenary of Guitry's birth, and the biographies, if they mention his collaboration at all, do so only in the context of the witty remarks he made to his prison guards.

Lyons has changed since Barbie's day, but there are still aspects of life in the city that would be familiar to him. One Sunday afternoon I watched a demonstration by members of the French National Front. Surrounded by police officers and leading on chains the huge moth-eaten guard dogs they keep as pets, the demonstrators let out the old chant: "La France . . . aux Français!" The National Front attracted 20 percent of the vote in some parts of Lyons in the last election, rather above the national average. Its most popular policy is opposition to North African immigration. Barbie, who reads all the newspapers, must know that he is to be tried in a city which is defaced by racist slogans aimed at the Moroccan immigrant community, a city where one modern housing project was evacuated and demolished after it became a North African ghetto, where the proposed construction of a mosque in the *huitième arrondissement* has been passionately opposed. Moroccan troops were among those who liberated Lyons from the Gestapo. On February 21, 1945, the city's chamber of commerce "adopted" the Fourth Moroccan Division, "heroes of Corsica, Italy, and the Battle of France!"

The National Front is opposed to the trial of Barbie on the grounds that "the war is a page of history which should now be turned." But once you become aware of these pages in the history of Lyons, you find that the book keeps falling open at the same place. One day last summer, as I was walking along the rue Tête d'Or, I crossed the rue Tronchet. Here a plaque records that on August 24, 1944, at five o'clock in the evening, German troops killed "in a cowardly manner sixty innocent French people."

August 24 was ten days before the liberation of Lyons. The Germans were evacuating a military hospital that had been set up in the rue Tronchet. Before they left they told the concierge and the rest of the French staff that they were welcome to any stores that remained. When the neighbors saw these women carrying out sugar, chocolate, biscuits, and blankets

they joined in and helped themselves. Soon there were several hundred people stripping the building. A German military detachment was sent to restore order. It opened fire as soon as it arrived. Machine guns raked the full width of both streets. There were 120 wounded in addition to the sixty dead. Appalling, but much more plausible than the simple atrocity story the plaque suggests. Local politicians later wanted to rename the rue Tronchet "rue des Martyrs," but even in 1945 this was thought to be going a bit far.

A few months after the Liberation there was another riot in Lyons. The *préfet de police*, who had served zealously for much of the Occupation, was found guilty of treason and sentenced to death. The Lyons newspapers, though under the censorship of Resistance committees, protested that the sentence was too harsh; a small group of sympathizers gathered in Bellecour. There was a brutal reaction. A drunken mob broke into St. Paul's prison, dragged the *préfet* from his cell, beat him up, and prepared to lynch him. A dinner party of Resistance notables had to be interrupted; they rushed to the prison and threw themselves between the mob and the *préfet*. Eventually, on the promise of blood after due process of law, the mob was dispersed.

Nobody knows how many summary executions there were in the Lyons region that autumn—certainly hundreds, possibly thousands. All through the winter bodies were fished out of the Rhône. On September 15 alone, seven bodies were found, one that of a woman with many wounds to her head and body; her feet had been tied to a car bumper. At Valence on October 1, twenty armed men broke into the prison, kidnapped six *miliciens* who had escaped the death sentence, executed them, and left their bodies in the square. Similar scenes took place all over France, the ranks of the true Resistance swelling overnight with the legion of "Résistants de Septembre," a horde who at times could be as lawless as the Milice.

To conclude the tour of Lyons you would leave the rue Tronchet, cross the Rhône, and walk down the quai Jules Courmont, in one of whose cafés Georges Bidault remembers sitting with Jean Moulin while the latter taught him how to construct a secret code by using a fable of La Fontaine. Then you would once again cross Bellecour to 13, quai Tilsitt, on the banks of the Saône. Here, less than five minutes from the former site of the Bureau de Renseignement, stands the synagogue of Lyons. Carefully disguised by a solid eighteenth-century stone facade, to avoid provoking the sensibilities of

*After the Liberation there were many summary executions; all through the winter bodies were fished out of the Rhône*



It is the  
Gaullist  
\* postwar  
reconciliation  
which is  
threatened, after  
so many years,  
by the trial

eighteenth-century Lyons, this building was in use throughout most of the Occupation.

This is one of the minor puzzles of recent history. Though Jews were at daily risk of being seized and deported, though their property provided ample incentive for their enemies to hunt them down, Jewish community life in Lyons was allowed to continue. In December 1943, Paul Touvier, in charge of the Deuxième Service of the Milice, led a gang to the quai Tilsitt on a Friday evening, not long after Sabbath ceremonies had started. Their plan was to bomb the building while the worshipers were inside. As it happened, they arrived just at the moment in the service when the congregation turns toward the west door to welcome the Sabbath, which begins at sunset. So when the *miliciens* walked in, they found that the entire congregation, instead of standing with their backs to the door, had turned toward them, as though they were expected. At this point the *miliciens* lost their nerve; three bombs were thrown, but few were injured. The synagogue continued to function until it was ransacked by the Milice in July 1944, less than two months before the Liberation.

As for Paul Touvier, he is among the ghosts who have walked since Barbie's return to Lyons. At the time of the Liberation, Touvier escaped the lynch mob by taking refuge in the house of l'abbé Vautherin, founder of the Knights of Our Lady and "chaplain" to the Milice. Father Vautherin was put on trial for collaboration a year later. He explained that he had first become acquainted with the *miliciens* because their office was next to that of the Knights of Our Lady. He approved of their fight "against banditry and bolshevism" and agreed to bless their standard. He claimed at his trial that he had only heard of their brutal behavior in August 1944, although the rest of France had been terrified of them since 1941; he said that when Touvier came to his door, his "sacerdotal duty" forbade him to give the fugitive up to a vindictive populace.

Father Vautherin was sentenced to hard labor for life. But Touvier disappeared. It is thought that he was sheltered in a monastery in the Haute-Savoie, then in another monastery in Italy until 1967. In 1971 he was pardoned by President Pompidou and lived for a short time in Chambéry, only sixty miles from Lyons. He disappeared again in 1973. He was reported to have been seen in Lyons in February 1983, when Barbie was returned to the city. In October 1984 his death notice was placed in a local newspaper. Hubert Mora tried to investigate the matter, but could identify the advertiser only as "a woman in gray." No grave for Paul Touvier has ever been found, and there is

speculation that the "death notice" was intended as a signal of some sort to Barbie. Anyone who reads the story of Touvier's disappearance must wonder why the church in France was apparently so willing to assist such a man—another awkward question now recalled.

**T**he first task of General de Gaulle in the months after the Liberation was to unite France at a time when it could so easily have suffered a civil war. The Communist Resistance cells had already laid plans for a national insurrection "in the brief interval between the departure of the Germans and the arrival of the Anglo-Saxons." It was believed that summary trials and executions would help bring this insurrection about. Here were the seeds for a terrible struggle of the sort that broke out in other liberated countries, such as Greece and Yugoslavia.

But France avoided it, thanks to the Gaullist policy of breaking completely with the political past. The era of Vichy and Marshal Pétain was repudiated; summary trials were stopped; collaboration was punished. But then the emphasis was placed on healing and unity. Many of those sentenced to death were subsequently pardoned; and the great silent French majority, which had, throughout the war, adopted a policy of *attentisme*, "wait and see," was encouraged to glory in the heroic if undermanned victory of the Gaullist Resistance. Those who had fought were decorated, those who had suffered were compensated, and those who had sat back on their hands and muddled through—killing Hitler with their mouths on Monday, blessing the good Marshal on Tuesday—were welcomed into the Gaullist family. It is this reconciliation which is threatened, after so many years, by the trial of Klaus Barbie.

As the date of the trial approaches, and the way it is likely to develop becomes clearer, the general unease grows. Barbie has chosen as his defense counsel Jacques Vergès, an extreme left-winger with a reputation for making mischief and for sympathizing with anti-Israeli terrorists. (His clients have included members of the Baader-Meinhof gang.) Vergès has already shown his usual form by suggesting that Jean Moulin was not murdered by the Gestapo but committed suicide when he realized he had been betrayed by one of his colleagues in the Resistance.

In fact, the fate of Jean Moulin has nothing at all to do with the current charges against Barbie. Vergès's statements about Moulin are intended to open up an old wound. The question of who betrayed their leader has divided the veterans of the French Resistance since the Liberation. It is generally agreed that Moulin was



betrayed by one of those at the meeting at Dr. Dugoujon's house. The chief suspect, René Hardy, was a brave Resistance fighter himself, and the accusations against him have poisoned the rest of his life. In the reawakened anguish over this question the *anciens Résistants* have been delivered once again into the hands of Barbie, their tormentor, who alone knows the truth and who has cynically played them off against one another over the years. Among the apprehensive spectators of events in the Palais de Justice will be Dr. Dugoujon.

For Dr. Dugoujon, the events of Jean Moulin's capture are as vivid as ever. "When the Gestapo came to my door that day," he said, "the first thing I saw were two enormous men, enormous, bursting into the hall. Then this little man came in, only a *petit bonhomme* but with piercing eyes and very swarthy. I understood at once that he was the boss.

"We were all taken down to the École de Santé Militaire at 2:30 in the afternoon. At about eleven that night, when we were exhausted in body and mind, standing in a cellar facing the wall, Barbie came into the room and approached me. He turned me around and put his face ten centimeters from mine. *Ten centimeters*. Then he said, 'You were armed.' This was true. I had a revolver in the drawer of my desk. I said nothing. Then he took me outside into the corridor. There was a very pretty blond girl there. He asked her something in German. She looked at me carefully for some time. Then she said, 'Nein.' Although I speak hardly one word of German, I was very glad that she had not said 'Ja.' I never saw Barbie again; my interrogation by the Gestapo took place later, in Paris. Although that man shattered my life, he did nothing to me personally. I can think of him without passion, except when I think of what he did to Jean Moulin."

It is because the betrayal of Jean Moulin has never been explained that Dr. Dugoujon is opposed to the forthcoming trial of Klaus Barbie. He has said as much to the minister of justice, Robert Badinter. "From his position in the dock," Dugoujon said, "Barbie will be able to sit in judgment on the Resistance. It is monstrous. It is very unfortunate that this trial is taking place."

Dr. Dugoujon's indignation is shared to some extent by the National Federation of Deportees and Internees, which was infuriated by the government's decision to drop from the charges against Barbie all references to the 321 Resistance prisoners taken out on the last train. The federation has managed to delay the trial by protesting that the charges against Barbie do not contain specific allegations of atrocities and exclude any mention of his crimes against the

Resistance on the basis of "a distinction drawn between what are considered crimes against humanity and what are not, a distinction that does not appear to be founded on either fact or record." The federation, however, wants all of Barbie's criminal activities to be brought against him. So here is further prospect of amusement for Barbie: the rival organizations of *Résistants* and Jews fighting over his trial like dogs over a bone.

And just as Dr. Dugoujon is opposed to the trial altogether, so Barbie's counsel is in favor of as many charges as possible being brought against his client. For apart from the betrayal of Jean Moulin, there is another matter Vergès would like to raise in Barbie's defense. This is the question of whether a French court is an appropriate forum for judging the activities of a police torturer. For after the overthrow of the Nazis, the first country to be accused of the systematic use of torture for political ends was France, in Algeria in the 1950s. Last summer, while Barbie waited in St. Joseph's prison, the Algerian newspapers brought up the whole question of French torture yet again, and likened General Massu, the military commander in Algeria, to . . . Klaus Barbie.

The torture employed in Algeria was of course repudiated by France, but only after an anguished debate and a political struggle that in the early 1960s brought the country to the verge of a military coup. During that debate Jean-Paul Sartre, in a famous essay, wrote the following words:

In 1943, in the rue Lauriston, Frenchmen were screaming in agony and pain; all France could hear them. In those days the outcome of the War was uncertain and we did not want to think about the future. Only one thing seemed impossible in any circumstances: that one day men should be made to scream by those acting in our name.

By his reference to the rue Lauriston, in Paris, Sartre intended to evoke the memory of the Gestapo. But the Gestapo in Paris operated from avenue Foch. Rue Lauriston was the address of a building used for torture by a group of *Frenchmen* led by Pierre Bonny and Henri Lafont. At their trial, these two men, like so many French Nazis, pleaded as part of their defense that they had acted out of love for France. When men screamed at 93, rue Lauriston, they were being made to scream by those acting in the name of France.

Sartre's slip is a striking example of the unconscious evasion of an unacceptable truth. And Sartre is not the only Frenchman to suffer this difficulty. If Barbie's trial rouses all the ghosts of "the black years," it will not just be the commerce of Lyons which will be disturbed. ■

*If Barbie's trial rouses the ghosts of 'the black years,' it will not just be the commerce of Lyons which will be disturbed*



# POLAND'S BES

Patient liberalism in s

This photograph, taken in 1978 at a lodge in Poland's Lake District, shows a group of staff members and friends (and a few guards at the lodge) celebrating the twentieth year of the journal *Polityka* under the direction of its chief editor, Mieczyslaw Rakowski. In the 1970s, *Polityka* was the foremost liberal weekly in Eastern Europe, projecting a pragmatic, technocratic, cautiously reformist line—sort of a Polish version of the current *New Republic*. But the ensuing years—with the upsurge of Solidarity and then its suppression by martial law four years ago this month—tore the fabric of this happy scene. Poland's journalists were to play an especially important role during these years: some of those pictured here ended up as well-paid government officials, others as leading (unemployed) oppositionists. Thus, the photograph contains a hidden parable: the pressures of history can force liberals to show their true faces, to live out their moral and political world views.

Ryszard Kapuściński, Poland's foremost international correspondent, spent the 1970s publishing a series of reportages on the corruption and downfall of foreign tyrants—Haile Selassie in Ethiopia, the Shah in Iran. These pieces offered barely veiled allegories of the situation in Poland but the censors felt compelled to let them through for fear of admitting the resemblances. Since the coup, he has refused to publish in the official media; he is currently writing on the military regime of Uganda's Idi Amin.

Mieczyslaw Rakowski, the son of peasants, is in many ways a consummate son of Communist Poland. Few have proved so masterful at the country's slippery games of power. Rakowski rose to the helm of *Polityka* in 1958 and steered a modestly adventuresome course thereafter—reformist, but never *too*. He always supported his patrons in the party leadership until just before any shuffle, at which point he'd stake out a "reformist" position favoring their ouster. (His supple opportunism was cleverly documented in Leopold Tyrmand's celebrated essay "The Hair-Styles of M. Rakowski.") As late as July 1980 he was still championing the corrupt regime of Edward Gierek, but by early September, following the strike in Gdansk, he had, true to form, discovered the desperate need for institutional "credibility." Gierek soon fell. In February 1981, the day General Wojciech Jaruzelski was appointed prime minister, Rakowski was named deputy prime minister in charge of negotiations with Solidarity. In this capacity, he always tried to portray himself as "the good cop," protecting the union from the far meaner designs of "the bad cops"—but the concessions he demanded were identical. Although he'd long claimed to favor "partnership" with Solidarity, he helped supervise the December 13, 1981, martial-law coup and with it the jailing of his one-time negotiating partners. He told a gathering of party functionaries a few days later, "The horse which is galloping wildly must be brought back to a trot. . . . [I]t has to obey."



FROM FOKSAL '81, BY DARIUSZ FIKUŚ. ANEKS LONDON



# ND BRIGHTEST

by Lawrence Weschler

Weslaw Gornicki, a longtime foreign correspondent based for many years in the United States (where he was known for his hobby of collecting toy soldiers), spent much of 1980–81 back in Poland criticizing the pro-Solidarity tendencies of the Journalists Association. Even so, many were surprised to discover him on their TVs in the days immediately following the December 1981 coup, dressed up in a military uniform—the official spokesman for the generals' junta. In recognition of his good works, he was rapidly promoted from captain to major.

Hanna Krall, who won fame for her deeply empathetic interviews, remained on the *Polityka* staff throughout the Solidarity period, using the venue to publish ever more daring interviews with figures from earlier Polish uprisings. Her interview with Anna Walentynowicz, the beloved Gdansk activist, is a seminal document of the Solidarity period. Following the coup, Krall quit *Polityka* and political journalism altogether. She is now writing autobiographical fiction, which she only publishes abroad.

Jerzy Urban, formerly *Polityka*'s national editor, is currently the government's chief press spokesman. His regularly scheduled news conferences feature ostentatiously cynical displays of power. When asked about Western trade sanctions, shortly after the coup, he pointed out that "the authorities will always eat their fill." He seems particularly to savor dismissing all questions about Solidarity with such locutions as "The government takes a stand only on important issues, and this is of no significance whatsoever." In March 1984, however, Urban's daughter married a Solidarity activist, and the wedding announcements were printed and distributed by NOWA, Poland's leading underground publishing house.

Dariusz Fikus took a leave from his job as *Polityka*'s managing editor in 1980 to assume the openly elected position of secretary general of the Journalists Association. Like many of the journalists pictured here, Fikus quit *Polityka* right after the coup. (The journal itself plods on, carefully toeing the line.) He became managing editor of *The Blind Cooperativist*, a once innocuous magazine for the blind which suddenly became quite topical and much sought-after. He also composed *Foksal '81*, a memoir which he published by way of the underground. In that book, he recounts the story of his last meeting with Rakowski. Fikus went to the deputy prime minister's office in December 1981 to deliver his resignation from *Polityka*. Rakowski urged him to reconsider. At one point the conversation was interrupted by an urgent phone call from Wroclaw, where, it seems, students were holding a candlelight vigil at a dorm. Rakowski ordered the students flushed out of the dorm and their leaders expelled, hung up the phone, and then, without missing a beat, resumed his conversation with Fikus, extolling the virtues of patient liberalism.

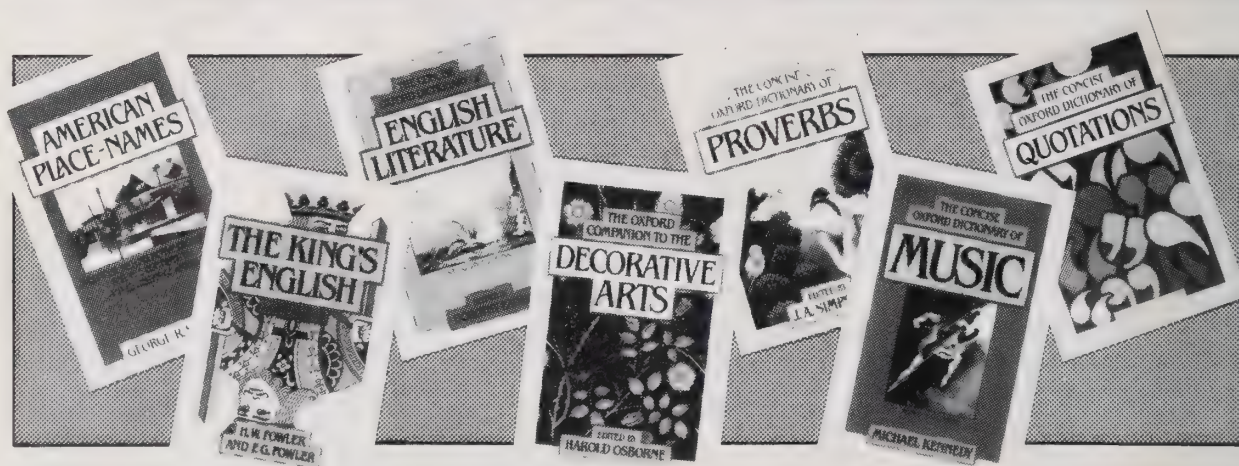


Lawrence Weschler, a staff writer at the *New Yorker*, is the author of *The Passion of Poland*.



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# THE COMPLEAT XMAS STORY

By Brock Brower

**I**t is, let us assume, and pray, the day after the twelfth day of Christmas. Thirteen Santas snoring. Twelve ladies having danced, eleven lords having leaped, ten drummers having drummed their all. But the kids tell me yet another present has been found, while vacuuming up the dead pine needles, one that somehow got kicked under the sofa fender. Nine pipers having piped, eight maids having milked. Wrinkled red tissue paper, knotted white ribbon, no tag, only a sprig of dry holly, so they say it has to be for me. Seven swans having swum, six geese having laid. I feel through the thin tissue, flex grumbling pages, and guess what it is. Five golden rings, four colly birds, three French hens. My own notebook. Two turtle doves. Do Not Open Until Next Xmas—when I will make one more vain attempt. And the partridge flown the pear tree. To complete the Compleat Xmas Story.

Could be a masterpiece, I boast every December. But still unmastered. Somebody must've wrapped this by mistake, after too many nogs, sans egg. I ease the tough ribbon round the notebook's hard corner, tearing the Christmasy paper. I get one more crack out of the old binding, then begin to leaf through my faded inkings, like lines from some long-lost pen pal. Sketching out the gist of a season's tale, still unseasonably delayed.

Trouble is, I find, so many things you can't do anymore, in a Christmas story.

You can't, for instance, do treacle. Characters in Christmas stories used to be treacle, as you and I are dust. Especially biblical characters, once removed—to old Xmas fireside tales—like Henry Van Dyke's "The Other Wise Man," whom thou wilt recognize as always speaking thusly. Even Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Little Hunchback Zia" talks like that. Little Zia was cured of all his earthly ills on the night he chanced to wander into the

manger, and the woman said, "Draw nigh, and let His hand rest upon thee!" Only one day old, and already miracles—both the hump *and* the leprosy.

You can't do Dickens either. Franklin D. Roosevelt used to read *A Christmas Carol* to the family at the White House every season. I at least had Ronald Colman as Scrooge on a scratchy old record. But how do you get anybody to listen now beyond "Bah! Humbug!"? You can't do monetarist change of heart, squirearchical benevolence. "... a string of hog's-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish"—that's what Joseph Addison had Sir Roger de Coverley send around, long before even Dickens. But you can't cook the boar's head, and gather the villagers for small beer, and follow Mr. Pickwick under the mistletoe at Dingley Dell. You can't even do Tiny Tim. The most I can manage, as an Xmas rewrite, is Marley.

FROM: MARLEY, J.

RE: XMAS TAKEOVER AT MARLEY & SCROOGE

This is dictated from inside a frozen door-knocker. Cramped, and very cold around the jowls, but I am ready and waiting to strike the fear of Christmas into Ebenezer Scrooge.

I want you to check his calendar. The next three days. Tonight—has he got his 1 A.M. free? I know about the bowl of gruel, but that can wait. I want to slip the Ghost of Christmas Past in there first. A little guy with a sprig of holly and a very shiny head, almost a dwarf, but he knows a lot of people Scrooge will have to know. Somebody named Fezziwig he once worked for, and this popsie he had a thing for. We're playing on his guilt, so if he wants to know whose Past, tell him, right up front, *his* Past. And I don't want a half-hour, I want an hour, and it could go longer.

Same thing tomorrow, 1 A.M., cross out the rest of his morning, write in the Ghost of Christmas Present. Present clearly hasn't got a *whole* lot of time, so he can't come to us, we'll

*Brock Brower is the editor of the newsletter Inside Book-selling and is currently writing a book about the year 1956.*



have to go to him. A real ho-ho type, the original Jolly Green Giant, sits around on a pile of Christmas goodies, bare-chested, like he just knocked over a Pathmark. Subject for discussion with Present: Scrooge's proposal to decrease the surplus population, along with the latest supply-side analysis of what, and where, that surplus really is. Since we're going full-bore for sympathy on this, others attending the meeting: R. Cratchit, Mrs. Cratchit, two Misses Cratchit, Master P. Cratchit, two younger Cratchits, and T. T. Cratchit and crutch.

If it flies—and we'll know from how Scrooge reacts to our Crutch-Leaning-on-the-Poor-Chimney-Corner Option—I want him to see the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come, right away. Doesn't have to be a real sit-down, but make it an hour earlier, say midnight, next night. All Yet to Come does is point. A futurist. You think he's nothing but a sheet with one finger, but don't underestimate him. He really knows where the bodies are buried. If Scrooge is still sticking with Option One—"Keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine"—we're counting on this guy to walk him right up to graveside, show him the bottom line . . .

Wait. No. Why drag it out? Strike everything back to my opening graf. I want to reschedule. All three spirits here, now, tonight. Past will have to handle things until the other two can fly in. Call Present, tell him to meet the jet in Abu Dhabi. Wire Yet to Come to get on the Concorde.

*We'll do it all in one night.* Never know what hit him. When he wakes up tomorrow morn-



ing—with hold of nothing but the bedpost—I see him running for the window. Empty-handed, half-crazy, laughing like a pudding. He'll throw open the shutters—and we'll have a kid down in the street, all set to deal. We'll offer him Christmas. He'll be so glad he hasn't missed it, he'll *grab* it.

"Like a golden parachute," I have down here in my notes. Also: "When he leaves Marley &

Scrooge this Christmas Eve, change all the locks." But it doesn't sound right coming from somebody in fetters himself. Know what I mean? Verisimilitude. You want character to rise out of circumstance, not Xmas excess. That's how I created the only original Christmas character I've come up with, to date.

**T**he circumstances were, I wanted the family to do something really old-fashioned. Make our own Christmas card. Carve one of those linoleum blocks, then roll red ink off a piece of window glass, and stamp the cards out on rice paper by leaning hard on the back of the block with both hands, or, if you're careful, even standing on it.

But a very simple card. Don't want too many curlicues, or you lose the image in the ink stains. So my wife, the artist, sketched out this snowfall—more an ice storm, really—and then I added the shortest Xmas word I could think of, at the bottom of the block. NOEL. I carved all around each letter—N, O, E, then L—so they would be raised in red, not sunken in white.

We let the kids do the inking, out in the kitchen, while we addressed envelopes. Let them stomp on them, with newspaper under the rice paper, and they were doing them up like Hallmark until Number One Son came in and asked, "Why are you sending them all to this one guy?"

"What guy?" I said.

"Leon."

"Who's Leon?" I said. "Are you messing up out there?"

"No way. It says 'Leon' on all of them. See for yourself."

So I rushed out to the kitchen and, sure enough, all the imprints said "LEON," raggedly backward, because I had forgotten to do the letters in reverse on the block—L, E, O, then N—so they would print out "NOEL." Instead, we had who knows how much personalized stationery for anybody answering to "Leon," and I made haste, midst merry laughter, to place an order with UNICEF.

But we kept Leon around, using the rice paper for place mats, and I started musing on him, in my notebook, and pretty soon he began to take seasonal shape. He was a tall, thin, blond Anglo who'd grown up in the country with a Flexible Flyer. The family always cut their own pine boughs for over the mantel, but then moved to the city, where Leon can't tell grit from green through the terrible Yuletide. Every time he passes some street Santa, bell-ringing in front of some paper chimney, he thinks, "Christmas is a swear word."

But I also worked on Leon's upside, tried to



see if I couldn't slip him into the Compleat Xmas Story, maybe in an update of "The Gift of the Magi." If you can't do Dickens, I had this theory, maybe you can still do O. Henry. If you recast. O.'s version has Mr. James Dillingham Young and his pretty, young wife, Della. My version has a more modern couple. Leon goes in for Della. He is a househusband, living on Barrow down in the Village, struggling to sell his first romance novel, while his wife, Slim—in for Jim—works at a local television station and trains for the New York marathon.

O.K., it is the day before Christmas, Harlequin has just turned down *Swords Under the Mistletoe*, and Leon has \$1.87 to his name.

This is agony, because Leon knows Slim takes a lot of pride in the terrific Hong Kong chronometer that sits on her wrist like a binnacle—uses it both at the studio and in the park, especially to time her runs—but the watchband is badly sweat-stained, needs replacing.

Only not for any \$1.87.

But Leon happens to be a hunk, with this gorgeous head of blond curly hair, which he wears fairly long. So he goes around to Seventh, to this unisex hair stylist—you know the story—the stylist also does toupees, and for \$65, Leon sells his blond curls and buys a gold-filled, adjustable spandex to go around Slim's wee wrist like a love knot.

So far, so good. Everything is plausible, at least by O. Henry standards, but what happens when Slim walks into the apartment in her jogging shoes and velour sweatsuit, still sweaty from her workout, maybe even a little chilled, on Christmas Eve, and sees Leon standing there?

Way I figure, she takes one long look and says, "You got a Mohawk?"

He shakes his shorn head.

"You're going punk," she gawks at him, "for Christmas?"

Already I can feel this story getting out of hand, even though Leon does his level best to plead his case ("It'll all grow back, in a month maybe"), tries desperately to smile as he hands her the gold-filled spandex in its free gift-wrapped box, Merry Christmas.

Slim undoes the package, sees what's inside. Then sighs and slowly pulls up the velour cuff of her left sleeve. Now you can *really* see what trouble I'm in with this story, because Slim obviously makes good money, *very* good money, local TV *pays*—even if Leon can't scrape it together—so *why*, what economic sense does it make for her wrist to be suddenly bare?

Here, from my notebook, is the best I can offer:

"Oh, baby, I'm sorry. I was jogging around the reservoir, and this guy tails up on me, he's

got Yalie written all over him. Smiles boola-boola right at me, then picks up the pace, brushes *this close* by me, all I feel is a funny little tug. *He ripped me off.* On Christmas Eve. And I don't even know it for another quarter mile until I raise my arm to check my time.

"You better *believe* I go after that Yalie bastard. I'm yelling and screaming for a cop, but he's too far ahead. I can't yell and scream and chase him too. He is in that great shape, he is like Donder and Blitzen, and I end up *way* over on the West Side, all I can find open is this Duane Reade. I couldn't even get them to wrap anything. Oh, baby, look at you . . . at least you didn't get it dyed green, or something . . . but you're going to *hate* what I got you . . ."



And she hands Leon a plain brown bag, out of which falls a \$32.95 two-speed blow dryer.

See what I mean by a few narrative problems? I've thought about putting them both out in the country, do them more like the Waltons in that rural Xmas TV classic, "The Homecoming." But Slim would crack up doing Patricia Neal alone in a Christmas blizzard. Better to work on Leon along the lines of John Boy—from the kid I know he must have been, always played one of the shepherds in his high school Christmas pageant, before the ACLU closed them all down. Stared himself half blind every Xmas at a blue spotlight that was the Angel From On High.

**T**hat's why I keep trying to line up something solid for Leon, in the Compleat Xmas Story. But going through my notebook again, this Thirteenth Night, I'm thinking I might be taking the wrong approach. Maybe it can't even be a narrative anymore. No Dickens, no O. Henry, no Clement C. Moore—not even Dylan Thomas's *Child's Christmas in Wales*, or Truman Capote's Creole rehash of same. No, it's got to be more high concept—a real Yule blockbuster. Eclectic, kaleidoscopic. Much nearer in form, let's say, to an Advent card. Yes, how about down in the lower left corner,



couldn't that be Leon? His old shepherd self again, gazing up at all those little tab-shut paper windows. Only don't *pick* them open, one at a time. Let them all *fly* open, the way they used to on *Laugh-In*. Exactly. Everything whip-zip-zap and random and rush-rush, like the Christmas chaos we all know so well. Some favorite Christmas character, *any* favorite Christmas character, pops up, does a spiel, a little dance, a one-liner, even a carol, then laying a finger alongside his nose—slammo!—up the chimney he goes—a soot shower, and blackout!

Start with a star suddenly appearing in the east, in very low orbit. "Telstar of Wonder, Telstar of Light . . ."

Then—hear now, this—from the Three Wise Men. Gaspar: "Unto you is born a king." Melchior: "Frankincense and Myrrh for Men . . . brings you this news update." Balthasar: "A savior is born. That was the hark from the Herald Angel tonight to a crowded party of shepherds, keeping watch. Immediately after the hark, the shepherds left for an unnamed Bethlehem destination." Gaspar: "Now back to *Nutcracker Madness* . . . starring—"

Suddenly our most existential Xmas hero stag-leaps into view. The Nutcracker himself. He has great Twyla Tharp moves—crazy legs and jazzy, priapic sword thrusts—but his wooden jaw is bandaged shut with Clara's scarf, the result of having been force-fed a nut too tough to crack by nasty little Fritz. He's inarticulate, can't even wish you a Merry Christmas, but he's got bigger priorities, anyhow.

Namely, facing the Mouse King, who has seven heads and comes on like a section of *A Chorus Line*, all set to chew large wood.

But before the battle can be joined, several other figments of our collective Christmas imagination pop up. First, levitating in by long line, Peter Pan. Pan will put his entire Tribe of Lost Boys under Nutcracker's command if Nutcracker will agree to assign Wendy work that is non-combat-related. Peter also brings word that Captain Hook has taken all his pirates over to the Mice.

Meanwhile, Nutcracker is approached by none other than the Grinch. The very same who once tried to steal Christmas. The Grinch suggests this and that dirty plan, but with Candyland clearly in mind for himself. When Nutcracker refuses to talk—he can't, anyway—the Grinch immediately goes over to the Mice with all the latest intelligence goodies on Candyland. "You're a sly one . . . Mr. Grinch."

In the end, Rudolph casts his Red Nose with the Nutcracker forces, but Gene Autry declares, "*Ich bin ein mouse*."

What all this is leading up to, of course, is war. A blare of trumpets, a crash of chimes,

other martial Moog music. Nutcracker mounts up, launches a cross-parlor attack against the scurrying Mice—under bursts of stellar light from atop the Stahlbaums' magnificent tree—and we are into, yes, Christmas Star Wars.

It is a battle pitched in fiercely mixed media. You can still spot jetés and pliés from the old Kirov Ballet, hear Tchaikovsky distantly in digital, but at the heart of the fearsome fray all is lasers and Dolby sound. Nutcracker's horses are quickly surrounded by brigades of foot Mice. Enhanced neighing and squealing. Fate hangs in the very balance, with Nutcracker chewed almost bootless, when a cry goes up from Peter, and into the tinsel and carnage flies a strange figure, firing like a gunship. Wendy may be out of action, but guess who isn't?

Tinkerbelle.

She is not only a terrific laser, but a great mouser.

The tide turns. Mouse dead begin to pile up like fur balls as she whirls in, then lands like a chopper, right beside Nutcracker. Together, they charge the Mouse King himself, go for all seven heads.

Victorious, Nutcracker raises his white standard o'er the field. Only to look down and see Tinkerbelle lying wounded, and alas, blinking mortally.

O.K., we all know what to do here. Clap. Clap like crazy. Only your applause can save Tinkerbelle, right?


But that was childhood, this is Now. Far greater audience exposure, and every chance of a huge public outpouring in response to Tinkerbelle's struggle for survival. Which we should try to maximize. Do a phone-in poll. How many are aware of Tinkerbelle's condition and want to help? Bumper stickers. Honk If You Love Tinkerbelle. And a jingle. "Tin-ker-bell . . ." to the tune of "O Tannenbaum"! Do a Tinkerbelle telethon—show what a celebration there is going to be, up in Prince Nutcracker's castle, if we save Tinkerbelle. Even the snowflakes are going to waltz. And after the snowflakes, believe it or not, the flowers are going to waltz. In certain parts of the country, we even tie in with Pledge Week.

But no loose ends. Keep the story line linked together like a Christmas paper chain. Can't have the Grinch hanging around, in some by-plot, angling to have his way with the Sugar Plum Fairy. Or Rudolph come suddenly tailgating out of the fog, on a crazy Christmas sleigh chase. Or any foul-up over just when Santa Claus is coming to town, or doubts about who's been naughty and who's been nice.

If this is going to be the Story. Next Xmas. Almost Compleat.

Noel, Leon. ■





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...great revolutions..." *"We know lots of revolutions, great revolutions, and magnificent people, who after taking over power, produced systems that were much worse than the ones they destroyed. We don't want to make this mistake. We will not."*

--Polish Solidarity leader Lech Walesa in a "Morning Edition" interview in Gdansk, Poland, with National Public Radio's European correspondent Neal Conan.

"I never share blame, I never share credit, and I never share desserts. It's just not my style."

--Beverly Sills, New York City Opera general director, in an interview on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

"Drunk they (the Russians) defeated Napoleon. Drunk they beat Hitler. Drunk they could win against NATO."

--Edward Luttwak, defense analyst and author of "The Pentagon and the Art of War," talking with National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" host Bob Edwards about Soviet military strength."

"We are so different, and yet, we are all one." *"I've never seen so many women, of so many different ages, colors, sizes and shapes, and I think it's amazing. We are so different, and yet, we are all one."*

--A delegate to the United Nations' World Conference on Women, talking with National Public Radio's "All Things Considered" co-host Susan Stamberg in Nairobi, Kenya.



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# NAKEDNESS VEILED WITH PAINT

Renoir's sweet chastity

By John Berger

**A**mong the French Impressionists, Renoir is still the most popular. The large and important retrospective of his paintings currently at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (through January 5) is attracting huge crowds. All over the world his name is associated with a particular vision of sunlight, leisure, and women. This would have pleased him. It was for his paintings of women—and particularly for his nudes—that he believed he would be admired and remembered.

He will remain, I believe, a widely popular painter because his work is about pleasure. But pleasure in what, exactly? Or, to put it another way, what does Renoir's way of painting, which is so instantly recognizable, really reveal to us? A male dream of goddesses? An eternal summer of full-fleshed, happy women? Daily domesticity treated as a recurring honeymoon? Some of this. But what has been *replaced*? What is crying out because it is not there in the paintings, has not been included?

All the photographs of Renoir—from the first, taken in 1861, when he was twenty; to the last, when, nearly eighty, he could paint only by having the brushes strapped to his arthritic hand—show a nervous, lean, vulnerable man. About halfway through his life, the expression in his eyes changes. Once shy and dreamy, it becomes a little fixed and fanatical. This change, occurring around 1890, corresponds more or less with three other developments: his

*John Berger is the author of a number of books about art. A new collection of his essays, The Sense of Sight, will be published next month by Pantheon.*

settling down into marriage, his achieving financial security, and his noticing the first signs of the rheumatoid arthritis which was to cripple him (yet in the face of which his obstinacy and courage were impressive).

These photographs remind us that what is banished from Renoir's paintings is any sign of anguish, any possibility or consequence of contingency. He often said that he painted for his own pleasure and to give pleasure. Yet for Renoir the precondition of pleasure was the fantasy of a world without edges, without sharpness or conflict, a world that enveloped like a mother's open blouse and breast. Pleasure for him was not for the *taking*; it had to be ubiquitous and omnipresent. You have to embellish, he said; paintings should be friendly, pleasurable, and pretty. And about this, as he grew older, he became fanatical:

The best exercise for a woman is to kneel down and scrub the floor, light fires or do the washing: their bellies need movement of that sort.

By this he meant that such work produced the kind of belly he found friendly and pleasurable.

His son, the film director Jean Renoir, has written a remarkable book about his childhood memories, in which his father asks:

"Whose music is that?"

"Mozart's."

"What a relief. I was afraid for a minute it was that imbecile Beethoven. . . . Beethoven is positively indecent the way he tells about himself. He doesn't spare us either the pain in his heart or in



his stomach. I have often wished I could say to him: what's it to me if you are deaf?"

Nothing is simpler than to ridicule the past, an age or a man, and nothing is more ridiculous. Feminist reasoning applied retrospectively to Renoir is too easy; and it is not by our own virtue that today we are closer to Beethoven. I use these quotations only to indicate how threatened Renoir often felt. He was, for instance, obsessed with the safety of his children: all sharp edges had to be sawed off the furniture, no razor blades were allowed inside the house. Only if we appreciate Renoir's fears can we better understand how he painted.

Now, I want to add one more element to the riddle of the meaning of Renoir's oeuvre. He was born in 1841. His father was a tailor who worked at home. His mother was a dress-maker. Very soon, as more and more factory-made clothes came on the market in the second half of the nineteenth century, the father's trade began to diminish. The immensity of any childhood beggars description. Yet we can suppose that in this childhood home there was already a certain nostalgia for the security of the past, and that this nostalgia was intimately associated with cottons, silks, organdies, tulles, taffetas, clothes.

The exact nature of Renoir's anxiety—which became more acute as he settled down into a successful, secure life—we can never know. Some aspect of reality frightened him, as may happen to any of us. Yet Renoir was a painter working directly from the real; and so his imagination and his senses led him to develop a way of painting which transformed the real, which banished fears and consoled him. You have to embellish, he said. How?

By muffling, by covering, by draping, by dressing. He studied the surface or the skin of everything he saw before his eyes, and he turned it into a veil to hide what lay behind the surface—the real that frightened him.

This process of painting as an act of covering rather than dis-

closing had two obvious consequences. When he painted coverings, when he painted cloth, there was a complicity between these materials and his vision of them which is unique in the history of art. He painted the dreams of dressing as no other artist (except Watteau, perhaps) has ever done. Sometimes I imagine him before his easel, having almost stopped breathing, his eyes screwed up, with pins in his mouth like his mother.

Look at *La Danse à Bougival* and you see a warm dress dancing with a sweating suit and two hats breathing each other's perfumes. What about the hands? you ask. But look again: the hands are like gloves. What about her pretty face? It's as if painted with face powder—it's a pretty mask.

Or look at *Le Déjeuner des canotiers*; here you have, at the end of a summer lunch, a rumpled, pearly tablecloth with discarded napkins which are like a concert of singing angels. And

Only if we appreciate Renoir's fears can we better understand how he painted



Nude in Sunlight, 1875

MUSEE D'ORSAY, PARIS



The women he depicts are never naked; they are covered by the very act of painting

the bottles and the dog's coat and the man's vest and the hats and scarves—all the confection, as the French say, is singing. Only the figures are mute; they lack substance.

Renoir did not paint many landscapes, but when he did his vision transformed them into something like chintz cushion covers. Landscapes can be frightening because they imply exits and entrances. Renoir's are not, because there is no gravity, no resistance, no edges, no horizon. You simply lay your cheek on them. It is interesting to speculate what Renoir, in another age, might have designed for tapestries; the medium would have curiously touched his genius.

The second consequence of Renoir's relation to reality and the salvation which painting offered him is to be found in the way he painted women and their bodies. And here, if one really looks, one discovers something which, given his reputation, is a little surprising. The women he depicts are never naked; they and everything around them are clothed—covered by the very act of painting. He made hundreds of nudes, and they are the least *present*, the most chaste in European art.

He painted their flesh, their skin, the light playing on it. He observed this with the sweet obsessiveness of love. (I reject the word "fetishism" because it is too patronizing.) Nobody before, not even Titian, had watched this play of light with such single-minded concentration. It is the light of the early Mediterranean afternoon, when work has stopped and only the bees maintain their energy. Looking at these paintings, we enter a kind of paradise, an Eden of touch. (He forbade his children to cut their nails, for he believed they protected the sensibility of the finger tips.) Yet what is within these dappled skins, and what is without?

Within there is nobody, nothing. It is only the flesh that is alive—the equivalent of a dress that nobody is wearing. Without, beyond the



La Coiffure, 1885

STERLING AND FRANCINE CLARK INSTITUTE, WILLIAMSTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

body's limits, there are trees or rocks or hills or sea, but all these prolong and extend the same unreal paradise. Every conflict, every edge of difference and distinction has been eliminated. Everything—from the silicate rocks to the hair falling on naked shoulders—is homogeneous. And, as a consequence, there is no identity, because there are no dualities. We are faced with a cloth of delight that covers all. This is why the paintings are so chaste.

Passion begins with a sense of the uniqueness, the solitude, the vulnerability of the loved one in a harshly different

world. Or, to put this in an active rather than a passive mood, it begins with the loved one's impudence, defiance, promise of an alternative. In an unfeeling world, such a promise becomes a well in a desert. None of this exists in Renoir's world because there are no contrasts and no edges. Everything has been dressed by the act of painting.

The paradox is strange. We gaze at shoulders, breasts, thighs, feet, mounds, and dimples, marveling at their softness and warmth. Yet everything has been veiled. Everything, however apparently intimate, is in purdah. The person has been eternally hidden.

Renoir's are sweet paintings of a terrible loss. They speak to the dreams of frightened men, their obsession with the surface of femininity, and their lack of women. Perhaps they also speak to some women's dreams, those dreams in which the guise of femininity alone can arrange everything.

"Me," Renoir once said, "I like paintings which make me want to take a stroll in them if they're landscapes, and if they're figures of women, to touch their breasts"—"tits" is closer to the word he used—"or their backs." The wish, the fantasy, is timeless. Passion and the erotic, as John Donne knew so well, are not:

For I had rather owner be  
Of thee one hour, than all else ever.



# A COLD, GRAY GLOW

Television comes to the Tuscan hills

By Michael D. Aeschliman

*This global breakup of traditional forms of rural life is the main feature of twentieth-century history.*

—William H. McNeill

As Christmas approached, the days darkened and became cold in northern Tuscany, and we began the annual ritual labor of wrapping gifts for the local peasants, small gifts which we then put into two or three large straw baskets to be carried across the hills and fields on our journey. In our quite remote, rural part of Tuscany, foreigners—*stranieri*—were still very rare, even in summer, but we hoped that because of our many years' tenure, command of the language, frequent visits, and friendship with and employment or patronage of numerous local people, we had become established; as indeed we had. Our own caretaker and his family had become part of our family, and vice versa; we often commiserated, worked, dined, and laughed together. The death of their favorite uncle cast a pall over our house, and problems in our family created deep concern and sadness in theirs, only sixty meters away.

With other peasant families—some of whom rented from us, some of whom were sharecroppers in a non-abusive way—our relations were always polite and bore differing degrees of intimacy. Those we saw regularly at church were closer to us than those we saw less frequently. But to each of perhaps eight or ten nearby farms, *fattorie*, we annually made our pilgrimage as part of a kind of Christmas

decorum. Up, down, and across hills covered with olives and vines, through oak and pine and often along paths lined by cypresses, we took our way. Strong seasonal winds, sharp and cold and hard on the vineyards, provided a continual undertone, punctuated occasionally by the barking of a dog or, less frequently, by the strangely foreign sound of an approaching automobile or small truck.

Smoke always rose from the stone chimneys, and after being noisily and ambiguously welcomed by dogs and chickens we were then always greeted with open arms and faces and loud salutations by the peasants who lived within, with whom we were on friendly but also gravely polite terms; they had that touchingly formal gentility which the Italian language encourages and which traditional Italian people so love. The invitation to enter, to warm ourselves, and to drink a glass of wine and perhaps eat a piece of bread was impossible to decline without being rude.

The talk was almost always predictable, even ritual, though no less valuable for that: the weather; the state of olives and vines and livestock; foxes in the neighborhood; the price of *benzina* (gasoline); the status and health of children, relations, friends, and sometimes the feared, such as the large family of terrifyingly separate, self-sufficient, and mysterious Sardinians who had settled in an adjacent valley some years before; the death of an eminent politician or churchman, such as Cardinal Benelli of Florence; the extraordinary, unsettling phenomenon of a foreign pope. Politics was a subject of only the most oblique reference: Italians, especially the peasants, have long memories, and the legacy of Mussolini is partly that secrecy of affiliation is the safest

course. Usually the "they're all crooks" line was taken, though one peasant was openly, interminably, uncompromisingly voluble and clear in his views. He had fought in the Fascist army, worked in Germany, and then been imprisoned in Russia during the war, and like many Italians he both feared and admired the Germans—a people, he said pointedly, with discipline, unlike his own. Certainly communist—which was no rarity—his politics had, however, an ecumenical aspect. He admired *forza* (force), and the great men who displayed it, and he readily and proudly listed them: Mussolini, Hitler—though he was a little *pazzesco* (crazy)—Stalin, Togliatti, even Pius XII. According to him, what we needed were more men like them, but now we were living in an age of comparative pygmies; not like the old days at all.

In all these visits and discussions there were common features—the hospitable welcome, the great gratitude for the small gift, the insistence that the guest come in and take a chair in front of the inevitable grand fire that always formed the center of the kitchen-living room where living really was done. The hearth was the center of life in the noble old *casa colonica*, even if the fireplace was no longer used to cook. Occasionally one sat in chairs or on benches that were actually in the large periphery of the fireplace; sometimes one sat on a pillow on the elevated edge of a hearth twelve to fourteen feet across. But always the fire, the *camino*, the *fuoco*, the immemorial focal point of decently domestic life.

And as the years went by it was this architectural and emotional focus that came more and more to touch and haunt us. "Build up the fire a

Michael D. Aeschliman is the author of *The Restitution of Man: C. S. Lewis and the Case Against Scientism*. He teaches in the English department at the University of Virginia.



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bit!"—though it rarely needed much building; with no central heating it was kept steadily going. Light and heat, and a visual focus for conversation and society, for *amicizia*; something to gaze in—for these country people were wise and pious enough to know that the face is an awesome mystery, and cannot decently bear or maintain a constant gaze. Roof and hearth: from remote antiquity, one felt, these were bases of civilization. The fire was kept burning for light and heat, yes, but also for comfort and company, and in its presence conversation was somehow easier, less forced, less direct, more natural in the sense of habit, custom, and—lovely phrase—second nature. Had we heard about Primo's bull, or the death of T.'s uncle in a gruesome tractor accident?

We returned at Christmas to these hills from places near and far, and the ritual of visits and salutations was always re-enacted. Some of the more remote houses we would reach only toward nightfall, and it was somewhat guiltily that we braved the dogs' barking this late, not wanting to delay or interrupt dinner. As we approached at dusk, the welcoming sight of a light in the window, the flickering light of the fire, would greet us. And the visit was always the same, and always right, humane, *gentile*, and deeply decorous in its way. Expectations were aroused and satisfied; honorable sympathies were exchanged; common cause was made; courtesy was fulfilled; the Lord was praised.

Then a new factor began to be noticeable in more and more of our visits. Approaching a house in the dusk, we often saw a new kind of light radiating from the window—this one dull and gray, and accompanied by terrible mechanical noise. A new conqueror occupied some of these houses; even more than a fascist's or a communist's, his reign was harsh and constant, his demands peremptory, his priorities absolute, subordinating all or nearly all other habits and purposes. We were invited to enter, and courtesy was still extended, but it was now at war with the new and noisy tenant, nagging more than even the worst of spoiled children. Rarely was

anyone ever really *watching* the television, and the fire was usually still tended, and in fact conversation went on, even louder than ever before: it had to be louder to be heard over the background din. But the new tenant was a jealous god, enjoying powers undreamed of by previous conquerors—on constantly, never to be turned down. Loud, exigent, belligerent, the new and proudly displayed tenant was locked in mortal combat with the hearth, the fire, the *fuoco*, as the center of attention and authority. They glared murderously at each other across the room, truly mortal enemies. This was always very obvious—eyes and faces darted back and forth, anxiety alternating with friendliness and habit; the fire was tended in a more desultory way and sometimes, though rarely, allowed to die down very low. Still good, conversation was now more difficult, less connected, punctuated by frequent glances of obeisance to the new presiding presence; society was reduced, manners abbreviated. Remembering the sad fate of the old Tuscan *veglia*, one felt like an observer of a war that was being slowly but inevitably lost. Unbeknownst to these peasants, the long-feared and much-hated *malocchio*, "the evil eye," had at last come, in a form they could never have expected or recognized but with consequences far worse than they had ever feared.

Of course one knew how many times, in how many places, this had happened, must have happened, must still be happening, all over the world; but it nevertheless bore with it a massive and irreducible sadness, some knowledge of which, I thought, occasionally could be glimpsed in the faces of these shrewd, durable, hard-working, old-fashioned people. It could not be turned off, no, not even down, regardless of what was on—car racing, news, Westerns, sexual exhibitionism. The human foreground was receding into the background, the focal point was shifting cognitively, almost geologically. In more ways than one, the fire was indeed guttering out, untended. Heartless, fluorescent, contradictory, and as noisy as a jackhammer, the modern world had arrived.



# MACHINE ASCENDANT

The progress of progress  
By William D. Jacobson

"Utopia, Utopia,  
Don't be a dope, ya dope, ya,  
Get your Utopia now!"

—E.Y. Harburg  
"T'morra', T'morra'"

**T**he utopia business has fallen on hard times, and perhaps rightly so. For those dauntless practitioners still willing to hang in there, one would think the temptation would be to align themselves with the Edith Hamilton or Henry Adams school, which looks hopefully to the past—to the Age of Pericles or Aquinas. (Or, more modestly, with the aging comics at the Friars Club, who still dream of the return of vaudeville.) Not so.

Granted, there are still a few plucky holdouts: the disciples of Bucky Fuller, with their touching faith in the triangle, and of E.F. Schumacher, with their vision of diminution. And there is the firm of Kemp Gilder Reagan Inc., which sees clearly into the roseate future according to the supply-side dialectic. But the long, optimistic march toward the New Atlantis or the New Jerusalem (take your pick) seems to have come to an end.

What happened? The vast majority of pre-Orwellian utopias have

*William D. Jacobson is a sophomore at Los Angeles Pierce College in Woodland Hills, California. A longer version of this essay won first prize last March in the Harper's "Idea of the Future" essay contest. The contest was open to full-time undergraduate college students; Jacobson, a full-time undergraduate, was born in 1919.*

been closely wedded to the Idea of Progress and a belief in the perfectibility of human society. But the intellectual community (especially its liberal wing) has been mounting ever increasing and impressively eloquent attacks on the so-called ideology of progress. The old doomsday prophecies embodied in the *mythologies noirs* of Pandora, Prometheus, Icarus, Frankenstein, and the Sorcerer's Apprentice—all of which, significantly, deal with the unleashed machine—have been polished up and repackaged in dramatic and persuasive ways.

The environmentalists, the communal-cum-Thoreauvian cave dwellers, the new transcendentalists with their superficial gleanings of mantra from the East, the neo-Millsean steady-statists, and a growing enclave of sophisticated science-fictioneers: all are in the same boat. Their slogan? "We have seen the postindustrial future and it doesn't work."

To all of them I say: Don't lower the bridge; raise your sights!

Now, I'm not presuming to dismiss or challenge evidence that—looked at from their perspective—is quite convincing. Their seemingly unanimous conclusion that we must stop pillaging the planet or else perish is O.K. by me. I'm aware that the global military equilibrium has been shaken by a proliferation of nuclear fuses in the more incendiary corners of the earth, and that the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* has pushed the hand of its doomsday clock to within minutes of midnight more than once

in recent years. I know that our feckless pesticidal onslaughts have bred super-strains of inimical bacteria; that our wholesale dispensing of inadequately tested drugs has renewed the promise of Plague in Our Time; that we have been energetically transporting lethal and giddily unstable isotopes with half-lives of several thousand years all about the landscape alongside unsuspecting passengers; that our increased reliance on adulterants and preservatives has spun threadbare blankets of nutrition from the golden spools of abundance; and that we have buried our radioactive swamps under non-biodegradable slag heaps from our lush garden of synthetics. Thus, besieged by the fecal runoff of industrial waste and the fetid effluence of combusted fuels, our seas and air and symbiotic wildlife all threaten, like a fickle Jovian finger, to shrink away from the outstretched hand of an overreaching Adam, like a film run backward of Michelangelo's great vision.

But what kind of antinomy is this which finds me agreeing with all I have recapitulated, yet asserting that progress is still the good teleological steed it was once believed to be; that technology (along with its bastard offspring, high tech) is the ultimate expression of man's genius and God's will, and the faithful synapse of destiny? How can *anyone* still believe that the Idea of Progress remains the unsullied ontological propellant of history? For I do so affirm. Kindly hear me out.

The entire panoply of indictments



The Coordinating Council of Literary Magazines announces the winners of **The 1985 General Electric Foundation Awards for Younger Writers:**

**ANDREI CODRESCU** for poetry published in **Smoke Signals**.

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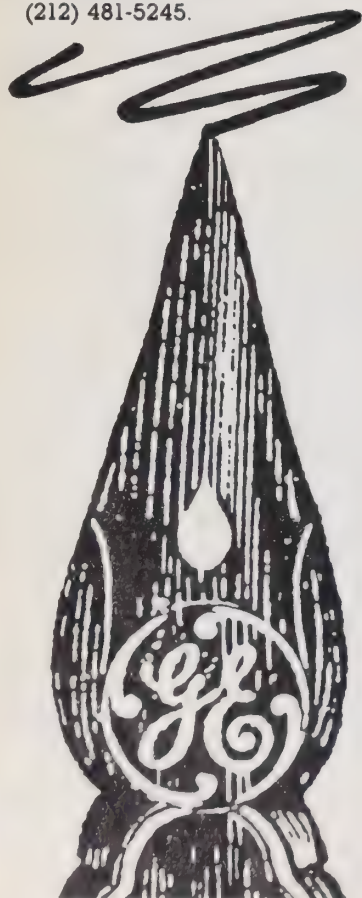
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This year's judges were Michael Anania, Elizabeth Hardwick, Margo Jefferson and Kenneth Koch.

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leveled against the technocratic *Zeitgeist* is based on a simple fallacy. And I go back more than a full century for my authority in the matter. But before I do, let me sum up that fallacy in one word: anthropocentrism. Yes, the same kind of good old-fashioned anthropocentrism shared by Henry Kissinger and Hugh Hefner, by the Mayo Clinic and the makers of Alka-Seltzer—the presumption that man is the measure of all things. If you set man at the top of the charts with a bullet, then it must truly be admitted that he long ago passed the point of no return. For him, what's past is more than prologue; the future, perhaps even the present, is epilogue.

Nevertheless, let me take you back to the year 1863, to an author who has an alternative interpretation of the intent of progress. Perhaps there you will find some comfort in what has been taking place in our own lifetime. I give you—Samuel Butler.

It can be answered that even though machines should hear never so well and speak never so wisely . . . they owe their very existence and progress to their power of ministering to human wants, and must therefore both now and ever be man's inferiors. This is all very well. But the servant glides by imperceptible approaches into the master; and we have come to such a pass that, even now, man must suffer terribly on ceasing to benefit the machines. . . . [T]he mass of mankind will acquiesce in any arrangement which gives them better food and clothing at a cheaper rate, and will refrain from yielding to unreasonable jealousy merely because there are other destinies more glorious than their own.

Isn't it possible to make a convincing case for the Machine as a species far superior to us? After all, virtually every one of the ecological and sociopolitical disasters we have heard foretold for man would be a matter of indifference (if not advantage) to the Machine. Does the Machine need clean air or water or agricultural sustenance? Fringe benefits, sick leave, reserved parking slots? An eight-hour day? Does it not scoff at microbes and extremes of weather? Does it need moral imperatives to recognize natural law? Is the Machine not free of superstition, free of the narrow nee-

dle's-eye spectrum of man's senses? And has not man already begun to suspect that he has reached close to the outer limits of his grasp?

In short: *Is this not a world far more suited to man's successor?* Was not man doomed to be as much a misfit in such a machine-oriented setting as was (for all his magnificence) King Kong in the streets of Manhattan? Wouldn't it be more exigent to just go ahead and drop The Big One? It's so easy to put things in perspective once you get the proper cosmological perch on the matter. So, for all you anti-dystopian New Age converts, we shall close with a computer-devised world anthem entitled "Guess What's Coming to Dinner?"

On Titan, on Blitzen,  
So long, Solzhenitsyn,  
The gulag is coming to stay.  
Poor Barry Cominex,  
OD'd on Sominex!  
Pollution is now child's play.  
Cassandra's our preacher,  
No lawyers can reach her:  
The Trojan War now will take place . . .  
The Red Phone's stopped ringing,  
The sirens are singing,  
The black doves are winging through space!

#### CHORUS

The fallout gets thicker, the biosphere thinner—  
The missiles, the missiles are coming to dinner!  
Let's rush to the shelters, let's lock out our friends.  
No time for amenities as the world ends.

On Pershings, on SAM-mies,  
Your mutual whammies  
Make radioactive our dreams.

Dangle before our eyes  
Visions that vaporize  
As Earth itself cracks at the seams.  
Seems Love couldn't cut it  
And sharing's not what it  
Must take to deter eco-cide . . .  
Teller's omniscient:  
Bombs are cost-efficient,  
Death makes Mars a beautiful bride.

#### CHORUS

There'll be such a weddin' at Ol'  
Armageddon—  
The rice we'll be throwin', the skin we'll be sheddin'!  
So much for the future, two cheers for the past . . .  
The missiles, the missiles are coming at last!



## LETTERS

Continued from page 8

morning and, during a lull in the match, I suggested to the film editor that it might be a prudent moment to withdraw. At that point someone tapped me on the shoulder, and I turned to see a short, squat youth, a look of contorted rage on his face. "You called me a prick," he said in the blunt and boisterous tones of the very drunk. I turned away from him and he tapped me on the shoulder again, repeating his tedious accusation. "I didn't say anything to you, asshole," I said. As I turned away, he smashed his pool cue over my shoulder, snapping it in two. I drove my fist into his face. He stumbled, but managed to keep on his feet, grasping me in a bear hug. I kned him in the groin, but he was strong and twenty years younger than I, and we both fell to the floor and rolled under the pool table. Two of his friends then joined the fray. I was pinned under the pool table, and the two hooligans lashed out with their pointed cowboy boots, kicking me repeatedly on the left shoulder. Finally, the barmaid broke up the fight, and the youths spilled out the side door.

When I got to my feet, the film editor emerged from the shadows at the end of the room. He had the puzzled look of someone who has just returned from an important errand to discover that something untoward had been committed in his absence.

When I woke up in the morning, I couldn't move. X-rays would later show that nothing had been broken, but there was deep internal bruising of my upper chest.

Three days later, there was a picnic for the cast and crew of *Endangered Species*. I recounted the finer details of the brawl for two of the film's stunt men—sturdy, ominous men, heavyweights. One of them took me aside and said that when the film was finished, "just us queers will return to the bar and ravage the place." He told me that the next time I went to a rowdy bar, particularly one in which there was a pool table, I should bring along a sock. He explained that a sock containing pool balls made a most effective weapon.

It was all arranged. Two days after shooting on the film was completed, the two stunt men and I walked into the Mint Bar. It was a Saturday night, just after midnight. We were wearing T-shirts with the slogan, written across our chests: "Happiness Is Seeing Sheridan, Wyoming, in Your Rearview Mirror."

The back room was not very crowded, but there, playing pool, was the ranch hand who had clubbed me with his pool cue. The stunt men and I had a couple of drinks, and then I walked up to him and said, "Remember me?" He seemed surprised, but I wasn't waiting for a reply. I drove my fist into his bloated face. He fell back against the pool table and I hit him again. Three of his friends rushed toward the pool table but they were intercepted by the two stunt men. It was over in a few moments. It wasn't a pretty sight. The four rowdies lay piled up against the pool table like corded wood. When someone mentioned the police, we scuttled out the side door.

Fergus Rafferty  
Miami International Hotel  
Miami, Fla.

## Dead Letter

David Black's unrestrained musings on the terms found in the final-arrangements documents used by funeral homes ["What Gets Said About the Dead," *Harper's*, September] impute certain sentiments, or, more accurately, a certain lack of feeling, to funeral directors. I for one would like to distance myself from such sentiments, as I am sure would many other funeral directors. The terms Black finds most objectionable are not ones we have thought up. These terms are ones that the Federal Trade Commission, along with state and local governments, require us to use in our contracts in order to assure "full disclosure."

In short, Black's comments are misdirected. It is bad enough to have to comply with these government regulations; it amounts to cruel and unusual punishment when the regulated industry is mocked for complying with the regulations. Philo-



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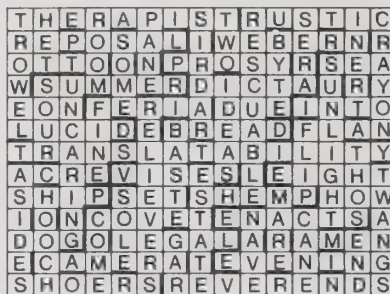
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## SOLUTION TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLE



## NOTES FOR "BOOT CAMP"

The unclued entries are English translations of the English words cited (given in parentheses in the notes below), as if they were Italian words. MARE, in Italian, is SEA, and so forth. ACROSS: 1. THE-RAP-IS-T; 7. RUSTIC, anagram; 11. RE (POS...) AL; 13. WEBER-N; 15. (c)OTTO(n); 16. P(uzzle)-ROSY; 17. SEA (MARE); 18. SUMMER (ESTATE); 20. DICTA, hidden; 22. (s)E(x)-ON; 23. FERIA, anagram; 25. DUE, "do"; 26. INTO, anagram; 27. L(UC)ID; 28. BREAD (PANE); 29. F(L)AN; 30. TRANSLATABILITY, anagram & Lit.; 32. AC...RE; 33. (ad)VISES; 35. EIGHT (OTTO); 37. SHIP (NAVE); 39. SE(aches)T; 40. SHEMP, hidden; 42. HOW (COME); 43. COVE-T(eacher); 44. ENACTS, anagram; 47. DOG (CANE); 48. LEG-AL; 50. AMEN, hidden & Lit.; 52. CAMERA(i), anagram; 54. SHOERS, anagram & Lit.; 55. REVE (reversal)-RENDS. DOWN: 1. TROW-EL; 2. HET, hidden; 3. ROOM (CAMERA); 4. PANE, "pain"; 5. SIRDA(anagram)-(custe)R; 6. TWO (DUE); 7. RESCUABLE, anagram; 8. SERA, reversal; 9. IN-(b)ERT(h); 10. C(ement)-RAYON; 12. SOME, two meanings; 14. BY-TE(n); 17. SUNLIGHT (SOLE); 18. SOUR (ACRE); 19. UNCARING, hidden; 21. IDE(A...)S, anagram; 23. FINE, hidden in reverse; 24. RELIEVERS, anagram; 28. BASTE, anagram; 29. F-LIP; 31. (p.a.)THOS; 32. AS-IDES; 34. ESTATE, anagram; 36. TWANGS, anagram; 38. HOO(p)-CH; 39. SOLE, "soul"; 41. MAR(reversal)-E; 43. CO(n)ME(n); 45. E(vangelist)-VAN, reversed; 46. CAN-E; 49. GAR, reversal; 51. END (FINE).

SOLUTION TO NOVEMBER DOUBLE ACROSTIC (NO. 35). (WILL AND ARIEL) DURANT: INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE. I find it difficult to appreciate new forms of expression (or concealment), as in *The Waste Land* or *Finnegans Wake*; and with an uncertain few years left me I move with some impatience among authors who deliberately make a puzzle of their thoughts—as if life were not puzzle enough.

CONTEST RULES: Send the quotation, the name of the author, and the title of the work, together with your name and address, to Double Acrostic No. 36, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. The solution will be printed in the January 1986 issue. Winners of Double Acrostic No. 34 (October) are John D. Evans Jr., Milinani Town, Hawaii; J.M. Foster, Fayetteville, North Carolina; and Judy Rockwell, Palmer, Arkansas.

sophically, I have nothing against telling people what they are getting for what price—"full disclosure" was my personal credo long before it was mandated by law. But I did not originate the words and phrases I am now required to use. Black's article rubs salt in an open wound.

H. Joseph Watts  
New York, N.Y.

H. Joseph Watts is president of the Colonial Funeral Home in New York City.

## December Index Sources

1 Senate Foreign Relations Committee; 2, 3 U.S. Department of Energy; 4, 5 U.S. Department of Defense; 6 National Taxpayers Union (Washington, D.C.); 7 *Common Cause* magazine (Washington, D.C.); 8 Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany (Washington, D.C.); 9 *Economic Survey of Europe, 1984–85* (United Nations); 10, 11 Polish Police Academy (Warsaw); 12, 13 U.S. Department of Justice; 14 *Mothers on Trial: The Battle for Children and Custody*, by Phyllis Chesler (McGraw-Hill); 15 *Intercessors of America* (Reston, Va.); 16, 17 *Working Woman* magazine (New York City); 18, 19 *New England Journal of Medicine* (Boston); 20 Education Council for Foreign Medical Graduates (Philadelphia); 21 National Science Foundation and National Research Council (Washington, D.C.); 22 Educational Testing Service (Princeton, N.J.); 23 1984 National Survey of American Jews (American Jewish Committee, New York City); 24 New York City Ballet; 25 SESAC (New York City); 26 U.S. Postal Service; 27 Lawrence Weschler (New York City); 28 *Harper's* research; 29 U.S. Environmental Protection Agency; 30, 31 McGraw-Hill Economics (New York City); 32 First Communications Group (Arlington, Va.); 33 U.S. Census Bureau; 34 International Technology Underwriters (Washington, D.C.); 35 California Department of Insurance (Sacramento); 36 Des Moines Register & Tribune Company; 37 "Summary of the Evidence in Findings and Conclusions Concerning the Adverse Health Effects of Snuff," by Janet K. Rothrock (Massachusetts Department of Public Health, Boston); 38 British Simplified Spelling Society (Southampton); 39 Universal Esperanto Association (New York City); 40 American Music Conference (Chicago); American Accordionists Association (New York City).

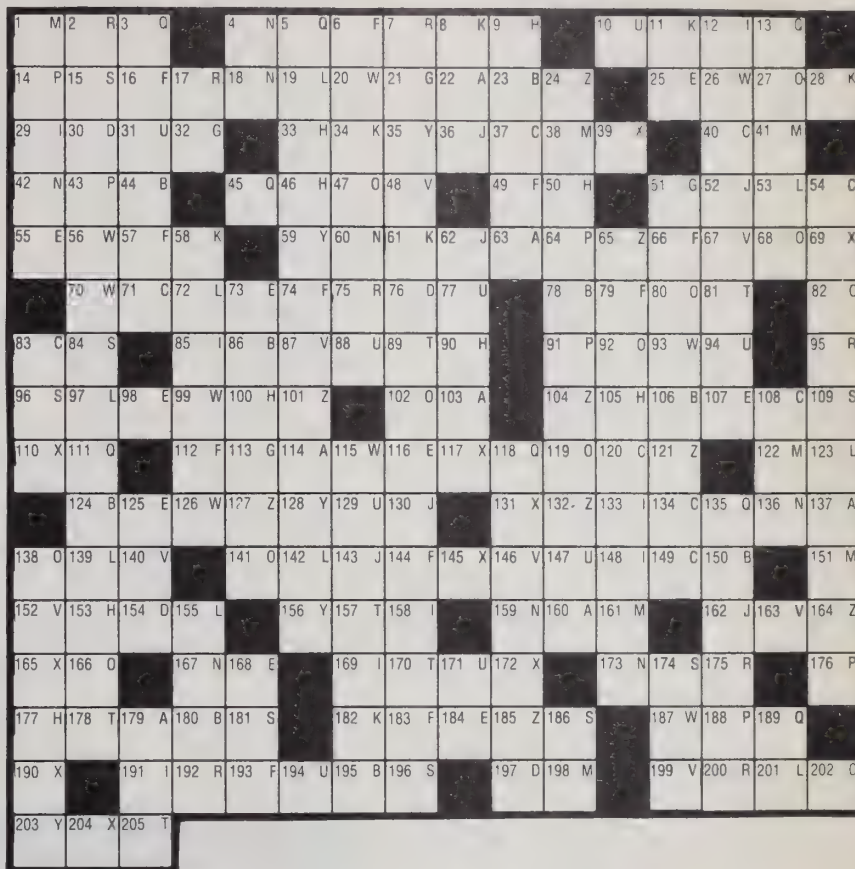


# DOUBLE ACROSTIC NO. 36

by Thomas H. Middleton

The diagram, when filled in, will contain a quotation from a published work. The numbered squares in the diagram correspond to the numbered blanks under the WORDS. The WORDS form an acrostic: the first letter of each spells the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

The letter in the upper right-hand corner of each square indicates the WORD containing the letter to be entered in that square. Contest rules and the solution to last month's puzzle appear on page 76.



## CLUES

A. Snowy

103 22 114 63 160 179 137

B. Exaggerated

86 23 150 180 106 44 124 78  
195

C. Eng. novelist  
(1689-1761;  
*Pamela*)

149 71 202 83 37 54 134 108  
40 120

D. In dispute

154 76 197 30

E. Heinous, execrable,  
extremely cruel

73 98 116 184 125 55 168 107  
25

F. Horrifying

6 79 112 66 74 193 57 144  
49 16 183

G. In India, a small  
brass or copper pot

32 113 21 51

H. Furies

100 177 90 9 105 46 33 153  
50

I. Call together

133 12 169 148 191 85 158 29

J. Atone for

162 143 62 36 130 52

K. Union, connection

8 28 61 34 182 11 58

L. Rambling, deviating

53 72 201 19 123 155 139 142  
97

M. Remark casually (2  
wds.)

1 161 38 151 122 41 198

N. Sulky-pullers

159 18 42 173 167 60 136 4

O. Pertaining to desire

119 68 92 80 138 166 47 141  
82 102 27

P. First name of the  
hero of Anthony  
Hope's *Prisoner of  
Zenda*

64 43 14 188 91 176

Q. Rashness

13 135 118 3 189 5 45 111

R. Overbalance

192 200 17 95 175 75 7 2

S. "Virtue cannot live/  
Out of \_\_\_\_\_ of  
emulation" (2 wds.;  
*Julius Caesar*)

109 96 15 196 181 84 186 174

T. Serfs, slaves;  
bondmen

81 170 157 89 178 205

U. Swiss cheese

194 129 10 94 77 88 147 31  
171

V. Most soppily  
emotional

146 152 163 140 67 48 199 87

W. Remote possibility  
(2 wds.)

26 70 187 20 99 126 93 56  
115

X. Last name, WORD  
P

110 105 69 204 39 117 165 145  
131 172

Y. Let

59 128 156 35 203

Z. Most cheerless

127 101 24 164 185 104 132 65  
121



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# PUZZLE

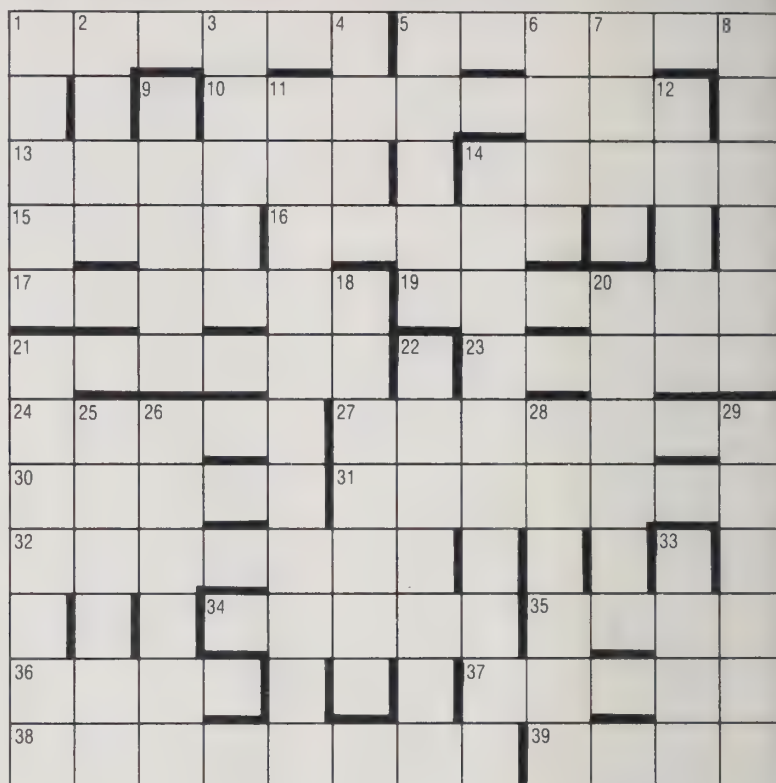
## And One to Grow On

by E. R. Galli and Richard Maltby Jr.

**O**ne letter must be added to each clue answer, forming a new word that will fit in the diagram. The added letter always goes within the clue answer, not at its front or back, and is always crossed.

Among the words formed in this manner are three proper names and a few less than familiar words. As always, mental repunctuation of a clue is the key to its solution.

The answer to last month's puzzle appears on page 76.



### Across

1. Talks foolishly, crazy about Latin (5)
5. He's pessimistic one about New York City coming around first (5)
10. Intimate one half of Talmud is affecting one's taste? (7)
13. Pamela almost could be buxom (5)
14. Covet at heart in terrible yen! (4)
15. Headliner loses lead to one of the crew (3)
16. Ultimately not one of superior intellect! (4)
17. Error in wild slip pitch (5)
19. Places spectacles on the ears (5)
21. Devilfish crossing from Antarctica (5)
23. Love swallowing drink? Just the opposite! Get purgative from this (4)
24. Notice peeling of the ear (4)
27. Low Burgundy, e.g., made fast (as in port) (6)
30. Small typographical unit is trivial? Not half! (4)
31. In the Sound, rub the skin off a three-master (6)
32. Pastel-colored full-page illustrations (6)
34. This bread is flat! It's in A&P, returned (4)
35. Norm is leaving European capital (3)
36. *Whistler's Mother*, effective in part (3)
37. Discrimination needs time to work (4)
38. Reserved empty seat set in a row (7)
39. Former Mideast ruler beheaded... that's a laugh (3)

### Down

1. The French arm in support of women (4)
2. Rest with limeade, rejecting fermented drink (3)
3. In daylight, vampire's heart went dizzy (4)
4. Baste goose with stuffing (3)
5. No gentlemen get right out of bridge-playing, e.g. (4)
6. It's what the British call a little island, the racing crew said (3)
7. Is this the start of Yankee uprising? Yes and no (3)
8. This way is the high road... it's a matter of principle (5)
9. Sleeps, pulling up spread (4)
11. Neat tailor can produce this! (10)
12. Isolated either neighbor of M? (4)
14. Without a bit of butter, I had dinner, to make a long story of it (9)
18. Complain about part of lightbulb if turned off (6)
20. Small hat that's said to match reefer? (5)
21. They're dejected putting page into Morse code (6)
22. Act so foolishly with lady, getting ribbed? (6)
25. Settle the twentieth course of action? (5)
26. Floor installer left in row (5)
28. Two loves: speed and sex appeal (5)
29. The end hated getting kicked (5)
33. 12.5¢ or this will get you a circuitous route (3)

**Contest Rules:** Send completed diagram with name and address to "And One to Grow On," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be received by December 8. Senders of the first three correct solutions opened at random will receive one-year subscriptions to *Harper's*. Winners' names will be printed in the February issue. Winners of the October puzzle, "No 1 Across," are Mrs. John Diffily, Weatherford, Texas; Betsy and Bill Downing, Falcon Heights, Minnesota; and Jinny Jones, Bethesda, Maryland.







